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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

COLONEL HUMPHREYS.

David 1752-1818

NEW-YORK:

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TO THE

Duke de ROCHEFOUCAULT.

MY LORD,

YOUR knowledge of the language in which these miscellanies are written, your protection of the fine arts, and your civilities to the Author, induce him to address this Collection to your Lordship. It is consistent with the frankness of a free-born American to say, that your noble blood, and immense possessions, would be of little consideration with the Republicans, whose Constitutions of Government you have made familiar to your own nation by translating them into French, if unsupported by your personal merit and amiable accomplishments.

THE frequency of naval intercourse, and the extension of polite literature, seem greatly to approximate the distant parts of the globe—the Atlantic is no barrier for limiting fame. Your reputation has been long since extensively and advantageously known throughout the United States of America. That republican people cannot but admire so excellent a private character, so

disinterested

diſintereſted a patriot, and ſo able a defender of the rights of human nature. The voice of undebauched reaſon, which is thus raiſed at this vaſt diſtance from you, to beſtow a tribute of applauſe on your virtues, is infinitely different from the venal voice of flattery. Nor ſhould the conſcious ſatisfaction, which reſults from the review of a life ſpent in beneficent purſuits, prevent a virtuous man from being alſo pleaſed with the favorable opinion that is entertained of his conduct, by ſuch of his fellow-men as can have no poſſible ſiniſter object to bias their judgments.

In preſenting for your amuſement the trifles which have been occaſionally compoſed at my leiſure hours, I aſſume nothing beyond the negative merit of not having ever written any thing unfavorable to the intereſts of freedom, humanity, and virtue. With ſentiments of the higheſt conſideration and reſpect,

I have the honor to be,

Your Grace's

Moſt obedient and

moſt humble ſervant,

D. HUMPHREYS.

New-York, July 4, 1790.

Extract from Barlow's Vision of Columbus.

" WHILE freedom's cause his patriot bosom
" warms,
" In lore of nations skill'd, and brave in arms,
" See HUMPHREYS glorious from the field retire,
" Sheath the glad sword, and string the sounding lyre---
" That lyre, which erst, in hours of dark despair,
" Rous'd the sad realms to urge th' unfinish'd war:
" O'er fallen friends with all the strength of woe,
" His heart-felt sighs in moving numbers flow.
" His country's wrongs, her duties, dangers, praise,
" Fire his full soul, and animate his lays.
" Immortal WASHINGTON with joy shall own
" So fond a fav'rite, and so great a son."

Extract from the Critical Review for June, 1785.

" THE performance. [i. e. the Address to the Ar-
" mies of America] " may, with some trifling
" exceptions, be justly stiled a GOOD POEM, but not
" a very pleasing one to good Englishmen."

Extract from the Monthly Review for May, 1785.

THE Reviewers, after mentioning the indulgence to which the Author of the Poem addressed to the Armies of America is entitled, on account of his having written it amidst the " hurly burly" of military toils, proceed to observe, " Under every disadvantage, however, " we perceive, in his conceptions, much of the true spirit " of poetry; and there is a considerable degree of melo- " dy and harmony in his versification. He is a warm " patriot; full of zeal for the prosperity of the Ame-
rican

" rican Arms; and conſequently, to the Engliſh reader, " ſome of his expreſſions reſpecting the *Britiſh Invaſion* " will ſeem to have fallen from a pen dipped in gall; " but we muſt remember that he wrote, as well as " fought, IN America, and FOR America. He cele- " brates the principal events of the war, and has many " deſcriptive glances at the SCENERY, which cannot but " afford amuſement to even his readers on this ſide of " the Atlantic, however they may diſapprove the cauſe " which gave birth to the POEM."———

From the Journal de Paris, May 7, 1786. Strictures on a Poem addreſſed to the American Armies.

" A GREAT many remarkable circumſtances render this little performance worthy of the public attention. It was compoſed in America, in 1782, at the encampment of general Waſhington, when the Britiſh ſtill occupying New-York and Charleſton, the great cauſe of American liberty was not then decided. The author is an American officer, writing in the midſt of the tumult of a camp, and conciliating the occupations and duties of his profeſſion, with that ſilence and meditation which every poetical compoſition demands. The tranſlator is a French general officer (M. le M. de Chattellux) in whom the talents of a great military and literary character are acknowledged to be blended in a very extraordinary degree.

" THE object of the work is to animate the citizens of America to the defence of their country. The march of the poet is eaſy and unaffected; his ideas are noble and juſt, his ſentiments amiable; and his tranſlator, animated

animated with the ſame ſpirit, and endowed with the ſame talents, has not only transfuſed into our language the beauties of the original, but even added new ones to them.

"THE tranſlator himſelf announces in his letter to Col. Humphreys, that he has not piqued himſelf upon being literal; and that he has taken ſome liberties in his tranſlation. But he is right in ſaying that this liberty does not go ſo far as independence: for that which he adds, is ſo connected with the text itſelf, that it may be conſidered as a developement of his author's idea; and what he retrenches (being commonly foreign to our idiom and phraſeology) would not have been preſerved by the American author himſelf, if, more familiariſed with our language, he had been pleaſed to tranſlate his work into French. This liberty may be criticiſed: but we will ſay, in juſtification of the tranſlator, that the author is very far from complaining of it.

"THIS little poem is ſcarcely ſuſceptible of extracts, We will only cite the apoſtrophe to Gen. Waſhington, when he comes to take command of the American army.

" O FIRST of heroes, fav'rite of the ſkies,
" To what dread toils thy country bade thee riſe!
" O rais'd by heav'n to ſave th' invaded ſtate!
" (So ſpake the ſage long ſince thy future fate)
" 'Twas thine to change the ſweeteſt ſcenes of life
" For public cares—to guide th' embattl'd ſtrife—
" Unnumber'd ills of every kind to dare—
" The winter's blaſt, the ſummer's ſultry air,
" The lurking dagger—and the turbid ſtorms
" Of waſting war, with death in all his forms—
" Nor aught could daunt. Unſpeakably ſerene,
" Thy conſcious ſoul ſmil'd o'er the dreadful ſcene."

" THE

"THE recital of the death of Brown, who periſhed in an ambuſcade of ſavages, of Scammel who was aſſaſſinated by a piſtol-ſhot in the reins, at the moment after he had ſurrendered himſelf to a detachment of Engliſh, and that of Col. Laurens, ſon to the famous Laurens, preſident of Congreſs, will ever be read with ſympathetic ſorrow. The deſcriptions of the author are full of animation, his regrets of ſenſibility; and the tranſlator has not reſted below his model.

"THE reader will, moreover, remark with pleaſure, the contraſt which the author has had the art to introduce, in a ſkilful manner, between the two very diſtinct parts of his poem. In the firſt, he paints the dangers which America experienced, and the calamities of war which deſolated her for ſo long a period. In the laſt he collects only delightful ideas and pictures of happineſs; he unfolds to America the auſpicious effects of that liberty ſhe had obtained, and the felicity ſhe is about to enjoy. He invites his fellow citizens, for whom the taſk of glory is henceforth accompliſhed, to tranſport themſelves upon the borders of the lakes, and upon the fertile banks of the Belle Riviere †, a river moſt worthy of its name. He repreſents to them all the beauties which nature hath laviſhed upon thoſe happy regions, as a recompence to make them forget, on the boſom of rural felicity, the toils which they have endured for their country.

"IN fine, he predicts the future proſperity of this naſcent empire, which riſes upon a plan dictated by wiſdom, and which will for ever remain the aſylum of happineſs and liberty."

† The name by which the Ohio is known in French.

Tranſlation of the introductory letter, prefixed by the Marquis de Chatellux, to the French edition of this Poem.

"I WAS with you, my dear Colonel, when, after a glorious campaign, you compoſed in ſilence thoſe elegant verſes, wherein you have diſplayed the whole extent of your genius, in only wiſhing to expreſs your patriotic ſentiments. You made a myſtery of the matter to me—and your modeſty has expoſed you to commit an unpardonable fault againſt the alliance that you have ſo nobly celebrated; ſince the European nation, which has had the firſt fruits of your poem, is preciſely the Engliſh: but it is proper to acknowledge, on the preſent, as well as on many other occaſions, this nation has proved that its enmity does not extend to merit and talents. All the public papers which are printed in London, have made your praiſes reſound, and thoſe very papers have firſt diſcloſed your ſecret. It is true, I have ſeen ſome of them, the authors of which appeared to be vexed, that a compoſition, in which the Engliſh are not treated with ceremony, ſhould obtain the honors of public readings and public applauſes*; and who wiſhed to deſpoil you of your moſt illuſtrious title, that of being an American, by making you to be born in, I known not what diſtrict, of England. However that may be, it is certain that France had reaſon to complain. Of no avail will it be for you to ſay, that your work is written in Engliſh; do you not know how much that language is in vogue among us, and how much we are diſpoſed to tranſlate it? I will not diſguiſe any thing. It has happened that your friend, your companion in arms, came to ſeize poſſeſſion at

* The Morning Herald, and other Engliſh papers, made mention of the lecture of the poem in queſtion, made in public, apparently in clubs or other places, where people enter by ticket.

your apartments, of a beautiful copy of your poem, printed at London with all the accuracy and magnificence, which they always beſtow on every important work. It has, moreover, fallen to his lot to avail himſelf of your abſence † for making it known to his countrymen. For making it known! that is ſaying too much: but at leaſt to give ſome idea to thoſe who are not ſufficiently acquainted with the Engliſh language, to read it with facility. I have cauſed the text to be printed with the tranſlation. This is a very generous proceeding, with which, I contend, you ought to be mightily ſatisfied. Every reader who may be in a condition to compare one with the other, will often cry out: "he has not known how to render all the energy, all the beauty of the original:"—and that is exactly what I deſire. There is not a pretty woman who does not pardon her painter for not making her as handſome as ſhe really is, whenever ſhe is placed by the ſide of her portrait; then not a compariſon but what proves to her advantage: and compariſon is of all praiſes the moſt flattering, becauſe it is the moſt perceptible, the moſt preciſe. My object will, therefore, be entirely completed, ſince all the criticiſms which I ſhall merit, will turn to your glory. Being a tranſlator in proſe, and a tranſlator who does not pique himſelf upon being literal, I ſhould have much to fear from my author, if that author was not Colonel Humphreys, whom I wiſh in every point to make my model. He loves liberty too much, to be offended at what I have taken on this occaſion: this liberty ſhall not go quite to independence: this is all I promiſe in aſſuring him that I will always be more faithful to that friendſhip he has accorded me, than to the text of which I took poſſeſſion."*

Le Marquis de Chatellux.

† This letter was addreſſed to Col. Humphreys, while he was in England.

ADDRESS

TO THE

ARMIES

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

PREFACE.

PERHAPS the following little poem may be considered with the more indulgence by the public, after it shall be known, that it was actually written, at a period when the army was in the field, and the author so far engaged in the duties of his profession, as to have but little leisure for subjects of literature or amusement. And it will not be necessary to demonstrate to those who have the least knowledge of a military life, how unfavorable such a state is to poetical contemplation. This, it is presumed, may pertinently be urged in excuse for the slighter errors and inaccuracies of the performance: and the design must, in some measure, atone for any of a different complexion.*

To inspire our countrymen, now in arms, or who may, hereafter, be called into the field, with perseverance and fortitude, through every species of difficulty and danger, to continue their exertions for the defence of their country, and the preservation of its liberties, is the object of this address.

For

* While the American army was encamped at Peck's-kill, and the enemy occupied the heights of New-York and Charleston.

For this purpoſe, it was imagined, no conſiderations could be more effectual, than the recollection of the paſt, and the anticipation of the future. For, where is the man to be found, who, after all that has been done and ſuffered—after ſuch a profuſion of blood and treaſure has been expended—and ſuch important advantages have been obtained—would baſely relinquiſh and leave unfiniſhed the illuſtrious taſk of rearing an empire, which, from its ſituation and circumſtances, muſt ſurpaſs all that have ever exiſted, in magnitude, felicity, and duration?

Although the author entertains the moſt ſanguine expectations of the gratitude and liberality, with which the continent will reward thoſe who have literally borne the heat and burden of the day of war—he has not inſiſted on thoſe pecuniary or ſlighter conſiderations; but has attempted to turn the attention to the future grandeur, happineſs and glory of the country for which we are now contending. The lands already granted to the army, firſt ſuggeſted the idea of a military ſettlement on the Ohio, or ſome of thoſe weſtern regions, whoſe beauties can never be ſufficiently diſplayed, much leſs exaggerated by deſcription. The mild temperature and ſerenity of the air, the ſalubrity of the climate, the fertility of the ſoil, the luxuriance of its products, the extent of territory, and the amazing inland navigation, which thoſe boundleſs lakes and immeaſurable rivers will open—cannot fail, one day, to render that garden of the world equal to the repreſentation given of it, in the concluſion of the poem. The poſſeſſion of ſuch a country, (reſcued from the hand of invaſion) in a perfect ſtate of freedom and ſecurity, will be a glorious com-

penſation

penſation for all our toils and ſufferings, and a monument of the moſt unparalleled bravery and patriotiſm, to the remoteſt poſterity. Stimulated with the love of glory, allured by theſe delightful proſpects, and animated with the pleaſing hope of the ſpeedy fruition of thoſe rapturous ſcenes—there are thouſands who have drawn the ſword, with a reſolution never to ſheath it, until a happy period ſhall be put to the conteſt. For himſelf, the writer declares, that having already devoted whatſoever talents and abilities nature has conferred upon him, to the ſervice of his country—no efforts that can be made with his voice, his pen, or his ſword, ſhall ever be wanting to confirm its LIBERTIES and INDEPENDENCE.

ARGUMENT.

ARGUMENT.

THE Armies, which are addreſſed, deſignated; and the ſubject propoſed—Great-Britain commences hoſtility againſt her Colonies—the Colonies arm—contraſt of the two armies—battle of Bunker's-hill—a Commander in Chief appointed to the American armies—his character—augmentation of the American forces—reinforcements to thoſe of Britain—peculiarly affecting circumſtances which attended the deaths of Brown, Scammel & Laurens—eulogium of the American troops—anticipation that their meritorious ſervices and ſufferings will be conſigned to immortality—apoſtrophe to Britain on the cruelty practiſed upon priſoners, and its effects in exciting ſuch indignation in the Americans as will tend to the emancipation of their country—view of the ſucceſſes of the American arms at Trenton, Princeton, Saratoga, Stony Point, in the Southern States, and at York Town—tribute of gratitude to the French King and nation—ſtill the Americans are to rely on their own reſources for the eſtabliſhment of Independence—apoſtrophe to Independence—Britain obliged to relinquiſh her ideas of conqueſt—dawn of peace—invocation to peace—addreſs to the armies on the happineſs to be expected from it—invitation for them to ſettle in the weſtern country—its beauties and advantages deſcribed—enjoyments reſulting from the friendſhip of thoſe who were in arms together—character of Americans in different ages—improvements of every kind in America—prayer to the Supreme Being that its felicity may become complete and perpetual.

ADDRESS,

ADDRESS, &c.

" *Jam fides, et pax, et honor, pudorque*
" *Priſcus, et neglecta redire virtus*
" *Audet; apparetque beata pleno*
" *Copia cornu.*"——HOR.

" *Incipient magni procedere menſes.*"—VIRG.

YE martial bands! Columbia's faireſt pride!
To toils inur'd, in dangers often try'd—
Ye gallant youths! whoſe breaſts for glory burn,
Each ſelfiſh aim and meaner paſſion ſpurn.
Ye who, unmov'd, in the dread hour have ſtood,
And ſmil'd, undaunted, in the field of blood—
Who greatly dar'd, at freedom's rapt'rous call,
With her to triumph, or with her to fall—
Now brighter days in proſpect ſwift aſcend,
Ye ſons of fame, the hallow'd theme attend;
The paſt review; the future ſcene explore;
And Heav'n's high King with grateful hearts adore!

WHAT time proud Albion, thund'ring o'er the waves,
Frown'd on her ſons, and bade them turn to ſlaves—
When, loſt to honour, virtue, glory, ſhame,
When nought remain'd of Britain but the name—
The parent ſtate—a parent now no more—
Let looſe the hirelings of deſpotic power,
Urg'd to keen vengeance their relentleſs ire,
And hop'd ſubmiſſion from their ſword and fire.

As when dark clouds, from Andes' tow'ring head,
Roll down the ſkies, and round th' horizon ſpread,
With thunders fraught, the black'ning tempeſt ſails,
And burſts tremendous o'er Peruvian vales:

So

So broke the ſtorm, on Concord's fatal plain;
There fell our brothers, by fierce ruffians ſlain,
Inglorious deed! to wild deſpair then driv'n,
We, ſuppliant, made our great appeal to heav'n.
Then the ſhrill trumpet echo'd from afar,
And ſudden blaz'd the waſting flame of war;
From ſtate to ſtate, ſwift flew the dire alarms,
And ardent youths, impetuous, ruſh'd to arms:
"To arms," the matrons and the virgins ſung,
To arms, their ſires, their huſbands, brothers ſprung.
No dull delay—where'er the ſound was heard,
Where the red ſtandards in the air appear'd,
Where, through vaſt realms, the cannon ſwell'd its roar,
Between th' Acadian and Floridian ſhore.

Now join'd the crowd, from their far-diſtant farms,
In ruſtic guiſe, and unadorn'd in arms;
Not like their foes, in tinſel trappings gay,
And burniſh'd arms that glitter'd on the day;
Who now advanc'd, where Charl'ſtown rear'd its height,
In martial pomp, and claim'd the awful fight;
And proudly deem'd, with one deciſive blow,
To hurl deſtruction on the routed foe—
Not ſo—juſt heav'n had fix'd the great decree,
And bade the ſons of Freemen ſtill be free;
Bade all their ſouls with patriot ardour burn,
And taught the coward fear of death to ſpurn,
The threats of vengeance and of war to brave,
To purchaſe freedom, or a glorious grave.
Long rag'd the conteſt on th' embattled field;
Nor thoſe would fly, nor theſe would tamely yield—
Till Warren fell, in all the boaſt of arms,
The pride of genius and unrivall'd charms,
His country's hope!—full ſoon the gloom was ſpread:
Oppreſs'd with numbers, and their leader dead,

Slow

Slow from the field the ſullen troops retir'd,
Behind, the hoſtile flame to heav'n aſpir'd.

Th' imperious Britons, on the well-fought ground,
No cauſe for joy or wanton triumph found,
But ſaw with grief their dreams of conqueſt vain,
Felt the deep wounds, and mourn'd their vet'rans ſlain.

Nor leſs our woes. Now darkneſs gather'd round;
The thunder rumbled, and the tempeſt frown'd;
When lo! to guide us thro' the ſtorm of war,
Beam'd the bright ſplendor of Virginia's ſtar.
O firſt of heroes, fav'rite of the ſkies,
To what dread toils thy country bade thee riſe!
"† Oh rais'd by heav'n to ſave th' invaded ſtate!"
(So ſpake the ſage long ſince thy future fate)
'Twas thine to change the ſweeteſt ſcenes of life
For public cares—to guide th' embattled ſtrife—
Unnumber'd ills of ev'ry kind to dare,
The winter's blaſt, the ſummer's ſultry air,
The lurking dagger, and the turbid ſtorms
Of waſting war, with death in all his forms—
Nor aught could daunt. Unſpeakably ſerene,
Thy conſcious ſoul ſmil'd o'er the dreadful ſcene.

The foe then trembled at the well-known name;
And raptur'd thouſands to his ſtandard came.
His martial ſkill our riſing armies form'd;
His patriot zeal their gen'rous boſoms warm'd:
His voice inſpir'd, his godlike preſence led,
The Britons ſaw, and from his preſence fled.
Soon reinforc'd from Albion's crowded ſhore,
New legions came, new plains were drench'd in gore;

† This alludes to expreſſions made uſe of by preſident Davies, in a ſermon preached at Hanover, in Virginia, during the war of 1755.

And ſcarce Columbia's arm the fight ſuſtains,
While her beſt blood guſh'd from a thouſand veins.
Then thine, O Brown! that purpled wide the ground,
Purſued the knife through many a ghaſtly wound.
Ah hapleſs friend! permit the tender tear
To flow e'en now, for none flow'd on thy bier,
Where cold and mangled, under northern ſkies,
To famiſh'd wolves a prey thy body lies—
Which erſt ſo fair and tall in youthful grace,
Strength in thy nerves, and beauty in thy face,
Stood like a tow'r, till ſtruck by the ſwift ball—
Then what avail'd (to ward th' untimely fall)
The force of limbs, the mind ſo well inform'd,
The taſte refin'd, the breaſt with friendſhip warm'd,
(That friendſhip which our earlieſt years begun)
Or what the laurels that thy ſword had won,
When the dark bands from thee, expiring, tore
Thy long hair mingled with the ſpouting gore?
Nor leſs, brave Scammel, frown'd thine angry fate,
(May deathleſs ſhame that Britiſh deed await!)
On York's fam'd field, amid the firſt alarms,
Ere yet fair vict'ry crown'd the allied arms,
Fell chance betray'd thee to the hoſtile band,
The hapleſs victim of th' aſſaſſin hand!
Lo! while I tell the execrable deed,
Freſh in his ſide the dark wound ſeems to bleed;
That ſmall red current ſtill for vengeance cries,
And aſks, "why ſleeps the thunder in the ſkies?"
On him, ye heav'ns, let all your vengeance fall,
On the curſt wretch who wing'd th' inſidious ball.
But thou, bleſt ſhade, be ſooth'd! be this thy praiſe,
Ripe were thy virtues, though too few thy days.
Be this thy fame, through life of all approv'd,
To die lamented, honour'd, and belov'd.

AND

And ſee, far ſouth, where yonder hearſe appears,
An army mourning, and a land in tears!
There Laurens, paſſing to an early tomb,
Looks like a flow'r juſt with'ring in its bloom.
Thy father's pride, the glory of our hoſt!
Thy country's ſorrow, late thy country's boaſt!
O Laurens! gen'rous youth! twice hadſt thou bled—
Could not the ball with devious aim have ſped?
And muſt thy friends, now peace appears ſo near,
Weep the third ſtroke that cuts a life ſo dear,
That blots the proſpect of our riſing morn,
And leaves thy country, as thy ſire, forlorn?
Companions lov'd! long as the life-blood flows,
Or vital warmth in this fond boſom glows,
While there I cheriſh your remembrance dear,
Oft will I drop the tributary tear.

But what avails to trace the fate of war
Through fields of blood, and point each glorious ſcar?
Why ſhould the ſtrain your former woes recal,
The tears that wept a friend or brother's fall,
When by your ſide firſt in th' advent'rous ſtrife,
He dauntleſs ruſh'd, too prodigal of life?
Enough of merit has each honour'd name,
To ſhine, untarniſh'd, on the rolls of fame,
To ſtand th' example of each diſtant age,
And add new luſtre to th' hiſtoric page:
For ſoon their deeds illuſtrious ſhall be ſhewn
In breathing bronze, or animated ſtone,
Or where the canvas, ſtarting into life,
Revives the glories of the crimſon ſtrife.

Ye ſons of genius, who the pencil hold,
Whoſe maſter ſtrokes, beyond deſcription bold,

Of

Of other years and climes the hiſt'ry trace,
Can ye for this neglect your kindred race?
Columbia calls—her parent voice demands
More grateful off'rings from your filial hands.
And ſoon ſome bard ſhall tempt the untry'd themes,
Sing how we dar'd, in fortune's worſt extremes;
What cruel wrongs th' indignant patriot bore,
What various ills your feeling boſoms tore,
What boding terrors gloom'd the threat'ning hour,
When Britiſh legions, arm'd with death-like pow'r,
Bade deſolation mark their crimſon'd way,
And lur'd the ſavage to his deſtin'd prey,
When fierce Germania her battalions pour'd,
And rapine's ſons, with waſting fire and ſword,
Spread death around: where'er your eyes ye turn'd,
Fled were the peaſants, and the village burn'd—
How did your hearts for others' ſuff'rings melt!
What tort'ring pangs your bleeding country felt!
What! when you fled before ſuperior force,
Each ſuccour loſt, and periſh'd each reſource!
When nature fainting from the want of food,
On the white ſnow your ſteps were mark'd in blood!
When through your tatter'd garbs you met the wind,
Deſpair before, and ruin frown'd behind!
When nought was ſeen around, but proſpects drear,
Th' inſulting foe hung dreadful on your rear,
And boaſtful ween'd, that day to cloſe the ſcene,
And quench your name, as though it ne'er had been.

WHY, Britain! rag'd thine inſolence and ſcorn?
Why burſt thy vengeance on the wretch forlorn?
The cheerleſs captive, to ſlow death conſign'd,
Chill'd with keen froſt, in priſon glooms confin'd,

Of

Of hope bereft, by thy vile minions curſt,
With hunger famiſh'd, and conſum'd with thirſt,
Without one friend—when death's laſt horror ſtung,
Roll'd the wild eye, and gnaw'd the anguiſh'd tongue.

WHY, Britain! in thine arrogance and pride,
Didſt thou heav'n's violated laws deride,
Mock human mis'ry with contemptuous ſneers,
And fill thy cup of guilt with orphans' tears?
The widow's wailing, and the wretch's groan,
Riſe in remembrance to the eternal throne,
While the red flame, thro' the broad concave driv'n,
Calls down the vengeance of inſulted heav'n.
And didſt thou think, by cruelty refin'd,
To damp the ardor of the heav'n-born mind,
With haughty threats to force the daring train
To bow, unnerv'd, in ſlav'ry's galling chain—
Make countleſs freemen—then no longer free—
Shrink at thy frown, and bend the ſervile knee?
And couldſt thou dream? then wake, diſſolve thy charms,
Rous'd by their wrongs, ſee deſp'rate hoſts in arms!
No fear diſmays, nor danger's voice appals,
While kindred blood for ſacred vengeance calls:
Their ſwords ſhall triumph o'er thy vaunted force,
And curb the conqu'ror in his headlong courſe.

WHAT ſpoils of war, thy ſons, Columbia, claim'd!
What trophies roſe, where thy red enſigns flam'd!
Where the great chief, o'er Del'ware's icy wave,
Led the ſmall band, in danger doubly brave,
On high deſigns—and ere the dawning hour,
Germania's vet'rans own'd the victor's pow'r;
Or on the muſe's plain, where round thy tomb,
O gallant Mercer! deathleſs laurels bloom;

Or

Or where, anon, in northern fields renown'd,
The tide of ſlaughter ſtain'd the ſanguine ground,
When the bold freemen, gath'ring from afar,
Foil'd the proud foe, and cruſh'd the ſavage war:
On that brave band their country's plaudit waits,
And conſecrates to fame the name of Gates.
Nor leſs the valour of the impetuous ſhock,
Which ſeiz'd the glorious prize on Hudſon's rock,
Where Wayne, e'en while he felt the whizzing ball,
Pluck'd the proud ſtandard from the vanquiſh'd wall.
Now turn your eyes, where ſouthern realms are ſeen,
From ruin reſcu'd, by th'-immortal Greene:
See toils of death, where many a hero bleeds,
Till rapid vict'ry, to defeat, ſucceeds,
On num'rous plains, whoſe ſtreams, unknown to ſong,
Till this great æra, roll'd obſcure along,
Their names ſhall, now, to fame familiar grown,
Outlaſt the pile of monumental ſtone.
Or ſee on fair Virginia's ſtrand ariſe,
The column pointing to the fav'ring ſkies,
Inſcrib'd with deeds the allied arms have done,
And grav'd with trophies from Britannia won:
Here ſtand the conqu'ring bands: the vanquiſh'd throng
Through the long lines in ſilence move along:
The ſtars and lilies, here, in laurels dreſt—
And there, dark ſhrouds the banner'd pride inveſt:
Theſe twice twelve banners once in pomp unfurl'd,
Spread death and terror round the ſouthern world:
In various colours from the ſtaff unroll'd,
The lion frown'd, the eagle flam'd in gold,
Hibernia's harp, reluctant, here was hung,
And Scotia's thiſtle, there, ſpontaneous ſprung:
Theſe twice twelve flags no more ſhall be diſplay'd,
Save in the dome where warlike ſpoils are laid:

Since,

Since, where the fathers in high council meet,
This hand has plac'd them proſtrate at their feet.

So beam the glories of the allied band!
And ſuch the dawning hope that cheers our land!
Since Gallia's ſire, high on a throne of ſtate,
Sublimely good, magnanimouſly great!
Protector of the rights of human kind,
Weigh'd the dread conteſt in his royal mind,
And bade his fleets o'er the broad ocean fly,
To ſuccour realms beneath another ſky:
Since his bleſt troops, in happieſt toils allied,
Have fought, have bled, have conquer'd by your ſide:
The mingled ſtream, in the ſame trench that flow'd,
Cements the nations by their heroes' blood.

YET ſtill, Columbians, ſee what choice remains,
Ignoble bondage, and inglorious chains,
Or all the joys which liberty can give,
For which you dare to die, or wiſh to live.
On the drawn ſword, your country's fate depends:
Your wives, your children, parents, brothers, friends,
With all the tender charities of life,
Hang on the iſſue of the arduous ſtrife.

To bolder deeds, and vict'ry's fierce delights,
Your country calls, and heav'n itſelf invites.
Charm'd by their potent voice, let virtue's flame,
The ſenſe of honour, and the fear of ſhame,
The thirſt of praiſe, and freedom's envied cauſe,
The ſmiles of heroes, and the world's applauſe,
Impel each breaſt, in glory's dread career,
Firm as your rock-rais'd hills to perſevere.

Now the ſixth year of independence ſmiles,
The glorious meed of all our war-like toils;

Auſpicious

Auſpicious pow'r, with thy broad flag unfurl'd,
Shed thy ſtern influence on our weſtern world!
With thy congenial flame our hearts inſpire,
With manly patience, and heroic fire,
The rudeſt ſhock of fortune's ſtorm to bear;
Each ill to ſuffer; every death to dare;
To ruſh undaunted in th' adventrous van,
And meet the Britons, man oppos'd to man;
With ſurer aim, repel their barb'rous rage;
Shield the poor orphan, and the white-hair'd ſage;
Defend the matron, and the virgin's charms;
And vindicate our ſacred rights with arms.
This, the great genius of our land requires,
This, the bleſt ſhades of our illuſtrious ſires,
This, the brave ſons of future years demand,
Cheers the faint heart, and nerves the feeble hand;
This, ſacred hope, that points beyond the ſpan,
Which bounds this tranſitory life of man,
Where glory lures us with her bright renown,
The hero's triumph, and the patriot's crown,
The fair reward to ſuff'ring virtue giv'n,
Pure robes of bliſs, and ſtarry thrones in heav'n.

CHANG'D are the ſcenes. Now fairer proſpects riſe,
And brighter ſuns begin to gild our ſkies.
Th' exhauſted foe, his laſt poor effort try'd,
Sees nought remain, ſave impotence and pride:
His golden dreams of fancied conqueſt o'er,
(And Gallia thund'ring round his native ſhore,
Iberia aiding with Potoſi's mines,
While brave Batavia in the conflict joins)
Reluctant turns, and, deep involv'd in woes,
In other climes prepares for other foes.

ANON

ANON, the horrid ſounds of war ſhall ceaſe,
And all the weſtern world be huſh'd in peace:
The martial clarion ſhall be heard no more,
Nor the loud cannon's deſolating roar:
No more our heroes pour the purple flood,
No corſe be ſeen with garments roll'd in blood;
No ſhiv'ring wretch ſhall roam without a ſhed;
No pining orphans raiſe their cry for bread;
No tender mother ſhriek at dreams of woe,
Start from her ſleep, and ſee the midnight foe;
The lovely virgin, and the hoary ſire,
No more behold the village flame aſpire,
While the baſe ſpoiler, from a father's arms,
Plucks the fair flow'r, and riots on its charms.

E'EN now, from half the threaten'd horrors freed,
See from our ſhores the leſs'ning ſails recede:
See the red flags, that to the wind unfurl'd,
Wav'd in proud triumph round the vanquiſh'd world,
Inglorious fly: and ſee their haggard crew,
Deſpair, rage, ſhame, and infamy purſue.

HAIL, heav'n-born peace! thy grateful bleſſings pour
On this glad land, and round the peopled ſhore:
Thine are the joys that gild the happy ſcene,
Propitious days, and feſtive nights ſerene;
With thee gay pleaſure frolics o'er the plain,
And ſmiling plenty leads thy proſp'rous train.

THEN oh, my friends! the taſk of glory done,
Th' immortal prize by your bold efforts won—
Your country's faviours, by her voice confeſs'd,
While unborn ages riſe and call you bleſt—
Then let us go where happier climes invite,

To midland ſeas, and regions of delight;
With all that's ours, together let us riſe,
Seek brighter plains and more indulgent ſkies;
Where fair Ohio rolls his amber tide,
And nature bloſſoms in her virgin pride;
Where all that beauty's hand can form to pleaſe,
Shall crown the toils of war, with rural eaſe,
The ſhady coverts, and the ſunny hills,
The gentle lapſe of ever-murm'ring rills,
The ſoft repoſe amid the noon-tide bow'rs,
The evening walk among the bluſhing flow'rs,
The fragant groves that yield a ſweet perfume,
And vernal glories in perpetual bloom,
Await you there: and heav'n ſhall bleſs the toil,
Your own the produce, as your own the ſoil.

No tyrant lord ſhall graſp a thouſand farms,
Curſe the mild clime, and ſpoil its faireſt charms:
No blaſt ſevere your rip'ning fields deform,
No vollied hail-ſtones, and no driving ſtorm:
No raging murrain on your cattle ſeize,
And nature ſicken with the dire diſeaſe.
But golden years, anew, begin their reigns,
And cloudleſs ſun-ſhine gild ſalubrious plains.
Herbs, fruits, and flow'rs, ſhall clothe th' uncultur'd field,
Nectareous juice, the vine and orchard yield,
Rich, dulcet creams the copious goblets fill,
Delicious honey from the trees diſtil;
The garden ſmile, ſpontaneous harveſts ſpring,
The woodlands warble, and the vallies ſing.

Along the meads, or near the ſhady groves,
There ſport the flocks, there feed the fatt'ning droves;

There

There ſtrays the ſteed, through gloomy vales afar,
Who erſt mov'd lofty in the ranks of war.

THERE free from envy, cank'ring care, and ſtrife,
Flow the calm pleaſures of domeſtic life :
There mutual friendſhip ſoothes each placid breaſt,
Bleſt in themſelves, and in each other bleſt.
From houſe to houſe the ſocial glee extends,
For friends in war, in peace are doubly friends :
Their children taught to emulate their ſires,
Catch the warm glow, and feel the kindred fires,
Till by degrees the mingling joys improve,
Grow with their years, and ripen into love :
Nor long the bluſhing pair in ſecret ſigh,
And drink ſweet poiſon from the love-ſick eye ;
Bleſt be their lot ! when in his eager arms
Th' enamor'd youth folds the fair virgin's charms,
On her ripe lip imprints the burning kiſs,
And ſeals with hallow'd rites, the nuptial bliſs.
Then feſtal ſports the ev'ning hours prolong—
The mazy dance, and the ſweet warbling ſong :
Then each endearment wakes the raviſh'd ſenſe
To pure delights, and raptures moſt intenſe :
And the pleas'd parent tells his liſt'ning ſon,
What wond'rous deeds, by him, in youth, were done.
No ſights of woe, no tort'ring fears annoy
The ſweet ſenſations of the heart-felt joy :
Nor ſhall the ſavages of murd'rous ſoul,
In painted bands dark to the combat roll,
With midnight orgies, by the gloomy ſhade,
On the pale victim point the reeking blade ;
Or cauſe the hamlet, lull'd in deep repoſe,
No more to wake, or wake to ceaſeleſs woes :

For your ſtrong arm the guarded land ſecures,
And freedom, glory, happineſs, are yours.

So ſhall you flouriſh in unfading prime,
Each age refining through the reign of time;
A nobler offspring crown the fond embrace,
A band of heroes, and a patriot race:
Not by ſoft luxury's too dainty food,
Their minds contaminated with their blood:
But like the heirs our great forefathers bred,
By freedom nurtur'd, and by temp'rance fed;
Healthful and ſtrong, they turn'd the virgin ſoil,
The untam'd foreſt bow'd beneath their toil:
At early dawn they ſought the mountain chace,
Or rous'd the Indian from his lurking place;
Curb'd the mad fury of thoſe barb'rous men,
Or dragg'd the wild beaſt ſtruggling from his den;
To all the vigour of that priſtine race,
New Charms are added, and ſuperior grace.

THEN cities riſe, and ſpiry towns increaſe,
With gilded domes, and every art of peace.
Then cultivation ſhall extend his pow'r,
Rear the green blade, and nurſe the tender flow'r;
Make the fair villa in full ſplendors ſmile,
And robe with verdure all the genial ſoil.
Then ſhall rich commerce court the fav'ring gales,
And wond'ring wilds admire the paſſing ſails,
Where the bold ſhips the ſtormy Huron brave,
Where wild Ontario rolls the whit'ning wave,
Where fair Ohio his pure current pours,
And Miſſiſippi laves th' extended ſhores.

THEN oh, bleſt land! with genius unconfin'd,
With poliſh'd manners, and th' illumin'd mind,
Thy future race on daring wing ſhall ſoar,
Each ſcience trace, and all the arts explore;
Till bright religion, beck'ning to the ſkies,
Shall bid thy ſons to endleſs glories riſe.

As round thy clime celeſtial joy extends,
Thy beauties ripen, and thy pomp aſcends;
Farther and farther ſtill, thy bleſſings roll,
To ſouthern oceans and the northern pole;
Where now the thorn, or tangled thicket grows,
The wilderneſs ſhall bloſſom as the roſe,
Unbounded deſerts unknown charms aſſume,
Like Salem flouriſh, and like Eden bloom.

AND oh, may heav'n, when all our toils are paſt,
Crown with ſuch happineſs our days at laſt:
So riſe our ſons, like our great ſires of old,
In freedom's cauſe, unconquerably bold;
With ſpotleſs faith, and morals pure, their name
Spread thro' the world, and gain immortal fame.

AND thou Supreme! whoſe hand ſuſtains this ball,
Before whoſe nod, the nations riſe and fall,
Propitious ſmile, and ſhed diviner charms,
On this bleſt land, the queen of arts and arms:
Make the great empire riſe on wiſdom's plan,
The ſeat of bliſs, and laſt retreat of man.

A POEM

ON THE

HAPPINESS OF AMERICA.

ADDRESSED TO THE

CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.

ARGUMENT.

THE characters to whom the poem is addreſſed, and the ſubject of it—peace—diſſolution of the army—General Waſhington's farewel, advice, and retirement—apoſtrophe to him—the happineſs of the Americans, conſidered as a free and agricultural people—articles which contribute to their felicity, during the different ſeaſons—winter's amuſements, which produce a digreſſion, concerning the late war, and the author—the pleaſures which ſucceeded the horrors of war—invocation to connubial love—deſcription of the female ſex and character, marriage and domeſtic life in America—the preſent ſtate of ſociety there—the face of the country at, and ſince the period of, its diſcovery—the pleaſant proſpects exhibited by the progreſs of agriculture and population—eulogy of agriculture—addreſs to Congreſs—the genius of the weſtern world invoked to accelerate our improvements—a treaty of commerce propoſed with Great Britain—ſuperior advantages for a marine—America called upon to employ her ſons on diſcoveries, in the carrying

carrying trade, fiſhing, and whaling—commerce—interrupted by the Algerines---ſenſation produced by it in the Americans---invocation for powers of expreſſion to excite them to revenge---a view of the miſeries of the priſoners, which terminates in an anathema on the perpetrators of ſuch cruelties---friends of the captives and ruined merchants, how affected---exhortation to arm, unleſs an equitable peace can be obtained---apoſtrophe to the tributary powers---reſolution to be taken by us---our reſources hinted, from a glance at the late war---Great Britain and Algiers contraſted---prayer to the Supreme Being---an army raiſed---preparations for war---a navy formed---naval combat with the corſairs---their defeat---their woe---the utter deſtruction of their country---return and rejoicings of the victors---a proſpect.

POEM, &c.

OH happy people, ye to whom is giv'n,
A land enrich'd with ſweeteſt dews of heav'n!
Ye, who poſſeſs Columbia's virgin prime,
In harveſts bleſt of ev'ry ſoil and clime!
Ye happy mortals, whom propitious fate
Reſerv'd for actors on a ſtage ſo great!
Sons worthy ſires of venerable name,
Heirs of their virtue and immortal fame;
Heirs of their rights, ſtill better underſtood,
Declar'd in thunder, and confirm'd in blood:
Ye choſen race, your happineſs I ſing,
With all the joys the cherub peace can bring,
When your tall fleets ſhall lift their ſtarry pride,
And ſail triumphant o'er the bill'wy tide.

THE ſong begins where all our bliſs began,
What time th'Almighty check'd the wrath of man,
Diſtill'd, in bleeding wounds, the balm of peace,
And bade the rage of mortal diſcord ceaſe.
Then foes, grown friends, from toils of ſlaughter breath'd,
Then war-worn troops their blood-ſtain'd weapons ſheath'd:
Then our great Chief to Vernon's ſhades withdrew,
And thus, to parting hoſts, pronounc'd adieu:

" FAREWEL to public care, to public life:
" Now peace invites me from the deathful ſtrife.
" And oh my country, may'ſt thou ne'er forget
" Thy bands victorious, and thy honeſt debt!

" If

" If aught, which proves to me thy freedom dear,
" Gives me a claim to ſpeak, thy ſons ſhall hear:
" On them I call—Compatriots dear and brave,
" Deep in your breaſts theſe warning truths engrave:
" To guard your ſacred rights—be juſt! be wiſe!
" Thence flow your bleſſings, there your glory lies.
" Beware the feuds whence civil war proceeds;
" Fly mean ſuſpicions; ſpurn inglorious deeds;
" Shun fell corruption's peſtilential breath,
" To ſtates the cauſe and harbinger of death.
" Fly diſſipation, in whoſe vortex whirl'd,
" Sink the proud nations of the elder world.
" Avoid the hidden ſnares that pleaſure ſpreads,
" To ſeize and chain you, in her ſilken threads;
" Let not the luſt of gold nor pow'r enthral;
" Nor liſt to wild ambition's frantic call.
" Stop, ſtop your ears to diſcord's curſt alarms,
" Which, rouſing, drives a mad'ning world to arms:
" But learn, from others' woes, ſweet peace to prize,
" To know your bliſs, and where your treaſure lies---
" Within the compaſs of your little farms,
" Lodg'd in your breaſts, or folded in your arms:
" Bleſt in your clime, beyond all nations bleſt,
" Whom oceans guard, and boundleſs wilds inveſt.

" NOR yet neglect the native force which grows,
" Your ſhield from inſult, and your wall from foes:
" But early train your youth, by mimic fights,
" To ſtand the guardians of their country's rights.

" BY honour rul'd, with honeſty your guide,
" Be that your bulwark, and be this your pride:
" Increaſe the fed'ral ties: ſupport the laws:
" Guard public faith: revere religion's cauſe.

" Thus riſe to greatneſs---by experience find,
" Who live the beſt, are greateſt of mankind.

" And ye, my faithful friends (for thus I name
" My fellow lab'rers in the field of fame)
" Ye, who for freedom nobly ſhed your blood,
" Dy'd ev'ry plain, and purpled ev'ry flood,
" Where havoc heap'd of arms and men the wreck,
" From Georgia's ſtream to walls of proud Quebec;
" To theſe ſtern toils the peaceful ſcene ſucceeds,
" The eyes of nations watch your future deeds:
" Go act, as citizens, in life's retreat,
" Your parts as well, and make your fame complete:
" 'Tis our's for ever, from this hour to part,
" Accept th' effuſions of a grateful heart!
" Where'er you go, may milder fates purſue,
" Receive my warmeſt thanks, my laſt adieu!"

THE HERO ſpoke.....An awful pauſe enſu'd:
Each eye was red, each face with tears bedew'd;
As if the pulſe of life ſuſpended ſtood,
An unknown horror chill'd the curdling blood:
Their arms were lock'd: their cheeks irriguous met,
By thy ſoft trickling dews, affection! wet.
Words paſt all utt'rance mock'd the idle tongue,
While petrified in final gaze they clung.

The bands retiring, ſought their ancient farms,
With laurels crown'd---receiv'd with open arms.
Now citizens, they form'd no ſep'rate claſs,
But ſpread, commixing, thro' the gen'ral maſs:
Congenial metals, thus, by chymic flame,
Diſſolve, aſſimilate, and grow the ſame.

Swords turn'd to ſhears, and war to rural toil,
The men who ſav'd, now cultivate the ſoil.
In no heroic age, ſince time began,
Appear'd ſo great the majeſty of man.

His taſk complete, before the ſires auguſt,
The hero ſtood, and render'd up his truſt.
But who ſhall dare deſcribe that act ſupreme,
And fire his numbers with the glowing theme?
Who ſing, tho' aided with immortal pow'rs,
The towns in raptures, and the roads in flow'rs,
Where'er he paſs'd? what monarch ever knew
Such acclamations, burſts of joy ſo true?
What ſcenes I ſaw! how oft, ſurpris'd I felt
Thro' ſtreaming eyes, my heart, dilated, melt!
Scenes that no words, no colours can diſplay,
No ſculptur'd marble, and no living lay:
Yet ſhall theſe ſcenes impreſs my mem'ry ſtill,
Nor leſs the feſtal hours of Vernon's hill;
Nor that ſad moment when 'twas mine to part,
As the laſt heart ſtring ſevers from the heart.

"Adieu," I cried, "to Vernon's ſhades, adieu;
"The veſſel waits---I ſee the beck'ning crew---
"Me now to foreign climes new duties guide,
"O'er the vaſt deſart of th' Atlantic tide.
"'Tis thine, bleſt ſage, while diſtant thunders roll,
"Unmov'd thy calm ſerenity of ſoul,
"'Tis thine whoſe triumphs bade the combat ceaſe,
"To prove how glorious are the works of peace;
"To lure rich commerce * up thy native bay;

"Make

* General Waſhington is actually occupied in opening the falls of Potowmac and James' Rivers, the noble object of which is to extend the navigation through the interior parts of America. Poſterity will judge whether this is not one of the great works of peace, worthy the conſiſtency and dignity of his character.

" Make freighted barks beyond the mountains ſtray :
" Make inland ſeas through op'ning channels glide ;
" Monongahela wed Potowmac's tide :
" New ſtates, exulting, ſee the flitting ſails,
" Waft joy and plenty round the peopled vales."

ALL former empires roſe, the work of guilt,
On conqueſt, blood, or uſurpation built :
But we, taught wiſdom by their woes and crimes,
Fraught with their lore, and born to better times,
Our conſtitutions form'd on freedom's baſe,
Which all the bleſſings, of all lands embrace ;
Embrace humanity's extended cauſe,
A world our empire, for a world our laws.

THRICE happy race ! how bleſt were freedom's heirs,
Bleſt if they knew what happineſs is theirs,
Bleſt if they knew to them alone 'tis given,
To know no ſov'reign but the law and heav'n !
That law for them, and Albion's realms alone,
On ſacred juſtice elevates her throne ;
Regards the poor ; the fatherleſs protects ;
The widow ſhields, the proud oppreſſor checks !
Bleſt if they knew, beneath umbrageous trees,
To prize the joys of innocence and eaſe,
Of peace, of health, of temp'rance, toil, and reſt,
And the calm ſunſhine of the conſcious breaſt.
For them, the ſpring his annual taſk reſumes,
Inveſts in verdure, and adorns in blooms
Earth's parent lap, and all her wanton bow'rs,
In foliage fair, with aromatic flow'rs.
Their fanning wings the zephyrs gently play,
And winnow bloſſoms from each floating ſpray :
In burſting buds the embryo fruits appear,
The hope and glory of the rip'ning year !

The mead that courts the ſcythe, the paſtur'd vale,
And garden'd lawn, their breathing ſweets exhale,
On balmy winds a cloud of fragrance moves,
And floats the odours of a thouſand groves.
For them, young ſummer ſheds a brighter day,
Matures the germe with his prolific ray;
With proſpects cheers, demands more ſtubborn toil,
And pays their efforts from the grateful ſoil.
The lofty maize its ears luxuriant yields;
The yellow harveſts gild the laughing fields,
Extend o'er all th' interminable plain,
And wave in grandeur like the boundleſs main.
For them, the flock o'er green ſavannahs feeds:
For them, high prancing, bound the playful ſteeds:
For them, the heifers graze ſequeſter'd dales,
Or pour white nectar in the brimming pails:
To them, what time the hoary froſts draw near,
Ripe autumn brings the labours of the year.
To nature's ſons, how fair th' autumnal ev'n,
The fading landſcape, and impurpl'd heav'n,
As from their fields they take their homeward way,
And turn to catch the ſun's departing ray!
What ſtreaming ſplendors up the ſkies are roll'd,
Whoſe colours beggar Tyrian dyes and gold!
Till night's dun curtains, wide o'er all diſplay'd,
Shroud ſhad'wy ſhapes in melancholy ſhade.

THEN doubling clouds the wintry ſkies deform;
And, wrapt in vapour, comes the roaring ſtorm,
With ſnows ſurcharg'd, from tops of mountains ſails,
Loads leafleſs trees, and fills the whiten'd vales.
Then deſolation ſtrips the faded plains:
Then tyrant death o'er vegetation reigns:
The birds of heav'n to other climes repair,

And

And deep'ning glooms invade the turbid air.
Nor then, unjoyous, winter's rigours come,
But find them happy and content with home;
Their gran'ries fill'd—the taſk of culture paſt—
Warm at their fire, they hear the howling blaſt,
With patt'ring rain and ſnow, or driving ſleet,
Rave idly loud, and at their window beat:
Safe from its rage, regardleſs of its roar,
In vain the tempeſt rattles at the door—
The tame brute ſhelter'd, and the feather'd brood
From them, more provident, demand their food.
'Tis then the time from hoarding cribs to feed
The ox laborious, and the noble ſteed:
'Tis then the time to tend the bleating fold,
To ſtrow with litter, and to fence from cold.

THE cattle fed—the fuel pil'd within—
At ſetting day the bliſsful hours begin:
'Tis then, ſole owner of his little cot,
The farmer feels his independent lot;
Hears with the crackling blaze that lights the wall,
The voice of gladneſs and of nature call,
Beholds his children play, their mother ſmile,
And taſtes with them the fruit of ſummer's toil.

FROM ſtormy heav'ns the mantling clouds unroll'd,
The ſky is bright, the air ſerenely cold.
The keen north-weſt, that heaps the drifted ſnows,
For months entire o'er frozen regions blows:
Man braves his blaſt, his gelid breath inhales,
And feels more vig'rous as the froſt prevails.
Th' obſtructed path, beneath the frequent tread,
Yields a ſmooth cryſtal to the flying ſteed.

'Tis

'Tis then full oft, in arts of love untry'd,
The am'rous ſtripling courts his future bride;
And oft, beneath the broad moon's paler day,
The village pairs aſcend the rapid ſleigh;
With jocund ſounds impel th' enliven'd ſteed---
Say ye, who know their joys, the lulling ſpeed,
At ev'ry bridge the tributary kiſs;
Can courtly balls exceed their ruſtic bliſs?

But diff'rent ages diff'rent joys inſpire,
Where friendly circles croud the ſocial fire:
For there the neighbours gath'ring round the hearth,
Indulge in tales, news, politics, and mirth;
Nor need we fear th' exhauſted fund ſhould fail,
While garrulous old age prolongs the tale,
There ſome old warrior, grown a village ſage,
Whoſe locks are whiten'd with the froſts of age,
While life's low burning lamp, renews its light,
With tales heroic ſhall beguile the night;
Shall tell of battles fought, of feats atchiev'd,
And ſuff'rings ne'er by human heart conceiv'd;
Shall tell th' adventures of his early life,
And bring to view the fields of mortal ſtrife;
What time the mattin trump to battle ſings,
And on his ſteed the horſeman ſwiftly ſprings,
While down the line the drum, with thund'ring ſound,
Wakes the bold ſoldier, ſlumb'ring on the ground;
Alarm'd he ſtarts; then ſudden joins his band,
Who, rang'd beneath the well-known banner, ſtand:
Then enſigns wave, and ſignal flags unfurl'd,
Bid one great ſoul pervade a moving world;
Then martial muſic's all-inſpiring breath,
With dulcet ſymphonies, leads on to death;

Lights

Lights in each breaſt the living beam of fame;
Kindles the ſpark; and fans the kindled flame:
Then meets the ſtedfaſt eye, the ſplendid charms
Of prancing ſteeds, of plumed troops and arms:
Reflected ſun-beams, dazzling, gild afar
The pride, the pomp, and circumſtance of war;
Then thick as hail-ſtones, from an angry ſky,
In vollied ſhow'rs, the bolts of vengeance fly;
Unnumber'd deaths, promiſcuous, ride the air,
While, ſwift deſcending, with a frightful glare,
The big bomb burſts; the fragments ſcatter'd round,
Beat down whole bands, and pulverize the ground.
Then joins the cloſer fight on Hudſon's banks:
Troops ſtrive with troops; ranks, bending, preſs on ranks;
O'er ſlipp'ry plains the ſtruggling legions reel;
Then livid lead and Bayonne's glitt'ring ſteel,
With dark-red wounds their mangled boſoms bore;
While furious courſers, ſnorting foam and gore,
Bear wild their riders o'er the carnag'd plain,
And, falling, roll them headlong on the ſlain.
To ranks conſum'd, another rank ſucceeds;
Freſh victims fall; afreſh the battle bleeds;
And nought of blood can ſtaunch the open'd ſluice,
Till night, o'erſhad'wing, brings a grateful truce.
Thus will the vet'ran tell the tale of wars,
Diſcloſe his breaſt, to count his glorious ſcars;
In mute amazement hold the liſt'ning ſwains;
Make freezing horror creep thro' all their veins;
Or oft, at freedom's name, their ſouls inſpire
With patriot ardour and heroic fire.

I TOO, perhaps, ſhould heav'n prolong my date,
The oft-repeated tale ſhall oft relate;

Shall

Shall tell the feelings in the firſt alarms,
Of ſome bold enterprize th' unequall'd charms;
Shall tell from whom I learnt the martial art,
With what high chiefs I play'd my early part,
With Parſons firſt, whoſe eye, with piercing ken,
Reads through their hearts the characters of men;
Then how I aided, in the foll'wing ſcene,
Death-daring Putnam—then immortal Greene—
Then how great Waſhington my youth approv'd,
In rank prefer'd, and as a parent lov'd,
(For each fine feeling in his boſom blends
The firſt of heroes, ſages, patriots, friends)
With him what hours on warlike plans I ſpent,
Beneath the ſhadow of th' Imperial tent;
With him how oft I went the nightly round,
Thro' moving hoſts, or ſlept on tented ground;
From him how oft (nor far below the firſt
In high beheſts and confidential truſt)
From him how oft I bore the dread commands,
Which deſtin'd for the fight the eager bands;
With him how oft I paſt th' eventful day,
Rode by his ſide, as down the long array,
His awful voice the columns taught to form,
To point the thunders, and to pour the ſtorm.
But, thanks to heav'n! thoſe days of blood are o'er,
The trumpet's clangor, the loud cannon's roar:
No more advance the long extended lines,
Front form'd to front—no more the battle joins
With ruſhing ſhock---th' unſufferable ſound
Rends not the ſkies---nor blood diſtains the ground---
Nor ſpread thro' peaceful villages afar,
The crimſon flames of deſolating war.
No more this hand, ſince happier days ſucceed,
Waves the bright blade, or reins the fiery ſteed.

No more for martial fame this boſom burns,
Now white-rob'd peace to bleſs a world returns;
Now foſt'ring freedom all her bliſs beſtows,
Unnumber'd bleſſings for unnumber'd woes.

REVOLVING ſeaſons thus by turns invite
To rural joys and conjugal delight—
Oh thou ſweet paſſion, whoſe bleſt charm connects
In heav'n's own ties, the ſtrong and feebler ſex!
Shed thy ſoft empire o'er the willing mind,
Exalt, adorn, and purify mankind!
All nature feels thy pow'r. The vocal grove
With air-borne melody awakes to love;
To love the boldeſt tenants of the ſky,
To love the little birds, extatic, fly;
To love ſubmit the monſters of the main,
And ev'ry beaſt that haunts the deſert plain:
But man alone the brighteſt flame inſpires,
A ſpark enkindled from celeſtial fires.
Hail, hallow'd wedlock! pureſt, happieſt ſtate,
Thy untry'd raptures let my ſong relate:
Give me, ere long, thy myſteries to prove,
And taſte, as well as ſing, the ſweets of love!

YE blooming daughters of the weſtern world,
Whoſe graceful locks by artleſs hands are curl'd,
Whoſe limbs of ſymmetry, and ſnowy breaſt,
Allure to love, in ſimple neatneſs dreſt;
Beneath the veil of modeſty, who hide
The boaſt of nature and of virgin pride—
(For beauty needs no meretricious art
To find a paſſage to the op'ning heart)
Oh make your charms ev'n in my ſong admir'd,
My ſong immortal by your charms inſpir'd.

THO'

THO' laviſh nature ſheds each various grace,
That forms the figure, or that decks the face—
Though health, with innocence, and glee, the while,
Dance in their eye, and wanton in their ſmile—
Tho' mid the lily's white, unfolds the roſe,
As on their cheek the bud of beauty blows,
Spontaneous bloſſom of the tranſient ſluſh,
Which glows and reddens to a ſcarlet bluſh,
What time the maid, unread in flames and darts,
Firſt feels of love the palpitating ſtarts,
Feels from the heart, life's quicken'd currents glide,
Her boſom heaving with the bounding tide—
Though ſweet their lips, their features more than fair—
Though curls luxuriant of untortur'd hair
Grow long, and add unutterable charms,
While ev'ry look enraptures and alarms;
Yet ſomething ſtill, beyond th' exterior form,
With goodneſs fraught, with animation warm,
Inſpires their actions; dignifies their mien;
Gilds ev'ry hour; and beautifies each ſcene.
'Tis thoſe perfections of ſuperior kind,
The moral beauties which adorn the mind;
'Tis thoſe enchanting ſounds mellifluous hung,
In words of truth and kindneſs on their tongue,
'Tis delicacy gives their charms new worth,
And calls the lovelineſs of beauty forth:
'Tis the mild influence beaming from their eyes,
Like vernal ſun-beams round cœrulian ſkies;
Bright emanations of the ſpotleſs ſoul,
Which warm, and cheer, and vivify the whole!

HERE the fair ſex an equal honour claims,
Wakes chaſte deſire, nor burns with lawleſs flames:

No

No eaſtern manners, here, conſign the charms
Of beauteous ſlaves to ſome loath'd maſter's arms:
No lovely maid in wedlock e'er was ſold
By parents baſe, for mercenary gold;
Nor forc'd the hard alternative to try,
To live diſhonour'd, or with hunger die.
Here, uncontroul'd, and foll'wing nature's voice,
The happy lovers make th' unchanging choice,
While mutual paſſions in their boſoms glow,
While ſoft confeſſions in their kiſſes flow,
While their free hands in plighted faith are giv'n,
Their vows, accordant, reach approving heav'n.

Nor here the wedded fair in ſplendor vie,
To ſhine the idols of the public eye;
Nor place their happineſs, like Europe's dames,
In balls and maſquerades, in plays and games;
Each home felt bliſs exchang'd for foreign ſports,
A round of pleaſures, or th' intrigues of courts;
Nor ſeek of government to guide the plan,
And wreſt his bold prerogatives from man.
What though not form'd in affectation's ſchool,
Nor taught the wanton eye to roll by rule,
Nor how to prompt the glance, the frown, the ſmile,
Or practice all the little arts of guile—
What though not taught the uſe of female arms,
Nor cloth'd in panoply of conqu'ring charms,
Like ſome fine garniſh'd heads—th' exterior fair,
In paints, coſmetics, powder, borrow'd hair:
Yet theirs are pleaſures of a diff'rent kind,
Delights at home, more uſeful, more refin'd;
Theirs are th' attentions, theirs the ſmiles that pleaſe,
With hoſpitable cares and modeſt eaſe:

Their

Their youthful taſte, improv'd by finer arts,
Their minds embelliſh'd, and refin'd their hearts—
'Tis theirs to act, in ſtill ſequeſter'd life,
The glorious parts of parent, friend, and wife:
What nameleſs grace, what unknown charm is theirs,
To ſoothe their partners, and divide their cares,
Calm raging pain, delay the parting breath,
And light a ſmile on the wan cheek of death!

No feudal ties the riſing genius mar,
Compel to ſervile toils, or drag to war;
But, free, each youth his fav'rite courſe purſues,
The plough paternal, or the ſylvan muſe.
For here exiſts, once more, th' Arcadian ſcene,
Thoſe ſimple manners, and that golden mean:
Here holds ſociety its middle ſtage,
Between too rude and too refin'd an age;
Far from that age, when not a gleam of light
The diſmal darkneſs cheer'd of gothic night,
From brutal rudeneſs of that ſavage ſtate—
As from refinements which o'erwhelm the great,
Thoſe diſſipations which their bliſs annoy,
And blaſt and poiſon each domeſtic joy.

What tho' for us, the pageantry of kings,
Crowns, thrones, and ſceptres, are ſuperfluous things;
What tho' we lack the gaudy pomp that waits
On eaſtern monarchs, or deſpotic ſtates;
Yet well we ſpare what realms deſpotic feel,
Oppreſſion's ſcourge, and perſecution's wheel.

What tho' no ſplendid ſpoils of other times,
Invite the curious to theſe weſtern climes;
No virtuoſo, with fantaſtic aim,
Here hunts the ſhadow of departed fame:

No piles of rubbiſh his attention call,
Nor myſtic obeliſk, or ſtoried wall :
No ruin'd ſtatues claim the long reſearch ;
No ſliding columns and no crumbling arch ;
Inſcriptions, half effac'd, and falſely read,
Or cumbrous relics of th' unletter'd dead :
Yet here I rove untrodden ſcenes among,
Catch inſpiration for my riſing ſong ;
See nature's grandeur awfully unfold,
And, rapt in thought, her works ſublime behold !
For here vaſt wilds, which human foot ne'er trod,
Are mark'd with footſteps of a preſent God ;
His forming hand, on nature's broadeſt ſcale,
O'er mountains, mountains pil'd, and ſcoop'd the vale ;
Made ſea-like ſtreams in deeper channels run,
And roll'd thro' brighter heav'ns his genial ſun.
In vain of day, that rolling lucid eye
Look'd down in mildneſs from the ſmiling ſky ;
In vain, the germe of vegetation lay,
And pin'd in ſhades, ſecluded from the day ;
In vain, this theatre for man ſo fair,
Spread all its charms for beaſts or birds of air ;
Or ſavage tribes, who, wand'ring through the wood,
From beaſts and birds obtain'd precarious food :
Till great Columbus roſe, and, led by heav'n,
Call'd worlds to view, beneath the ſkirts of ev'n.

Rise, daring muſe, with bolder flight explore
The heav'nly wonders for theſe climes in ſtore :
Sing nature lab'ring with her lateſt birth,
And a new empire riſing on the earth !

Now other ſcenes in theſe bleſt climes prevail :
The ſounds of population fill the gale :

The

The dreary waſtes, by mighty toils reclaim'd,
Deep marſhes drain'd, wild woods and thickets tam'd:
Now fair Columbia, child of heav'n, is ſeen
In flow'r of youth, and robes of lovely green,
Than virgin fairer, on her bridal morn,
Whom all the graces, all the loves adorn.

HERE planters find a ceaſeleſs ſource of charms
In clearing fields, and adding farms to farms:
'Tis independence prompts their daily toil,
And calls forth beauties from the deſert ſoil:
What untry'd pleaſure fills each raptur'd ſenſe,
When ſturdy toil, thro' darken'd wilds immenſe,
Firſt pours the day-beams on the op'ning glade,
And glebes embrown'd with everlaſting ſhade!
Here equal fortunes, eaſe, the ground their own,
Augment their numbers with increaſe unknown.
Here hamlets grow. Here Europe's pilgrims come
From vaſſall'd woes to find a quiet home.
The eye no view of waning cities meets,
Of mould'ring domes, of narrow, fetid ſtreets;
Of grey-hair'd wretches, who ne'er own'd a ſhed,
And beggars dying for the want of bread:
But oft, in tranſport, round th' horizon roves,
O'er mountains, vallies, towns, and ſtately groves;
Then dwells, beſt pleas'd, on cultivated plains,
Steeds, flocks, and herds, commix'd with lab'ring ſwains.

HAIL, agriculture! by whoſe parent aid,
The deep foundations of our ſtates are laid;
The ſeeds of greatneſs by thy hand are ſown;
Theſe ſhall mature with thee and time alone;
But ſtill conduct us on thy ſober plan,
Great ſource of wealth, and earlieſt friend of man.

YE

YE rev'rend fathers! props of freedom's cauſe,
Who rear'd an empire by your ſapient laws,
With bleſt example give this leſſon weight,
" That toil and virtue make a nation great!"
Then ſhall your name's reach earth's remoteſt clime,
Riſe high as heav'n, and brave the rage of time—
His liſt'ning ſons the fire ſhall oft remind,
What parent ſages firſt in congreſs join'd:
The faithful Hancock grac'd that early ſcene,
Great Waſhington appear'd in godlike mien,
Jay, Laurens, Clinton, ſkill'd in ruling men,
And he, who earlier, held the farmer's pen.
'Twas Lee, illuſtrious, at the father's head,
The daring way to independence led.
The ſelf-taught Sherman urg'd his reaſons clear,
And all the Livingſton's to freedom dear:
What countleſs names in fair proceſſion throng,
With Rutledge, Johnſon, Naſh, demand the ſong!
And chiefly ye, of human kind the friends,
On whoſe high taſk my humbler toil attends.
Ye who, uniting realms in leagues of peace,
The ſum of human happineſs increaſe!
Adams, the ſage, a patriot from his youth,
Whoſe deeds are honour, and whoſe voice is truth;
Undying Franklin, in the hill of fame,
Who bids the thunders ſpread his awful name;
And Jefferſon, whoſe mind with ſpace extends,
Each ſcience woos, all knowledge comprehends,
Whoſe patriot deeds and elevated views,
Demand the tribute of a loftier muſe:—
Tho' Randolph, Hoſmer, Hanſon ſleep in death,
Still theſe great patriots draw the vital breath:
And can a nation fail in peace to thrive,
Where ſuch ſtrong talents, ſuch high worth ſurvive?

Rous'd

Rous'd at the thought, by vaſt ideas fir'd,
His breaſt enraptur'd, and his tongue inſpir'd,
Another * bard, in conſcious genius bold,
Sings the new world now happier than the old.

GREAT genius of our world, aſſert our fame,
In other bards awake the dormant flame!
Bid vivid colours into being ſtart,
Men grow immortal by the plaſtic art!
Bid columns ſwell, ſtupendous arches bend,
Proud cities riſe, and ærial ſpires aſcend!
Bid muſic's pow'r the pangs of woe aſſuage!
With nobler views inſpire th' enlighten'd age!
In freedom's voice pour all thy bolder charms,
Till reaſon ſuperſede the force of arms,
Till peaceful ſtreamers in each gale ſhall play,
From orient morning to deſcending day.
In mortal breaſts ſhall hate immortal laſt?
Albion! Columbia! ſoon forget the paſt!
In friendly intercourſe your int'reſts blend!
From common ſires your gallant ſons deſcend;
From free-born ſires in toils of empire brave—
'Tis yours to heal the mutual wounds ye gave,
Let thoſe be friends whom kindred blood allies,
With language, laws', religion's holieſt ties!
Yes, mighty Albion! ſcorning low intrigues,
With young Columbia form commercial leagues.
So ſhall mankind, thro' endleſs years, admire
More potent realms than Carthage leagu'd with Tyre.

WHERE lives the nation, fraught with ſuch reſource,
Such vaſt materials for a naval force?
Where grow ſo riſe, the iron, maſts, and ſpars,
The hemp, the timber, and the daring tars?

* Mr. Barlow, author of the Viſion of Columbus.

Where gallant youths, inur'd to heat and cold,
Thro' every zone, more hardy, ſtrong, and bold?
Let other climes of other produce boaſt:
Let gold, let di'monds, grow on India's coaſt:
Let flaming ſuns from arid plains exhale
The ſpicy odours of Arabia's gale:
Let fragant ſhrubs, that bloom in regions calm,
Perfumes expiring, bleed ambroſial balm:
Let olives flouriſh in Heſperia's ſoil,
Ananas ripen in each tropic iſle:
Let Gallia gladden in her cluſt'ring vines:
Let Spain exult in her Peruvian mines:
Let plains of Barb'ry boaſt the generous ſteed,
Far-fam'd for beauty, ſtrength, and matchleſs ſpeed;
But men, Columbia, be thy fairer growth,
Men of firm nerves, who ſpurn at fear and ſloth,
Men of high courage, like their ſires of old,
In labour patient, as in dangers bold!

THEN wake Columbia! daughter of the ſkies,
Awake to glory, and to greatneſs riſe!
Ariſe and ſpread thy virgin charms abroad,
Thou laſt, thou faireſt offspring of a God;
Extend thy view where future bleſſings lie,
And ope new proſpects for th' enraptur'd eye!
See a new æra on this globe begun,
And circling years in brighter orbits run
See the fair dawn of univerſal peace,
When hell-born diſcord thro' the world ſhall ceaſe!
Commence the taſk aſſigned by heaven's decree,
From pirate rage to vindicate the ſea!

BID thy live oaks, in ſouthern climes that grow,
And pines that ſhade the northern mountain's brow,

In

In mighty pomp deſcending on the main,
With ſails expanded, ſweep the watry plain:
Thy riſing ſtars in unknown ſkies diſplay,
And bound thy labours with the walks of day.

BID from the ſhore a philanthrophic band,
The torch of ſcience glowing in their hand,
O'er trackleſs waves extend their daring toils,
To find and bleſs a thouſand peopled iſles;
Not lur'd to blood by domination's luſt,
The pride of conqueſt, or of gold the thirſt;
Not arm'd by impious zeal with burning brands,
To ſcatter flames and ruin round their ſtrands;
Bid them to wilder'd men new lights impart,
Heav'n's nobleſt gifts, with every uſeful art.

BID thy young ſons, whom toil for glory forms,
New ſkill acquiring, learn to brave the ſtorms,
To ev'ry region thy glad harveſt bear—
Where happy nations breathe a milder air;
Or where the natives feel the ſcorching ray,
And pant and faint beneath a flood of day;
Or thro' thoſe ſeas where mounts of ice ariſe,
Th' eternal growth of hyperborean ſkies,
Where feeble rayleſs ſons obliquely roll,
Or one long night inveſts the frozen pole.

THEN bid thy northern train, who draw the line,
In ocean's caverns find a richer mine,
Than fam'd Potoſi's or Golconda's ore,
Or all the treaſures of the Aſian ſhore.
Bid them with hooks deluſive ply the flood,
And feed whole kingdoms with the finny brood.

AND bid thy youths, whoſe brawny limbs are ſtrung
For bolder toils—purſue thoſe toils unſung—

Purſue

Purſue through foreign ſeas, with vent'rous ſail
The dreadful combat of th' enormous whale:
Lo where he comes, the foaming billows riſe!
See ſpouted torrents cloud the miſty ſkies;
See in the ſkiff the bold harpooner ſtand,
The murd'ring iron in his ſkilful hand;
From him alone th' attentive youths await
A joyful vict'ry, or a mournful fate:
His meas'ring eye the diſtance now explores,
His voice now checks, and now impels the oars:
The panting crew a ſolemn ſilence keep,
Stillneſs and horror hover o'er the deep;
Now nigh he kens a vulnerable part,
And hurls with deadly aim the barbed dart;
The wounded monſter plunging through th' abyſs,
Makes uncoil'd cords in boiling waters hiſs—
And oft the boat, drawn headlong down the wave,
Leads trembling ſeamen to their watry grave;
And oft, when riſing on his back upborne,
Is daſh'd on high, in countleſs pieces torn.
But now afar ſee ocean's monarch riſe,
O'er troubled billows ſee how faſt he flies,
And drags the feeble ſkiff along the flood,
Laſh'd into foam, and colour'd red with blood!
At length ſubſides the elemental ſtrife,
His rage exhauſted with his ebbing life;
As tow'rs a rock on ſome ſky-circled plain,
So looms his carcaſe o'er the duſky main.
Elate, the victors urge the added toil,
Extract the bone, and fill their ſhip with oil.

FRAUGHT with the germe of wealth, our ſeamen roam
To foreign marts, and bring new treaſures home;

From

From either Ind' and Europe's happier ſhore,
Th' aſſembled produce crouds the merchant's ſtore:
From eaſt to weſt the fruits and ſpices ſweet,
On our full boards in rich profuſion meet;
Canary iſles their luſcious vintage join;
In chryſtal goblets flows the amber wine;
European artiſts ſend their midnight toil
For crude materials of our virgin ſoil;
For us, in tiſſue of the ſilken loom,
The lilacks bluſh, the damaſk roſes bloom;
For us in diſtant mines the metals grow,
Prolific ſource of pleaſure, care, and woe!
Ne'er may our ſons for heaps of uſeleſs wealth,
Exchange the joys of freedom, peace, or health,
But make e'en riches to their weal conduce,
And prize their ſplendor by their public uſe!

'Tis thus our youth, thro' various climes afar,
From toils of peace obtain the nerves of war—
But what dark proſpect interrupts our joy?
What arm preſumptuous dares our trade annoy?
Great God! the rovers, who inſult thy waves,
Have ſeiz'd our ſhips, and made our freemen ſlaves:
And hark! the cries of that diſaſtrous band
Float o'er the main, and reach Columbia's ſtrand—
The wild alarm from ocean ſpreads around,
And circling echoes propagate the ſound,
From ſmooth Saluda, fed with ſilver rills,
Up the Blue-ridge, o'er Alleganean hills;
To where Niagara tremendous roars,
As o'er white-ſheeted rocks his torrent pours,
(The dreadful cataract whole regions ſhakes
Of boundleſs woods, and congregated lakes!)

To

To fartheſt Kennebeck, adown whoſe tide,
The future ſhips, unfaſhion'd, monſtrous glide,
On whoſe rough banks, where ſtood the ſavage den,
The axe is heard and buſy hum of men---
But hark! their labours and their accents ceaſe,
A warning voice has interdicted peace,
Has ſpread thro' cities, gain'd remoteſt farms,
And fir'd th' indignant ſtates with new alarms:
The fickly flame in ev'ry boſom burns,
Like gloomy torches in ſepulchral urns.

WHY ſleep'ſt thou Barlow, child of genius? why
Seeſt thou, bleſt Dwight, our land in ſadneſs lie?
And where is Trumbull, earlieſt boaſt of fame?
'Tis yours, ye bards, to wake the ſmother'd flame---
To you, my deareſt friends! the taſk belongs,
To rouſe your country with heroic ſongs;
For me, tho' g'owing with conceptions warm,
I find no equal words to give them form:
Pent in my breaſt, the mad'ning tempeſt raves,
Like priſon'd fires in Etna's burning caves:
For me why will no thund'ring numbers roll?
Why, niggard language, doſt thou baulk my ſoul!
Come thou ſweet feeling of another's woe,
That mak'ſt the heart to melt, the eye to flow!
Come thou, keen feeling, livelieſt ſenſe of wrong!
Aid indignation, and inſpire my ſong!
Teach me the woes of ſlavery to paint,
Beneath whoſe weight our captur'd freemen faint!
Teach me in ſhades of Stygian night to trace,
In characters of hell the pirate race!
Teach me, prophetic, to diſcloſe their doom,
A new-born nation trampling on their tomb!

WHAT mortal terrors all my ſenſes ſeize,
Poſſeſs my heart, and life's warm current freeze?
Why grow my eyes with thick ſuffuſions dim?
What viſionary forms before me ſwim?
Where am I? Heav'ns! what mean theſe dol'rous cries?
And what theſe horrid ſcenes that round me riſe?
Heard ye the groans, thoſe meſſengers of pain?
Heard ye the clanking of the captive's chain?
Heard ye your free-born ſons their fate deplore,
Pale in their chains, and lab'ring at the oar?
Saw ye the dungeon, in whoſe blackeſt cell,
That houſe of woe, your friends, your children dwell?
Or ſaw ye thoſe, who dread the tort'ring hour,
Cruſh'd by the rigours of a tyrant's pow'r?
Saw ye the ſhrinking ſlave, th' uplifted laſh,
The frowning butcher, and the red'ning gaſh?
Saw ye the freſh blood where it bubbling broke,
From purple ſcars, beneath the grinding ſtroke?
Saw ye the naked limbs, writh'd to and fro,
In wild contortions of convulſing woe,
Felt ye the blood, with pangs alternate roll'd,
Thrill thro' your veins, and freeze with death-like cold,
Or fire, as down the tear of pity ſtole,
Your manly breaſts, and harrow up the ſoul?

SOME guardian pow'r in mercy intervene,
Hide from my dizzy eyes the cruel ſcene!
Oh ſtop the ſhrieks, that tear my tortur'd ear!
Ye viſions, vaniſh! dungeons, diſappear!
Ye fetters, burſt! ye monſters fierce, avaunt!
Infernal furies on thoſe monſters haunt!
Purſue the foot-ſteps of that miſcreant crew,
Purſue in flames, with hell-born rage purſue!

Shed

Shed ſuch dire curſes as all utt'rance mock,
Whoſe plagues aſtoniſh, and whoſe horrors ſhock !
Great maledictions of eternal wrath,
Which, like heav'n's vial'd vengeance, ſinge and ſcathe,
Transfix with ſcorpion ſtings the callous heart,
Make blood-ſhot eye-balls from their ſockets ſtart !
For balm, pour brimſtone in their wounded ſoul ;
Then ope, perdition, and ingulf them whole !

How long will heav'n reſtrain its burſting ire,
Nor rain blue tempeſts of devouring fire ?
How long ſhall widows weep their ſons in vain,
The prop of years in ſlav'ry's iron chain !
How long the love-ſick maid, unheeded, rove
The ſounding ſhore, and call her abſent love ;
With waſting tears and ſighs his lot bewail,
And ſeem to ſee him in each coming ſail ?
How long the merchant turn his failing eyes,
In deſperation, on the ſeas and ſkies,
And aſk his captur'd ſhips, his raviſh'd goods,
With frantic ravings, of the heav'ns and floods ?

How long, Columbians dear ! will ye complain
Of theſe curſt inſults on the open main ?
In timid ſloth ſhall injur'd brav'ry ſleep ?
Awake ! awake ! avengers of the deep !
Revenge ! revenge ! the voice of nature cries :
Awake to glory, and to vengeance riſe !
To arms ! to arms ! ye bold indignant bands !
'Tis heav'n inſpires ; 'tis God himſelf commands.
Save human nature from ſuch deadly harms,
By force of reaſon, or by force of arms.

O YE great pow'rs, who paſſports baſely crave,
From Afric's lords, to ſail the midland wave---

Great

Great fallen pow'rs, whoſe gems and golden bribes
Buy paltry paſſports from theſe ſavage tribes---
Ye whoſe fine purples, ſilks, and ſtuffs of gold,
(An annual tribute) their dark limbs infold---
Ye whoſe mean policy for them equips,
To plague mankind, the predatory ſhips---
Why will ye buy your infamy ſo dear?
Is it ſelf-int'reſt, or a daſtard fear?
Is it becauſe ye meanly think to gain
A richer commerce on th' infeſted main?
Is it becauſe ye meanly wiſh to ſee
Your rivals chain'd, yourſelves ignobly free?
Who gave commiſſion to theſe monſters fierce,
To hold in chains the humbled univerſe? [ſwords,
Would God, would nature, would their conqu'ring
Without your meanneſs, make them ocean's lords?
What! Do ye fear? nor dare their pow'r provoke?
Would not that bubble burſt beneath your ſtroke?
And ſhall the weak remains of barb'rous rage,
Inſulting, triumph o'er th' enlighten'd age?
Do ye not feel confuſion, horror, ſhame,
To bear a hateful, tributary name?
Will ye not aid to wipe the foul diſgrace,
And break the fetters from the human race?

THEN, though unaided by theſe mighty pow'rs,
Ours be the toil; the danger, glory ours:
Then, O my friends, by heav'n ordain'd to free,
From tyrant rage, the long-infeſted ſea---
Then let us firm, though ſolitary, ſtand,
The ſword, and olive-branch in either hand:
An equal peace propoſe with reaſon's voice,
Or ruſh to arms, if arms ſhould be their choice.

STUNG by their crimes, can aught your vengeance ſtay?
Can terror daunt you? or can death diſmay?
The ſoul enrag'd, can threats, can tortures tame,
Or the dank dungeon quench th' etherial flame?
Have ye not once to Heav'n's dread throne appeal'd,
And has not Heav'n your independence ſeal'd?
What was the pow'r ye dar'd that time engage,
And brave the terrors of its hoſtile rage?
Was it not Britain, great in warlike toils,
The firſt of nations, as the queen of iſles—
Britain, whoſe fleets, that rul'd the briny ſurge,
Made navies tremble to its utmoſt verge,
Whoſe ſingle arm held half the world at odds,
Great nurſe of ſages, bards and demigods!
But what are theſe whoſe threatenings round you burſt?
Of men the dregs, the feebleſt, vileſt, worſt:
Theſe are the pirates from the Barb'ry ſtrand,
Audacious miſcreants, fierce, yet feeble band!
Who, impious, dare (no provocation giv'n)
Inſult the rights of man—the laws of heav'n!

WILT thou not riſe, oh God, to plead our cauſe,
Aſſert thine honour, and defend thy laws!
Wilt thou not bend thine awful throne to hear
The pris'ner's cry, and ſtop the falling tear!
Wilt thou not ſtrike the guilty race with dread,
On impious realms thy tenfold fury ſhed!
Oh thou Moſt High, be innocence thy care,
Oh make thy red right arm of vengeance bare,
Reſume in wrath the thunders thou haſt hurl'd,
To blight the tenants of the nether world!
Thou God of Hoſts, our ſtedfaſt councils guide,
Lead forth our arms, and cruſh the ſons of pride!

BUT

BUT hark! the trumps, as if by whirlwinds blown,
Sound from cold Lawrance to the burning zone!
Thy cauſe, humanity, that ſwells their breath,
Wakes in each boſom cool contempt of death.
By rumbling drums, from diſtant regions call'd,
Men, ſcorning pirate rage, ſtart unappall'd:
With eye-balls flaming, cheeks of crimſon fluſh,
From rice-green fields, and fir-clad mountains, ruſh
High-mettled youths—unus'd to ſights of ſlain,
Of hoſtile navies, or the ſtormy main—
Enrag'd they leave unfiniſh'd furrows far,
To dare the deep, and toil in fields of war:
From dreams of peace, ſtern-viſag'd vet'rans wake,
Their rattling arms, with graſp indignant, ſhake;
Thoſe * arms, their pride, their country's gift, what day
To independence they had op'd the way;
Frowning wide ruin, terrible they riſe,
Like battling thunders burſting from the ſkies.
From Erie's inland vales, unnam'd in ſong,
In native fierceneſs pour the hunter throng:
Beneath their rapid march, realms roll behind;
Their uncomb'd locks looſe floating on the wind:
Coarſe their worn garbs—they place their only pride
In the dread rifle, oft in battle tried.
With aim unbalk'd, whoſe leaden vengeance ſings,
Sure as the dart the king of terrors flings:
So erſt, brave Morgan, thy bold hunters ſped---
Such light-arm'd youths the gallant Fayette led,
Ere Steuben brought the Pruſſian lore from far,
Or Knox created all the ſtores of war.
Thro' tented fields impatient ardour ſpreads---
Rous'd by the trump the courſers rear their heads,
Snuff in the tainted gale the nitrous grain,
Reſponſive neigh, and prance the wide campaign.

Now

* At the concluſion of the war, Congreſs gave to the ſoldiers of the Continental Army, the arms, with which they had defended their country.

Now preparation forms the gleaming blade;
In moulds capacious pond'rous deaths are made:
In crouded docks th' inceſſant labour glows;
The tool reſounds---the wond'rous ſtructure grows---
Propp'd on the ſtocks, ſtupendous navies ſtand,
Raiſe their huge bulks, and darken all the ſtrand;
Till tow'ring fleets, from diff'rent harbours join'd,
Float on the pinions of the fav'ring wind;
Tall groves of maſts, like mountain foreſts, riſe;
Wav'd high in air, the crimſon ſtreamer flies:
To proſp'rous gales the canvas wide unfurl'd,
Bears the rous'd vengeance round the watry world:
See! ocean whitens with innum'rous ſails;
Be ſtill, ye ſtorms! breathe ſoft, ye friendly gales!
See! where Columbia's mighty ſquadron runs
To climes illum'd by other ſtars and ſuns;
Gains the deep ſtreight; aſcends the midland wave,
Of ancient fleets th' unfathomable grave!
When freedom's ardent chiefs, with eager eye,
Dim thro' the miſt the corſair force deſcry;
Their cloudlike ſails hang in the diſtant heav'n,
Like ſhad'wy vapours of aſcending ev'n---
Here o'er the topmaſt, flames th' imperial ſtar,
There the red creſcent leads the coming war.
Th' obſtructions clear'd---obliquely on the gales---
With open ports---half-furl'd the flapping ſails---
Near and more near, athwart the bill'wy tide,
In terrors arm'd, the floating bulwarks glide;
Tier pil'd o'er tier, the ſleeping thunder lies,
Anon to rend the ſhudd'ring main and ſkies.

Ere yet they ſhut the narrow ſpace between,
Begins the prelude of a bloodier ſcene---

With

With ſudden touch, deep-throated engines roar,
Pierce heav'n's blue vault, and daſh the waves to ſhore;
Then mad'ning billows mock the fearful ſound,
While o'er their ſurface globes of iron bound;
Unknown concuſſions rolling o'er their heads,
Far fly the monſters round their coral beds.

The battle cloſes---fiercer fights begin---
And hollow hulls reverberate the din:
The green waves blacken, as the tempeſt lours,
Chain-bolts and langrage rain in dreadful ſhow'rs;
Ship lock'd to ſhip, hangs o'er the foaming flood,
The black ſides wrapt in flame, the decks in blood:
From both the lines now ſmoke, now flames aſpire,
Now clouds they roll, now gleam a ridge of fire:
On hoſtile prows, Columbia's heroes ſtand,
Conqu'ring 'mid death, or dying ſword in hand:
Promiſcuous cries, with ſhouts confus'dly drown'd,
In the wild uproar, ſwell the dol'rous ſound:
And nought diſtinct is heard, and nought is ſeen,
Where wreaths of vapour hov'ring intervene,
Save when black grains expand impriſon'd air,
The thunders wake, and ſhoot a livid glare;
Then ghaſtly forms are ſeen by tranſient gleams,
The dead and wounded drench'd in purple ſtreams.

Now helmleſs ſhips in devious routes are driv'n,
The cordage torn, the maſts to atoms riv'n:
Now here they glow with curling waves of fire,
In one exploſion total crews expire.
Here barks relinquiſh'd, burnt to ocean's brink,
Half veil'd in crimſon clouds begin to ſink.
With men ſubmerg'd, there frailer fragments float,
Here yawning gulfs abſorb th' o'erloaded boat:

There

There red-hot balls, that graze the waters, hiſs,
And plunge the gallies down the dread abyſs.
Here ſhatter'd limbs---there garments dipt in blood,
With mingling crimſon ſtain the foughten flood,
While Afric's pirates, ſhrinking from the day,
By terror urg'd, drag wounded hulks away.

As when two adverſe ſtorms, impetuous driv'n,
From eaſt and weſt, ſail up the azure heav'n,
In flaming fields of day together run,
Explode their fires, and blot with night the ſun---
The eaſtern cloud, its flames expir'd at laſt,
Flies from the lightning of the weſtern blaſt:
So fled the corſair line the blighting ſtroke
Of freedom's thunder---ſo their battle broke---
As if by heav'n's own arm ſubdu'd at length,
Their courage periſh'd, wither'd all their ſtrength.

Oh then let vict'ry ſtimulate the chace,
To free from ſhameful chains the human race,
To drive theſe pirates from th' inſulted waves,
To ope their dungeons to deſpairing ſlaves,
To ſnatch from impious hands and break the rod,
Which erſt defac'd the likeneſs of a God:
Then ſeize th' occaſion, call the furious gales,
Crack bending oars, ſtretch wide inflated ſails;
On rapid wings of wind the tempeſt bear,
Make death's deep tubes with lucid lightnings glare:
Like evaneſcent miſts diſpel their hoſts,
And with deſtruction's beſom ſweep their coaſts!

Woe to proud Algiers; to your princes woe!
Your pride is falling with your youths laid low—
Woe to ye people, woe, diſtreſs, and fears!
Your hour is come to drink the cup of tears:

A ghaſtly

A ghaſtly paleneſs gathers on your cheeks,
While mem'ry haunts your ears with captive ſhrieks;
Then ſtifled conſcience wak'ning dares to cry,
" Think on your crimſon crimes, deſpair, and die."—
Then ruin comes, with fire, and ſword, and blood,
And men ſhall aſk, where once your cities ſtood?

'Tis done! Behold th' uncheery proſpects riſe;
Unwonted glooms the ſilent coaſts ſurpriſe:
The heav'ns with ſable clouds are overcaſt,
And death-like ſounds ride on the hollow blaſt—
The rank graſs ruſtling to the paſſing gale:
Ev'n now of men the cheerful voices fail—
No buſy marts appear, no crouded ports,
No rural dances, and no ſplendid courts;
In halls, ſo late with feaſts, with muſic crown'd,
No revels ſport, nor mirthful cymbals ſound.
Faſtidious pomp! how are thy pageants fled!
How ſleep the fallen in their lowly bed!
Their cultur'd fields to deſolation turn'd,
The buildings levell'd, and th' encloſures burn'd.
Where the fair garden bloom'd, the thorn ſucceeds,
'Mid noxious brambles and envenom'd weeds.
O'er fallow plains, no vagrant flocks are ſeen,
To print with tracks, or crop the dewy green,
The plague, where thouſands felt his mortal ſtings,
In vacant air his ſhafts promiſcuous flings;
Here walks in darkneſs, thirſting ſtill for gore,
And raves, unfated, round the deſert ſhore—
The ſandy waſte, th' immeaſurable heath,
Alone are prowl'd by animals of death.
Here tawny lions guard their gory den;
There birds of prey uſurp the haunts of men;

Thro'

Thro' dreary wilds, a mournful echo calls,
From mould'ring tow'rs and defolated walls.
Where the wan light thro' broken windows gleams,
The fox looks out, the boding raven ſcreams;
While trembling travellers in wild amaze,
On wrecks of ſtate, and piles of ruin, gaze.

THE direful ſigns, which mark the day of doom,
Shall ſcarcely ſcatter ſuch portentous gloom—
When, rock'd the ground, convuls'd each roaring flood,
The ſtars ſhall fall, the ſun be turn'd to blood,
The globe itſelf diſſolve in fluid fire,
Time be no more, and man's whole race expire.

THUS hath thy hand, great God! thro' ev'ry age,
When ripe for ruin, pour'd on man thy rage:
So didſt thou erſt on Babylon let fall
The plagues thy hand inſcrib'd upon the wall:
So didſt thou give Sidonia's ſons for food,
To cow'ring eagles, drunk with human blood;
Seal in thy wrath imperial Salem's doom,
And ſweep her millions to a common tomb.

BUT let us turn from objects that diſguſt,
The ghoſts of empires, and of men accurſt:
Turn we from ſights that pain the feeling breaſt,
To where new nations populate the weſt:
For there, anon, ſhall new auroras riſe,
And, ſtreaming, brighten up th' Atlantic ſkies,
Back on the ſolar path, with living ray,
Heav'n's own pure ſplendors pour a tide of day.

AND lo! ſucceſsful from heroic toils,
With glory cover'd, and enrich'd with ſpoils,

With

With garlands waving o'er these spoils of war,
The pomp preceded by th' imperial star,
'Mid shouts of joy, from liberated slaves,
In triumph ride th' avengers of the waves.
And see they gain Columbia's happy strand,
Where anxious crouds in expectation stand.
See raptur'd nations hail the kindred race,
And court the heroes to their fond embrace:
In fond embraces strain'd, the captive clings,
And feels and looks unutterable things.
See there the widow finds her darling son,
See in each others' arms the lovers run,
With joy tumultuous their swoll'n bosoms glow,
And one short moment pays for years of woe!
When grateful sports and festal songs proclaim
Their joys domestic, and their distant fame.

THEN glorious days, by hallow'd bards foretold,
Shall far surpass the fabled age of gold,
The human mind its noblest pow'rs display,
And knowledge, rising to meridian day,
Shine like the lib'ral sun; th' illumin'd youths
By fair discussion find immortal truths.

WHY turns th' horizon red? the dawn is near:
Infants of light, ye harbingers appear!
With ten-fold brightness gild the happier age,
And light the actors o'er a broader stage!
This drama closing---ere th' approaching end,
See heav'n's perennial year to earth descend.
Then wake, Columbians! fav'rites of the skies,
Awake to glory, and to rapture rise!
Behold the dawn of your ascending fame,
Illume the nations with a purer flame;

Progreſſive ſplendors ſpread o'er ev'ry clime,
Then rapt in viſions of unfolding time,
Pierce midnight clouds that hide his dark abyſs,
And ſee, in embryo, ſcenes of future bliſs!
See days, and months, and years, there roll in night,
While age ſucceeding age aſcends to light,
Till your bleſt offspring, countleſs as the ſtars,
In open ocean quench the torch of wars;
With god-like aim, in one firm union bind,
The common good and int'reſt of mankind;
Unbar the gates of commerce for their race,
And build the gen'ral peace on freedom's broadeſt baſe.

AN IMPROMPTU.*

(ANACREONTIC).

MAY you, fraught with ev'ry grace,
All the charms of mind and face,
Ripen fair in wiſdom's beam;
Thine the bliſs that poets dream.
Happier ſtill thy proſpects ſhine,
And each wiſh fulfill'd be thine!

Riches make them wings and fly;
Envy blaſts the buds of joy;
Deadly pangs may youth invade,
When the roſy cheek muſt fade;
Only virtue can impart
Our defence---it ſoothes the heart,
Death diſarms, or blunts his dart.

AN

* Addreſſed to a young lady, about to embark for Europe, who deſired to have ſome manuſcript verſes written by Colonel Humphreys.

AN
EPITAPH.

ALEXANDER SCAMMEL,

Adjutant General of the American Armies,
and
Colonel of the firſt regiment of New-Hampſhire,
while
he commanded
a choſen corps of light infantry,
at the
ſucceſsful ſiege of York-town in Virginia,
was,
in the gallant performance of his duty,
as field officer of the day,
unfortunately captured,
and
afterwards, inſiduouſly wounded—
of which wound he expired at Williamſburgh, Oct. 1781.
Anno ætatis.....

THO' no kind angel glanc'd aſide the ball,
Nor fed'ral arms pour'd vengeance for his fall:
Brave Scammel's fame, to diſtant regions known,
Shall laſt beyond this monumental ſtone,
Which, conqu'ring armies (from their toils return'd)
Rear'd to his glory, while his fate they mourn'd.

MOUNT

MOUNT VERNON;

AN ODE. *

BY broad Potowmack's azure tide,
Where Vernon's mount, in ſylvan pride,
Diſplays its beauties far,
Great Waſhington, to peaceful ſhades,
Where no unhallow'd wiſh invades,
Retir'd from fields of war.

ANGELS might ſee, with joy, the ſage,
Who taught the battle where to rage,
Or quench'd its ſpreading flame.
On works of peace employ that hand,
Which wav'd the blade of high command,
And hew'd the path to fame.

LET others ſing his deeds in arms,
A nation ſav'd, and conqueſt's charms:
Poſterity ſhall hear,
'Twas mine, return'd from Europe's courts,
To ſhare his thoughts, partake his ſports,
And ſooth his partial ear.

To thee, my friend, theſe lays belong:
Thy happy ſeat inſpires my ſong,
With gay, perennial blooms,
With fruitage fair, and cool retreats,
Whoſe bow'ry wilderneſs of ſweets
The ambient air perfumes.

HERE

* Written at Mount Vernon, Auguſt, 1786.

HERE ſpring its earlieſt buds diſplays,
Here lateſt on the leafleſs ſprays,
The plumy people ſing ;
The vernal ſhow'r, the rip'ning year,
Th' autumnal ſtore, the winter drear,
For thee new pleaſures bring.

HERE lapp'd in philoſophic eaſe,
Within thy walks, beneath thy trees,
Amidſt thine ample farms,
No vulgar converſe heroes hold,
But paſt or future ſcenes unfold,
Or dwell on nature's charms.

WHAT wond'rous æra have we ſeen,
Plac'd on this iſthmus, half between
A rude and poliſh'd ſtate !
We ſaw the war tempeſtuous riſe,
In arms a world, in blood the ſkies,
In doubt an empire's fate.

THE ſtorm is calm'd, ſeren'd the heav'n,
And mildly o'er the climes of ev'n,
Expands th' imperial day :
" O God, the ſource of light ſupreme,
" Shed on our duſky morn a gleam,
" To guide our doubtful way !

" RESTRAIN, dread pow'r, our land from crimes!
" What ſeeks, tho' bleſt beyond all times,
" So querulous an age ?
" What means to freedom ſuch diſguſt;
" Of change, of anarchy the luſt,
" The fickleneſs and rage ?"

So

So ſpake his country's friend, with ſighs,
To find that country ſtill deſpiſe
The legacy he gave—
And half he fear'd his toils were vain,
And much that man would court a chain,
And live through vice a ſlave.

A TRANSIENT gloom o'ercaſt his mind:
Yet, ſtill on providence reclin'd,
The patriot fond believ'd,
That pow'r benign too much had done,
To leave an empire's taſk begun,
Imperfectly atchiev'd.

THUS buoy'd with hope, with virtue bleſt,
Of ev'ry human bliſs poſſeſt,
He meets the happier hours:
His ſkies aſſume a lovelier blue,
His proſpects brighter riſe to view,
And fairer bloom his flow'rs.

THE
GENIUS OF AMERICA. *

A SONG.---*Tune, the watry God, &c.*

WHERE ſpirits dwell, and ſhad'wy forms,
On Andes' cliffs mid black'ning ſtorms,
With livid lightnings curl'd:

The

* Written during the inſurrections in Maſſachuſetts, in the year 1787.

The awful genius of our clime,
In thunder rais'd his voice ſublime,
And huſh'd the liſt'ning world.

" IN lonely waves and waſtes of earth,
" A mighty empire claims its birth,
" And heav'n aſſerts the claim;
" The ſails that hang in yon dim ſky,
" Proclaim'd the promis'd æra nigh,
" Which wakes a world to fame.

" HAIL ye firſt bounding barks that roam,
" Blue-tumbling billows topp'd with foam,
" Which keel ne'er plough'd before!
" Here ſuns perform their uſeleſs round,
" Here rove the naked tribes embrown'd,
" Who feed on living gore.

" To midnight orgies, off'ring dire,
" The human ſacrifice on fire,
" A heav'nly light ſucceeds—
" But, lo! what horrors intervene,
" The toils ſevere, the carnag'd ſcene,
" And more than mortal deeds!

" YE FATHERS, ſpread your fame afar,
" 'Tis yours to ſtill the ſounds of war,
" And bid the ſlaughter ceaſe;
" The peopling hamlets wide extend,
" The harveſts ſpring, the ſpires aſcend,
" 'Mid grateful ſongs of peace.

" SHALL ſteed to ſteed, and man to man,
" With diſcord thund'ring in the van,
" Again deſtroy the bliſs?

" Enough

" Enough my myſtic words reveal,
" The reſt the ſhades of night conceal,
" In fate's profound abyſs."

AN ELEGY

ON

LIEUTENANT DE HART.*

VOL.-AID. TO GEN. WAYNE

WHEN autumn all humid and drear,
With darkneſs and ſtorms in his train,
Announcing the death of the year,
Deſpoil'd of its verdure the plain:
When horror congenial prevail'd,
Where graves are with fearfulneſs trod,
De Hart by his ſiſter was wail'd,
His ſiſter thus ſigh'd o'er his ſod:

" NEAR Hudſon, a fort, on theſe banks,
" Its flag of defiance unfurl'd:
" He led to the ſtorm the firſt ranks;
" On them, iron tempeſts were hurl'd.
" Tranſpierc'd was his breaſt with a ball—
" His breaſt a red fountain ſupply'd,
" Which, guſhing in waves ſtill and ſmall,
" Diſtain'd his white boſom and ſide.

" HIS

* This young warrior was killed in the attack on the block-houſe, near Fort Lee, 1780.

" His viſage was ghaſtly in death,
" His hair, that ſo laviſhly curl'd,
" I ſaw, as he lay on the heath,
" In blood, and with dew-drops impearl'd.
" How dumb is the tongue, that could ſpeak
" Whate'er could engage and delight!
" How faded the roſe on his cheek!
" Thoſe eyes, how envelop'd in night!

" Those eyes, that illumin'd each ſoul,
" All darken'd to us are now grown:
" In far other orbits they roll,
" Like ſtars to new ſyſtems when gone,
" My brother, the pride of the plain,
" In vain did the graces adorn;
" His bloſſom unfolded in vain,
" To die like the bloſſom of morn.

" Oh war, thou haſt waſted our clime,
" And tortur'd my boſom with ſighs;
" My brother, who fell ere his prime,
" For ever is torn from my eyes.
" To me, how diſtracting the ſtorm,
" That blaſted the youth in his bloom?
" Alas, was ſo finiſh'd a form
" Deſign'd for ſo early a tomb?

" How bright were the proſpects that ſhone;
" Their ruin 'tis mine to deplore—
" Health, beauty, and youth were his own,
" Health, beauty, and youth are no more,
" No bleſſings of nature and art,
" Nor muſic that charm'd in the ſong,

" Nor virtues that glow'd in the heart,
" Dear youth, could thy moments prolong!

" THRICE ſix times the ſpring had renew'd
" Its youth and its charms for the boy:
" With rapture all nature he view'd,
" For nature he knew to enjoy.
" But chiefly his country could charm:
" He felt—'twas a generous heat—
" With drums and the trumpet's alarm,
" His pulſes in conſonance beat.

" YE heroes, to whom he was dear,
" Come weep o'er this ſorrowful urn,
" Come eaſe the full heart with a tear—
" My hero will never return:
" He died in the dawn of applauſe,
" His country demanded his breath;
" Go, heroes, defend the fame cauſe,
" Avenge, with your country, his death."

So ſung on the top of the rocks,
The virgin in ſorrow more fair;
In tears her blue eyes; and her locks
Of auburn, flew looſe in the air.
I heard, as I paſs'd down the ſtream;
The guards of the foe were in view:—
To enterprize fir'd by the theme,
I bade the ſweet mourner adieu.

THE MONKEY,

WHO SHAVED HIMSELF AND HIS FRIENDS.

A FABLE.—*Addreſſed to the Hon.* —— ——.

A MAN who own'd a barber's ſhop
At York, and ſhav'd full many a fop,
A monkey kept for their amuſement;
He made no other kind of uſe on't—
This monkey took great obſervation,
Was wonderful at imitation,
And all he ſaw the barber do,
He mimic'd ſtrait, and did it too.

IT chanc'd in ſhop, the dog and cat,
While friſeur din'd, demurely ſat,
Jacko found nought to play the knave in,
So thought he'd try his hand at ſhaving.
Around the ſhop in haſte he ruſhes,
And gets the razors, ſoap, and bruſhes;
Now puſs he fix'd (no muſcle miſs ſtirs)
And lather'd well her beard and whiſkers,
Then gave a gaſh, as he began—
The cat cri'd "waugh!" and off ſhe ran.

NEXT Towſer's beard he tri'd his ſkill in,
Tho' Towſer ſeem'd ſomewhat unwilling:
As badly here again ſucceeding,
The dog runs howling round and bleeding.

NOR yet was tir'd our roguiſh elf,
He'd ſeen the barber ſhave himſelf;
So by the glaſs, upon the table,
He rubs with ſoap his viſage ſable,

Then

Then with left-hand holds ſmooth his jaw,—
The razor, in his dexter paw;
Around he flouriſhes and ſlaſhes,
Till all his face is ſeam'd with gaſhes.
His cheeks diſpatch'd—his viſage thin
He cock'd, to ſhave beneath his chin;
Drew razor ſwift as he could pull it,
And cut, from ear to ear, his gullet.

MORAL.

WHO cannot write, yet handle pens,
Are apt to hurt themſelves and friends.
Tho' others uſe them well, yet fools
Should never meddle with edge tools.

AN ODE.

ADDRESSED TO LAURA.

OH, lovely Laura! may a youth,
Inſpir'd by beauty, urg'd by truth,
Diſcloſe the heart's alarms,
The fire in youthful blood that glows,
Th' impaſſion'd pang on love that grows,
And dare to ſing thy charms!

ENOUGH with war my lay has rung;
A ſofter theme awakes my tongue;
'Tis beauty's force divine:
Can I reſiſt that air, that grace,
The charms of motion, figure, face?
For ev'ry charm is thine.

Of health, of youth, th' expanding flush,
Of virgin fear the flying blush,
Distain thy lily cheek:
The bee such nectar never sips,
As yields the rose-bud of thy lips,
Thy lips that sweetly speak.

'Tis thine the heavieſt heart to cheer,
Thoſe accents caught with eager ear,
So musically roll:
While swells the breast, the snow-white skin
Scarce hides the secret thoughts within,
Nor needs disguise that soul.

Where down thy waiſt, and o'er thy breast,
In light-brown ringlets neatly dreſt,
Devolves thy beauteous hair:
Eager I gaze—and, gazing, dream
Of halcyon days; while on me beam
Thoſe blue-eyes mild and fair.

Unblam'd, oh let me gaze and gaze,
While love-sick fancy fondly strays,
And feasts on many a kiss;—
For us let tides of rapture roll,
Thus intermingling soul with soul,
In extasies of bliss!

THE

THE SHEPHERD.

A SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

"IT rains, it rains, my fair,
Come drive your white ſheep faſt:
To ſhelter quick repair,
Haſte, ſhepherdeſs, make haſte.

I HEAR—the water pours,
With patt'ring on the vines:
See here! ſee here! it lours—
See there the lightning ſhines.

THE thunder doſt thou hear?
Loud roars the ruſhing ſtorm:
Take, (while we run, my dear)
Protection from my arm.

I SEE our cot, ah hold!
Mama and ſiſter Nance,
To open our ſheep-fold,
Moſt cheerily advance.

GOD bleſs my mother dear,
My ſiſter Nancy too!
I bring my ſweet-heart here,
To ſleep to night with you.

Go, dry yourſelf, my friend,
And make yourſelf at home—
Siſter, on her attend:
Come in, ſweet lambkins, come.—

MAMA

MAMA, let's take good care
Of all her pretty ſheep;
Her little lamb we'll ſpare
More ſtraw whereon to ſleep.

'TIS done—now let us haſte
To her;—you here, my fair!
Undreſs'd, oh what a waiſt!
My mother, look you there.

LET'S ſup; come take this place,
You ſhall be next to me;
This pine-knot's cheerful blaze
Shall ſhine direct on thee.

COME taſte this cream ſo ſweet,
This ſyllabub ſo warm;
Alas! you do not eat:
You feel e'en yet the ſtorm.

'TWAS wrong—I preſs'd too much
Your ſteps, when on the way:
But here, ſee here your couch—
There ſleep till dawn of day.

WITH gold the mountain tips:—
Good night, good night, my dove:
Now let me on your lips,
Imprint one kiſs of love.

MAMA and I will come,
As ſoon as morn ſhall ſhine,
To ſee my ſweet-heart home,
And aſk her hand for mine.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

I.

'TWAS at the wedding-feaſt, for Celia won,
By Cymon's coxcomb ſon :
Aloft in dwarfiſh ſtate
The foplike bridegroom ſat,
And made a deal of fun !
His gallant peers around were plac'd,
Their hair all curl'd and dreſs'd in neweſt taſte :
(Of powder what prodigious waſte !)
The ſimp'ring Celia by his ſide,
His lace and gew-gaws fondly ey'd,
And ſwell'd her little heart with pride.
Proper, proper, proper pair !
None but a rake,
None but a rake,
Such pains would take, to gain a fickle fair.

II.

MUNGO was there, and did well,
And led the cap'ring choir ;
With fumbling fingers twang'd the fiddle :
The notes awake the am'rous fire,
And drinking joys inſpire.
The ſong began of beaux,
And whence the order roſe ;
(Such wond'rous things a fidler knows.)
A Monkey's grinning form in utmoſt vigour,
Bely'd a macaroni's noble figure ;

When

ALEXANDER's FEAST.

OR THE POWER OF MUSIC: AN ODE

In honour of St. Cecilia's day.

By Mr. Dryden.

I.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt for Perſia won,
By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft in awful ſtate
The godlike hero ſat
On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound;
(So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd,)
The lovely Thais by his ſide,
Sat like a blooming eaſtern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heav'nly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeat above;
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,

When he to fair Coquetta preſt,
A while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt ;
Then round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a coxcomb of the world.
A preſent fop ! they ſhout around ;
A preſent fop ! the vaulted roofs rebound :
With raviſh'd ears,
The fopling hears ;
Aſſumes the ſhape,
Looks like an ape,
And grins, and laughs, and ſneers.

III.

The praiſe of Bacchus then the thirſty fidler ſung ;
Of Bacchus, ever plump and ever young :
The jolly god to wedding comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums :
Fluſh'd with a purple noſe,
His pimpled face he ſhews.
Now give the boy a dram. He comes, he comes !
Bacchus ! plump and merry younker,
Makes the wedding-folks get drunker ;
Bacchus taught to toaſt the laſſes ;
Tippling ev'ry joy ſurpaſſes,
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure,
After drinking to break glaſſes.

IV.

Sooth'd with the ſound, the fop grew vain,
Talk'd all his courtſhip o'er again,
And thrice he kiſs'd the girls all round, and thrice they fled amain.

When he to fair Olympia preſt,
A while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt ;
Then round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the world.
A preſent deity ! they ſhout around :
A preſent deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound :
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears ;
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

III.

The praiſe of Bacchus then the ſweet muſician ſung :
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums :
Fluſh'd with a purple grace,
He ſhews his honeſt face.
Now give the hautboys breath. He comes, he comes !
Bacchus ! ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain ;
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure ;
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure :
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure,
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

IV.

Sooth'd with the ſound, the king grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.

The fidler ſaw the miſchief riſe,
His yawning mouth, his maudlin eyes ;
And while he ſenſe and ſong defied,
Chang'd his hand, and ſtrok'd the bride.
He choſe a doleful ditty,
To work him up to pity :
He ſung poor Damon's cruel wrongs,
By too ſevere a fate,
Baniſh'd, baniſh'd, baniſh'd, baniſh'd,
Baniſh'd for his ſmall eſtate,
And writing mournful ſongs :
Deſerted, at his utmoſt need,
By all Apollo's tuneful breed ;
On an old feather-bed he lies,
Nor dullneſs ſelf will cloſe his eyes :
With ſtupid ſtare the joyleſs fopling ſat,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul,
The various turns of fate and fun ;
And now and then a drink he ſtole,
And ſtreams began to run.

V.

The mighty fidler ſmil'd to ſee
That love was in the next degree :
To touch that ſtring was little labour,
For love to pity is next neighbour.
Softly ſweet he tun'd his fiddle,
Soon it ſounded, tiddle, diddle.
Trade, he ſung, is toil and trouble;
Money but an empty bubble;
Conſtant hurry, ſtill beginning,
Conſtant cheating, never ending;
If a fortune's worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth thy ſpending !

The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful muſe,
Soft pity to infuſe ;
He ſung Darius, great and good !
By too ſevere a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high eſtate,
And welt'ring in his blood :
Deſerted at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed ;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
Without a friend to cloſe his eyes.
With downcaſt looks the joyleſs victor ſat,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul,
The various turns of chance below ;
And now and then a ſigh he ſtole,
And tears began to flow,

V.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd to ſee
That love was in the next degree ;
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet, in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is toil and trouble ;
Honour but an empty bubble ;
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying ;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying !

Lovely Celia ſits beſide thee;
Drink about, and luck betide thee,
The many rend the bowls with loud applauſe;
So love was crown'd, but liquor won the cauſe.
The fop, grown addled in his noddle,
Gaz'd on his bride,
And then his bottle,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and look'd and ſigh'd.
At length for love, and drinking more unable,
The tipſy bridegroom fell beneath the table.

VI.

Now tug the wooden lyre again:
A harder yet, and yet a harder ſtrain.
Let ſcolding break is ſleep aſunder,
And ſtart him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, Xantippe's fable
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And he peeps out from under the table.
Revenge, revenge, dark Mungo cries,
See the cuckolds ariſe!
See the horns that they rear,
How they look in their hair,
And the tears that roll down from their eyes!
Behold the hen-peck'd band,
In ghoſtly terrors ſtand!
Theſe are huſbands whoſe couches have met with a ſtain;
Whoſe wives ſtill remain,
Unconcern'd with their pain:
Give the vengeance due,
To the cuckold crew.

Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe,
So love was crown'd, but muſic won the cauſe.
The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on his fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſt,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

VI.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again,
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain.
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies ariſe!
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair!
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!
Behold a ghoſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Theſe are Grecian ghoſts that in battle were ſlain.
Whoſe bodies remain
Unburied on the plain:
Give the vengeance due,
To the Valient crew.

Behold how they toſs their foreheads up higher,
How they point to the bed-rooms around,
And warn ev'ry pair to retire:
The cronies applaud with a Bacchanal ſound:
And each in a rapture laid hold on his Helen;
The way fair Celia led,
To light the bucks to bed,
The reſt is ſcarce worth telling.

VII.

Thus long ago,
Ere younger Cymon's horns began to grow,
While Celia's tongue lay ſtill,
Dark Mungo ſhew'd prodigious ſkill,
Both as a ſinger, [finger.
And when he touch'd his lyre with heavy thumb and
But when the ſhrill-voic'd Celia came,
And tun'd to rage her vocal frame;
The gifted ſcold from her unborrow'd ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to jarring ſounds [fore.
With nature's mother-wit, and ſcreams unknown be-
Let Mungo, if he's able,
Do more---or yield the wreath---
He ſtretch'd a fop beneath the table,
She ſcolded him to death.

Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hoſtile gods.
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus with his breathing flute,
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
But when divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame,
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies,
She drew an angel down.

A LETTER

A LETTER

TO A

YOUNG LADY IN BOSTON.

DATED AT

NEW-HAVEN, APRIL, 1780.

INSPIR'D with hope of giving pleaſure,
By tale diſaſtrous, told in meaſure,
I mean, dear miſs, from facts diurnal,
To write a kind of *ſleighing journal ;*
And minute how I came acroſs, back
From *Pomfret* to the *Sound* on horſeback.

Suppoſe (to ſave the pain of parting)
Your friends (the trouble paſt of ſtarting)
Far on their way—the muſe will find us—
Our hearts, with you, as far behind us :—
No wonder, then, we ſoon were loſt on
The roads that go direct from *Boſton*,
And came, erroneous where they lead in,
From *Bruſh-Hill*, down to *Dedham-meeting :*
From whence we turn'd our ſteeds to *Wrentham*,
And drove, as if the devil ſent 'em,
'Till nine—nor made a ſingle check firſt—
At nine, we ſtopp'd to take our breakfaſt.

Here I might uſe poetic fiction,
With all the tropes and flow'rs of diction,
To change (ſince flatt'ry half our trade is)
The tavern-girls to ſky-born ladies :

Or

Or give, in number new and rare,
With Homer's fire, a bill of fare;
Or turn, with Ovid's art bewitching,
To rooms of ſtate, a bar or kitchen:
But facts, perhaps, by way of letter,
May ſhorter be expreſs'd and better;
As, how the woman firſt denied us
A breakfaſt; how ſhe ſcowl'd and eyed us;
And how we ſlily manag'd matters,
And coax'd the dame, and ſqueez'd the daughters;
'Till breakfaſt ſerv'd, with kinder looks,
Left no pretext to kiſs the cooks.

OUR meal complete—'ere we departed,
We paid the club—then off we ſtarted—
But now the clouds began to low'r,
And threat of rain no drizzly ſhow'r:
It dropp'd---we came to Attleborough---
The miſt increas'd, as did our ſorrow.

I CANNOT chooſe, with Homer's haſte,
To ſay, "we ſnatch'd a ſhort repaſt."
We din'd: and ſpent an hour in reading
The news—from hence, through ſhow'rs proceeding
To *Providence*—'ere it grew dark
Your friend, the * major, call'd on Clark,
Deliver'd your commands, in form,
Then came to Rice's in the ſtorm;
For now the ſtorm, that long impended,
In downright cataracts deſcended.

HERE I muſt take, for epiſodes,
Such as I find—by no means gods---

For

* Major D. Putnam, an aid-de-camp to Major General Putnam, as was the Author.

For here ſome half-ſcore *ſtrangers* met,
I never ſaw a *ſtranger* ſet:
Our pleaſant ſcene may ſoon be ſketch'd,
We ſtretch'd and yawn'd---then yawn'd and ſtretch'd.

WITH doubts (where one can clear the myſtery)
I would not puzzle future hiſtory:
At dawn (the fact you might ſuppoſe)
We wak'd---got up---put on our cloaths:
And then, to uſe our technics arch,
Again took up our line of march,
Through paths of ſnow, too thin and ſoft,
Our horſes flounder'd deep and oft:
Sev'n miles we drove, not over faſt,
And reach'd the eighth---the eighth and laſt---

THOU muſe, oft call'd at lateſt ſhift,
To help poor bards at ſome dead lift;
Now, let thy ſuccours not be ſcanted,
They ne'er can be more ſadly wanted;
Come to our aid, thou muſe of fire,
And drag us through the rhime and mire!

No vagrant wights, or true knights errant,
E'er ſaw ſuch perils, I dare warrant;
Not Homer's hero fac'd ſuch dangers,
By land or ſea, with friends or ſtrangers;
Not Bunyan's pilgrim found ſuch pond,
Quite badly wet in Slough Deſpond;
Nor Satan, in his various way, was
So plagued (as Milton ſings) in chaos;
Nor ev'n the ſon of old Anchiſes
Was brought to ſuch a fatal criſis,---
No Charon here, we found to ferry us
Over a villain lake, like Erebus.

THE

THE *dismal vale* we now 'gan enter,
And down we plung'd towards the centre---
Above mid-sides the horses slump in,
Nor stir a step, except by jumping---
Again they plunge---and here full sadly
For our poor driver, honest Bradley,
The pole snapp'd short---then quickly falling,
It went down, with the horses, all in---
The worst of scrapes to make the best on,
And raise the pole, was now the question---
Bradley (hence nam'd the lion-hearted)
His utmost skill and strength exerted:
While poles we plac'd across the slough,
And got it out—the Lord knows how—
Then, many a fruitless effort tried,
We reach'd, half-drown'd the other side.

THE muse invok'd, who sat on bench,
In guise most like a mortal wench,
In our misfortunes wet her wings,
And therefore soars not, though she sings:
That muse, no doubt, with little striving,
Might learn the true sublime of diving,
Ev'n now she tells, how, thick and faster,
Disaster crouded on disaster,
To reach a house how hard we work'd,
The horses mir'd, and tir'd, and cork'd,
'Till neighbours came, with kind assistance,
And drew the sleigh, by hand, some distance.

As when a sailor, long the sport
Of winds and waves, arrives in port,
He joys, although the vessel's stranded,

To

To find himself alive and landed :
Not less our glee, nor less our courage,
To find a cot, where we found porridge ;
And where three days ourselves we found,
(To try our patience) weather bound.

EACH plan to move in council stated,
Was pass'd---rejected---re-debated.

HERE one might fall to moralising
Upon some theme which most seem wise in :
Ye, who for human nature stickle,
Come learn that man is frail and fickle,
The sport, or bubble altogether,
Of fire and water, wind and weather!

IT now grew cold—the path was frozen,
To part the hour of midnight chosen—
Our matters all, at length, adjusted,
Th' event to Providence we trusted.

THE rubs and jostlings of that night,
Were more by half than I shall write :
Can things like these in rhime be written !
How by a dog my friend was bitten ;
How Bradley tore a piece of skin,
Like *paper dollar*, from his shin ;
And how your bard, 'ere he was seated,
His better finger dislocated ;
How heavily the horses drew
The sleigh ; and how they dragg'd it thro'
A mire—from whence (remains no doubt)
The very bottom had dropp'd out;

And

And laſtly, how, to make us fret,
The ſleigh was fairly overſet;
Beſet with ills, we rode by moon-light:
Till that was gone—and then 'twas ſoon light.

THE ſun, to our new world now preſent,
Brought on the day benign and pleaſant;
The day, by milder fates attended,
Our plagues at *Gen'ral Putnam's* ended.
That chief, though ill, receiv'd our party
With joy, and gave us welcome hearty:
The good old man, of death not fearful,
Retain'd his mind and temper chearful,
Retain'd (with palſey ſorely ſmitten)
His love of country, pique for *Britain;*
He told of many a deed and ſkirmiſh,
That baſis for romance might furniſh;
The ſtory of his wars and woes
Which I ſhall write in humble proſe;
Should heav'n (that fondeſt ſchemes can mar)
Protract my years beyond this war.

THUS end the toil and picture frightful
Of ſleighing—oft a *ſport* delightful---
A *ſport*, which all our lads and laſſes
Agree each other ſport ſurpaſſes,
When, croſſing bridges in that vehicle,
They taſte of kiſſes ſweet as treacle.

To Hartford next, with whip and ſpur hence
I came---nor met one ill occurrence---
There *Wadſworth's* hoſpitable dome
Receiv'd me: 'twas a ſecond home.

SOME

SOME days elaps'd, I jogg'd quite brave on
And found my *Trumbull* at New-Haven ;
Than whom, more humour never man did
Poſſeſs---nor lives a ſoul more candid---
But who, unſung, would know hereafter,
The repartees, and peals of laughter,
Or how much glee thoſe laughters yield one,
Maugre the ſyſtem Cheſterfieldian !
Barlow I ſaw, and here began
My friendſhip for that ſpotleſs man ;
Whom, though the world does *not yet* know it,
Great nature form'd her loftieſt poet.
But *Dwight* was abſent at North-Hampton,
That bard ſublime, and virtue's champion.
To whom the charms of verſe belong,
The father of our *epic ſong !*

MY morn of life *here* haply paſt,
With youths of genius, ſcience, taſte :
But mid the roar of drums and guns,
Where meet again the muſe's ſons ?
The mental banquet muſt they quit,
The feaſt of reaſon and of wit ;
For ever loſt, in civil ſtrife,
That ſolace ſweet of human life!

THE cannon's diſtant thunders ring,
And wake to deeds of death the ſpring :
Far other ſounds once touch'd my ear,
And uſher'd in the flow'ry year,
But, now, adieu the *tuneful train*,
The warblings of my native plain ;
Adieu the ſcenes that charm'd my view,
And thou, fair maid, again adieu !

Farewel.

Farewel the bow'rs and conſcious ſhades !—
My country's cauſe my ſoul invades—
Yes, rous'd by ſenſe of country's wrongs,
I give the wind my idle ſongs :
No vacant hour for rhime ſucceeds,
I go where'er the battle bleeds :
To-morrow—(brief then be my ſtory)—
I go to WASHINGTON and GLORY ;
His aid-de-camp—in acts when tried—
Reſolv'd (whatever fates betide)
My conduct, 'till my final breath,
Shall not diſgrace my life or death,

AN EPISTLE

TO DR. DWIGHT.

On board the Courier de l'Europe, July 30, 1784.

FROM the wide watry waſte, where nought but ſkies
And mingling waves ſalute the aching eyes ;
Where the ſame moving circle bounds the view,
And paints *with* vap'ry tints the billows blue ;
To thee, my early friend ! to thee, dear *Dwight !*
Fond recollection turns, while thus I write ;
While I reflect, no change of time or place,
Th' impreſſions of our friendſhip can efface---
Nor peace, or war---though chang'd for us the ſcene---
Though mountains riſe, or oceans roll between---
Too deep that ſacred paſſion was impreſt
On my young heart---too deep it mark'd your breaſt---
Your breaſt which aſks the feelings of your friend,

What chance betides him, or what toils attend?
Then hear the muſe, in ſea-born numbers tell
In mind how cheerful, and in health how well;
And ev'n that muſe will deign to let you know,
What things concur to make and keep him ſo.---

WE go, protected by ſupernal care,
With cloudleſs ſkies, and ſuns ſerenely fair;
While o'er th' unruffled main the gentle gale
Conſenting breathes, and fills each ſwelling ſail;
Conſcious of ſafety in the ſelf-ſame hand,
Which guides us on the ocean or the land.

OF thee, fair bark! the muſe prophetic ſings,
"*Europe's ſwift Meſſenger!* expand thy wings,
"Rear thy tall maſts, extend thine ample arms,
"Catch the light breeze, nor dread impending harms---
"Full oft ſhalt thou---if aught the muſe avails---
"Wing the broad deep with ſuch delightful gales;
"Full oft to either world announce glad news,
"Of allied realms promote the friendly views;
"So ſhall each diſtant age aſſert thy claim,
"And *Europe's Meſſenger* be known to fame!"

WHAT tho' this plain ſo uniform and vaſt,
Illimitably ſpreads its dreary waſte;
What though no iſles, nor vales, nor hills, nor groves,
Meet the tir'd eye that round th' horizon roves;
Yet, ſtill collected in a narrow bound,
Ten thouſand little pleaſures may be found.---

HERE we enjoy accommodations good,
With pleaſant liquors, and well-flavour'd food,

Meats

Meats nicely fatten'd in Columbian fields,
And luſcious wines, that Gallia's vintage yields,
On which you bards ('twas ſo in former days)
Might feaſt your wit, and laviſh all your praiſe.

WITHIN our ſhip, well-furniſh'd, roomy, clean,
Come ſee the uſes of each diff'rent ſcene---
Far in the prow, for culinary uſe,
Fires, not poetic, much good cheer produce,
The ovens there our daily bread afford,
And thence the viands load our plenteous board.

SEE various landſcapes ſhade our dining hall,
Where mimic nature wantons round the wall,
There no vain pomp appears---there all is neat---
And there cool zephyrs fanning, as we eat,
Avert the fervours of the noon-tide ray,
And give the mildneſs of the vernal day.

SEE the great cabin nigh, its doors unfold,
Shew fleeting forms from mirrors fix'd in gold !
O'er painted ceilings brighter proſpects riſe,
And rural ſcenes again delight our eyes---
There oft from converſe or from ſocial ſports,
We drink delight leſs daſh'd than that of courts.

BUT when more ſober cares the hour requires,
Each to his cell of ſolitude retires ;
His bed—his books—his paper, pen and ink—
Preſent the choice, to reſt, to read, or think.—

YET what would all avail to prompt the ſmile,
Cheer the ſad breaſt, or the dull hour beguile ;
If well-bred paſſengers, diſcreet and free,
Were not at hand to mix in ſocial glee?

Such

Such my companions—ſuch the muſe ſhall tell,
Him firſt, whom once you knew in war full well,
Our Poliſh * friend, whoſe name ſtill ſounds ſo hard,
To make it rhime would puzzle any bard;
That youth, whom bays and laurels early crown'd,
For virtue, ſcience, arts and arms renown'd!
Next him, behold, to grace our watry ſcene,
An honeſt German lifts his gen'rous mein,
Him Carolina ſends to Europe's ſhore,
Canals and inland waters to explore;
From thence return'd, ſhe hopes to ſee her tide,
In commerce rich, through ampler channels glide.
Next comes the bleak Quebec's well-natur'd ſon:
And laſt our naval chief, the friend of fun,
Whoſe plain, frank manners, form'd on fickle ſeas,
Are cheerful ſtill, and always aim to pleaſe:
Nor leſs the other chiefs their zeal diſplay,
To make us happy as themſelves are gay.

SEVER'D from all ſociety but this,
Half way from either world we plough th' abyſs;
Save the ſmall ſea-bird and the fiſh that flies,
On yon blue waves no object meets my eyes.----
Nor has th' inſidious hook, with lures, beguil'd
Of peopled ocean ſcarce a ſingle child---
Yet luckleſs Dolphin, erſt to Arion † true,
Nought could avail thy beauteous, tranſient hue;
As o'er the deck, in dying pang you roll'd,
Wrapp'd in gay rainbows and pellucid gold.

Now

* General Koſciuſzko.

† Ille ſedet, citharamque tenet, pretiumque vehendi
Cantat, et aequoreas carmine mulcet aquas, Ovid. Faſt. 2.

Now ſee that wand'rer bird, fatigu'd with flight
O'er many a watry league, is forc'd to light
High on the maſt---the bird our ſeamen take,
Though ſcar'd, too tir'd its refuge to forſake :
Fear not ſweet bird, nor judge our motives ill,
No barb'rous man now mean thy blood to ſpill,
Or hold thee cag'd---ſoon as we reach the ſhore,
Free ſhalt thou fly, and gaily ſing and ſoar!

ANOTHER grateful ſight now cheers the eye,
At firſt a ſnow-white ſpot in yon clear ſky ;
Then through the optic tube a ſhip appears,
And now diſtinct athwart the billows veers :
Daughter of ocean, made to bleſs mankind !
Go, range wide waters on the wings of wind---
With friendly intercourſe far climes explore,
Their produce barter, and encreaſe their ſtore---
Ne'er ſaw my eye ſo fair a pageant ſwim,
As thou appear'ſt, in all thy gallant trim !---

AMUS'D with trivial things, reclin'd at eaſe,
While the ſwift bark divides the ſummer ſeas;
Your bard (for paſt neglects to make amends)
Now writes to you---anon to other friends.---

ANON the ſcene, in Europe's poliſh'd climes,
Will give new themes for philoſophic rhimes,
Ope broader fields for reaſon to explore,
Improvements vaſt of ſcientific lore!

THRO' nations bleſt with peace, but ſtrong in arms,
Refin'd in arts, and apt for ſocial charms,
Your friend will ſtray, and ſtrive with ſtudious care
To mark whate'er is uſeful, great, or rare ;

To

Search the ſmall ſhades of manners in their lives,
What policy prevails, how commerce thrives;
How morals form of happineſs the baſe,
How others differ from Columbia's race;
And, gleaning knowledge from the realms he rov'd,
Bring home a patriot heart, enlarg'd, improv'd.---

EPISTLE

FROM DR. DWIGHT TO COL. HUMPHREYS.

Greenfield, 1785.

FROM realms, where nature ſports in youthful prime,
Where Heſper lingers o'er his darling clime,
Where ſunny genius lights his ſacred flame,
Where riſing ſcience caſts her morning beam,
Where empire's final throne in pomp aſcends,
Where pilgrim freedom finds her vaniſh'd friends,
The world renews, and man from eaſtern fires,
Phœnix divine, again to Heaven aſpires,
Health to my friend this happy verſe conveys,
His fond attendant o'er th' Atlantic ſeas.

HEALTH to my friend let every wiſh prolong;
Be this the burden of each artleſs ſong;
This in the prayer of every morn ariſe;
Thou angel guardian, waft it to the ſkies!
His devious courſe let foſtering Heaven ſurvey;
Nor ills betide, nor foes arreſt his way.

NOR

NOR health alone---may bliſs thy path attend;
May truth direct thee, and may peace befriend;
From virtue's fount thy taintleſs actions flow;
The ſhield of conſcience blunt the dart of woe;
To riſing bliſs refin'd above alloy,
Where budding wiſhes bloſſom into joy,
Where glory dwells, where ſaints and ſeraphs ſing,
Let Heaven, in proſpect, tempt thy lifted wing.

ME the ſame views, the ſame ſoft tide of cares,
Bear gently onward down the ſtream of years,
Still the ſame duties call my courſe along;
Still grows, at times, the pain-deluding ſong;
Still ſcenes domeſtic earthly joys refine,
Where bleſs'd Maria mingles cares with mine;
The ſame fond circle ſtill my life endears,
Where Fairfield's elms, or Stamford's groupe appears;
Or where, in rural guiſe, around me ſmile
Manſions of peace, and Greenfield's beauteous hill,
Still to my cot the friend delighted hies,
And one lov'd parent waits beneath the ſkies.

To thee, far ſummon'd from each native ſcene,
With half the breadth of this wide world between,
How bleſs'd the news my happy verſe conveys,
Of friends, divided by interfluent ſeas?
Health, peace, and competence, their walks ſurround,
On the bright margin of yon beauteous ſound;
Where Hartford ſees the firſt of waters glide,
Or where thy Avon winds his ſilver tide.

YET

YET thou muſt mourn a * friend, a brother dear,
And o'er departed merit drop a tear.
Him ſenſe illum'd, the hero's warmth inſpir'd,
Grace taught to pleaſe, and patriot virtue fir'd;
Alike in peace, in war, at home, abroad,
Worth gain'd him honour, where his footſteps trode;
Yet all in vain: his laurel'd garlands bloom;
But waſte their beauty on th' untimely tomb.

MEANTIME, invited o'er th' Atlantic tide,
Where arts refin'd allure thy feet aſide,
May'ſt thou unmov'd by ſplendor's painted charms,
And ſteel'd, when pleaſure ſmiling ſpreads her arms,
The great ſimplicity of ſoul retain,
The humble fear of Heaven, and love of man,
When round thy courſe temptations ſweetly throng,
When warbling ſyren's chant the luſcious ſong,
When wealth's fair bubble beams its hues afar,
When grandeur calls thee to her golden car,
When pleaſure opes the boſom bright of joy,
And the dy'd ſerpent gazes to deſtroy;
Oh! may the heavenly Guide thy paſſions warm,
Up virtue's hills thy feet reſiſtleſs charm,
Shew thee what crowns reward the glorious ſtrife,
And quicken fainting duty into life.

OFT has thine eye, with glance indignant ſeen
Columbia's youths, unfolding into men,
Their minds to' improve, their manners to adorn,
To Europe's climes by fond indulgence borne,
Oft haſt thou ſeen thoſe youths, at cuſtom's ſhrine,
Victims to pride, to folly, and to ſin,

If

* Major Eliſah Humphreys, brother of Col. Humphreys who died in the Weſt Indies, in 1785.

Of worth bereft, of real ſenſe forlorn,
Their land forget, their friends, their freedom ſpurn;
Each noble cauſe, each ſolid good deſert,
For ſplendour happineſs, and truth for art;
The plain, frank manners of their race deſpiſe,
Fair without fraud, and great beyond diſguiſe;
Where, thro' the life the heart uncover'd ran,
And ſpoke the native dignity of man.

FOR theſe, the gain let Virtue bluſh to hear,
And each ſad parent drop the plaintive tear!
Train'd in foul ſtews, impoiſon'd by the ſtage,
Hoyl'd into gaming, Keyſer'd into age,
To ſmooth hypocriſy by Stanhope led,
To truth an alien, and to virtue dead,
Swoln with an Engliſh butcher's ſour diſdain,
Or to a Fribble dwindled from a man,
Homeward again behold the jackdaw run,
And yield his ſire the ruins of a ſon!

WHAT tho' his mind no thought has e'er perplex'd,
Converſe illum'd, nor obſervations vex'd;
Yet here, in each debate, a judge he ſhines,
Of all, that man enlarges, or refines;
Religion, ſcience, politics, and ſong;
A prodigy his parts; an oracle his tongue,
Hiſt! hiſt! ye mere Americans, attend;
Ope wide your mouths; your knees in homage bend;
While Curl diſcloſes to the raptur'd view
What Peter, Paul, and Moſes, never knew;
The light of new-born wiſdom ſheds abroad,
And adds a * leanto to the word of God.

O What

* An awkward addition to a dwelling houſe, very common in New-England.

What Creole wretch ſhall dare, with home-made foils,
Attack opinions, brought three thouſand miles;
Senſe, in no common way to mortals given,
But on Atlantic travellers breath'd by Heaven;
A head, en queue, by Monſieur Frizzle dreſs'd;
Manners, a Paris Taylor's arts inveſt;
Pure criticiſm, form'd from *acted* plays;
And graces, that would even Stanhope grace?
Commercial wiſdom, merchants here inhale
From him, whoſe eye hath ſeen th' unfiniſh'd bale;
Whoſe feet have paſs'd the ſhop, where pins were ſold,
The wire was ſilver'd, and the heads were roll'd!
Conven'd, ye lawyers, make your humbleſt leg!
Here ſtands the man, has ſeen Lord Mansfield's wig!
Phyſicians huſh'd, hear Galen's lips diſtil,
From Buchan's contents, all the Art to heal!
Divines, with reverence ceaſe your ſcripture whims,
And learn this male Minerva's moral ſchemes;
Schemes theologic found in Drury-lane,
That prove the bible falſe, and virtue vain!
Heavens! ſhall a child in learning, and in wit,
O'er Europe's climes, a bird of paſſage flit;
There, as at home, his ſtripling ſelf unknown,
By novel wonders ſtupified to ſtone,
Shut from the wiſe, and by no converſe taught,
No well-read day, nor hour of ſerious thought,
His head by pleaſure, vice, and hurry, turn'd,
All prudence trampled, all improvements ſpurn'd;
Shall he, with leſs of Europe in his cap,
Than ſatchell'd ſchool-boy gueſſes from the map,
On every ſubject ſtrutingly decree,
Ken the far ſhore and ſearch th' unfathom'd ſea,

Where

Where learning has her lamp for ages oil'd,
Where Newton ponders, and where Berkeley toil'd?
Of all the plagues, that riſe in human ſhape,
Good Heaven, preſerve us from the travell'd Ape!
* "Peace to all ſuch:" but were there one, whoſe mind
Bold genius wing'd, and converſe pure, refin'd,
By nature prompted ſcience realms to roam,
And both her Indies bring with rapture home;
Who men, and manners, ſearch'd with eagle eye,
Exact to weigh, and curious to deſcry;
Himſelf who burniſh'd with the hand of care,
'Till kings might boaſt ſo bright a gem to wear;
Should he, deep plung'd in Circe's ſenſual bowl,
Imbrue his native manlineſs of ſoul,
With eye eſtrang'd, from fair Columbia turn,
Her youth, her innocence, and beauty ſcorn;
To that foul harlot, Europe, yield his mind,
Witch'd by her ſmiles, and to her ſnares reſign'd;
To nature's bloom prefer the rouge of art,
A tinſell'd out-ſide to a golden heart,
Show, to the bliſs by ſimple freedom given,
To virtue, Stanhope, and Voltaire to Heaven;
Who but muſt wiſh, the apoſtate youth to ſee?
Who but muſt agonize, were Humpreys he?
But all, thy ſoul ſhall 'ſcape, th' eſcape to aid,
Fair to thy view be every motive ſpread.
Of each gay cauſe the dire effects ſurvey,
And bring the painted tomb diſclos'd to day.
Tho' there proud pomp uprears his throne on high;
Tho' there the golden palace lights the ſky;
Tho' wealth unfolds her gay, Edenian ſeats,
Her walk of grandeur, and her wild of ſweets;

The

* *Pope's Prologue to the Satires.*

The ſtage, the park, the ring, the dance, the feaſt
Charm the pall'd eye, and lure the loathing taſte;
Yet there fierce war unceaſing ſounds alarms;
Pride blows the trump, and millions ruſh to arms;
See ſteel and fire extinguiſh human good!
See realms manur'd with corſes, and with blood!
At ſlaughter's ſhrine expires the new-born joy,
And all Jehovah's bounty fiends deſtroy.
See the huge jail in gloomy grandeur riſe,
Low'r o'er mankind, and mock the tempted ſkies!
Hear the chain clank! the burſting groan attend!
And mark the neighbouring gibbet's pride aſcend.
See earth's fair face inſatiate luxury ſpoils!
For one poor tyrant, lo, a province toils!
To brothels, half the female world is driven,
Loſt to themſelves, and reprobates of heaven,
There too refinement glances o'er the mind;
And nought but vice, and outſide, is refin'd;
To vice auſpicious, brilliant manners blend,
The waxen ſaint, and ſinner, foe and friend,
Melt from the ſoul each virtue, as they ſhine,
And warm th' impoiſon'd bloſſom into ſin.
In fair Columbia's realms, how chang'd the plan;
Where all things bloom, but, firſt of all things, man?
Lord of himſelf, the independent ſwain,
Sees no ſuperior ſtalk the happy plain:
His houſe, his herd, his harveſt, all his own,
His farm a kingdom, and his chair a throne.
Unblench'd by foul hypocriſy, the ſoul
Speaks in her face, and bids his accents roll;
(Her wings unclipp'd) with fire inſtinctive warms,
Strong pulſes feels, and bold conceptions forms;

At

At nobleſt objects aims her flight ſupreme,
The purpoſe vaſt, and enterprize extreme.
Hence round the pole her ſons exalt the ſail,
Search ſouthern ſeas, and rouſe the Falkland whale;
Or on bold pinions hail the Aſian ſkies,
And bid new ſtars in ſpicy oceans riſe,
Hence in bright arms her chiefs ſuperior flame,
Even now triumphant on the ſteep of fame,
Where Vernon's Hero mounts the throne ſublime,
And ſees no rival grace the reign of time.
Hence countleſs honours riſing med'cine claims;
Hence Law preſents her conſtellated names;
The ſacred ſcience ſees her concave bright
Inſtarr'd, and beauteous, with the ſons of light:
Hence Edwards cheer'd the world with moral day,
And Franklin walk'd, unhurt, the realms where lightnings play,
Mechanic genius hence exalts his eye,
All powers to meaſure, and all ſcenes deſcry,
Bids Rittenhouſe the heav'nly ſyſtem feign,
And Buſhnell ſearch the chambers of the main.
Hence too, where Trumbull leads the ardent throng,
Aſcending bards begin th' immortal ſong:
Let glowing friendſhip wake the cheerful lyre,
Bleſt to commend, and pleas'd to catch the fire.
Be theirs the fame, to bards how rarely given!
To fill with worth the part aſſign'd by Heaven;
Diſtinguiſh'd actors on life's buſy ſtage,
Lov'd by mankind, and uſeful to the age;
While ſcience round them twines her vernal bays,
And ſenſe directs, and genius fires their lays.
While this fair land commands thy feet to roam,

And,

And, all Columbian, ſtill thou plan'ſt for home,
From thoſe bright ſages, with whoſe miſſion join'd,
Thou ſeek'ſt to build the intereſts of mankind,
Experience, wiſdom, honour, mayſt thou gain,
The zeal for country, and the love of man,
There thro' the civil ſcience may'ſt thou run;
There learn how empires are preſerv'd, or won;
How arts politic wide dominions ſway;
How well-train'd navies bid the world obey;
How war's imperial ear commands the plain,
Or rolls majeſtic o'er the ſubject main;
Through earth, how commerce ſpreads a ſofter ſway,
And Gallia's ſons negociate realms away.

THEN, crown'd with every gift, and grace, return,
To add new glories to the weſtern morn;
With ſages, heroes, bards, her charms diſplay,
Her arts, arms, virtues, and her happy ſway;
Bid o'er the world her conſtellation riſe,
The brighteſt ſplendour in th' unmeaſur'd ſkies,
Her genial influence thro' all nations roll,
And huſh the ſound of war from pole to pole.

AND oh, may he, who ſtill'd the ſtormy main,
And lightly wing'd thee o'er the glaſſy plain,
Thro' life's rough-billow'd ſea, with kinder gales,
With ſkies ſerener, and with happier ſails,
Each ſhoal eſcap'd, afar each tempeſt driven,
And nought but raptures round th' enchanted Heaven,
To bliſs, fair ſhore, thy proſperous courſe convey,
And join my peaceful bark, campanion of thy way.

ELEGY

ELEGY

On the BURNING of FAIRFIELD, in CONNECTICUT.

Written in 1779, *on the Spot were that Town ſtood.*

YE ſmoking ruins, marks of hoſtile ire,
Ye aſhes warm, which drink the tears that flow;
Ye deſolated plains my voice inſpire,
And give ſoft muſic to the ſong of woe.
How pleaſant, Fairfield, on th' enraptur'd ſight,
Roſe thy tall ſpires, and op'd thy ſocial halls!
How oft thy boſom beat with pure delight,
At yonder ſpot where ſtand the darken'd walls!
But there the voice of mirth reſounds no more,
A ſilent ſadneſs thro' the ſtreets prevails:
The diſtant main alone is heard to roar,
And hollow chimnies hum with ſullen gales—
Save where ſcorch'd elms th' untimely foliage ſhed,
Which, ruſtling, hovers round the faded green—
Save where, at twilight, mourners frequent tread,
'Mid recent graves o'er deſolation's ſcene.
How chang'd the bliſsful proſpect, when compar'd,
Theſe glooms funeral, with thy former bloom,
Thy hoſpitable rights when Tryon ſhar'd,
Long ere he ſeal'd thy melancholy doom,
That impious wretch, with coward voice decreed
Defenceleſs domes and hallow'd fanes, to duſt;
Beheld, with ſneering ſmile, the wounded bleed,
And ſpurr'd his bands to rapine, blood and luſt.
Vain was the widow's, vain the orphan's cry,

To

To touch his feelings, or to ſoothe his rage---
Vain the fair drop that roll'd from beauty's eye,
Vain the dumb grief of ſupplicating age.

COULD Tryon hope to quench the patriot flame,
Or make his deeds ſurvive in glory's page?
Could Britons ſeek of ſavages the fame?
Or deem it conqueſt, thus the war to wage?
Yes, Britons, ſcorn the councils of the ſkies,
Extend wide havoc, ſpurn th' inſulted foes;
Th' inſulted foes to tenfold vengeance riſe,
Reſiſtance growing as the danger grows.
Red in their wounds, and pointing to the plain,
The viſionary ſhapes before me ſtand---
The thunder burſts, the battle burns again,
And kindling fires encrimſon all the ſtrand.
Long duſky wreaths of ſmoke, reluctant driv'n,
In black'ning volumes o'er the landſcape bend:
Here the broad ſplendor blazes high to heav'n,
There umber'd ſtreams in purple pomp aſcend.
In fiery eddies, round the tott'ring walls,
Emitting ſparks, the lighter fragments fly;
With frightful craſh the burning manſion falls,
The works of years in glowing embers lie.

TRYON, behold thy ſanguine flames aſpire,
Clouds ting'd with dies intolerably bright,
Behold, well pleas'd, the village wrapt in fire,
Let one wide ruin glut thy raviſh'd ſight!
Ere fades the grateful ſcene, indulge thine eye,
See age and ſickneſs, tremulouſly ſlow,
Creep from the flames---ſee babes in torture die,
And mothers ſwoon in agonies of woe.

Go

Go, gaze, enraptur'd with the mother's tear,
The infant's terror, and the captive's pain,
Where no bold bands can check thy curſt career;
Mix fire with blood on each unguarded plain!
Theſe be thy triumphs! this thy boaſted fame!
Daughters of mem'ry, raiſe the deathleſs ſongs!
Repeat thro' endleſs years his hated name,
Embalm his crimes, and teach the world our wrongs.

THE

WIDOW OF MALABAR;

OR,

THE TYRANNY OF CUSTOM;

A TRAGEDY.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

M. LE MIERRE.

Que fera gens hominum, quiere hunc tam barbara morem permetit Patria? *Virg.*

To JOHN TRUMBULL, Esq.

OF HARTFORD.

My dear Friend,

THE extraordinary ſucceſs with which the following Tragedy has been attended in the repreſentation, and the circumſtance of our having been jointly concerned in writing the Prologue and Epilogue, make an apology unneceſſary for my inſcribing it to you. If the public, in judging my writings, has acted the part of a generous patron, rather than of a rigid critic, this candid public ought to be informed how much it is owing to you, that my performances are not ſtill leſs worthy of its patronage. It is my boaſt, that we formed our taſte together, and on the ſame models, Although you preceded me ſomewhat, in your claſſical ſtudies; yet no ſooner had we ſeen each other at the place of our education, than (as I think I may be allowed to flatter myſelf) a certain ſimilarity of genius, and congeniality of ſoul, connected us by the ties of an undiſſoluble friendſhip.

WE ſhall not be accuſed of having neglected real buſineſs for poetical recreations. Had not the tumultuous ſcenes, which commenced with the late war, ſeparated our little ſociety, we might perhaps have innocently indulged ourſelves conſiderably more in literary ſpeculations, than the circumſtances have ſince permitted. It is a conſolation that the occaſion or tendency of our performances have conciliated the minds of our Countrymen to receive them with favour. I will not

offend

offend your delicacy by entering into a detail of the merits of your writings, But I wiſh you would realiſe, that, with ſuch talents, erudition, and critical knowledge as you poſſeſs, the preſent age and poſterity have a kind of claim upon you, for ſuch farther monuments of genius as your avocations may allow you to furniſh.

I am, my dear Sir,

With the moſt affectionate ſentiments,

Your ſincere Friend, and

Humble Servant,

DAVID HUMPHREYS.

New-York, Auguſt 4, 1790.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. HALLAM.

THE Gallic muſe, this night, prepares our tale,
And ſhews what rites in other lands prevail;
Diſplays the widow'd fair a ſacrifice,
And draws compaſſion's drops from melting eyes.
Oh! if your hearts have ever learn'd to feel,
Let ſweet compaſſion o'er your boſoms ſteal;
Believe the plot, from Eaſtern ſtory, true,
Believe the ſhores of Malabar ye view.
The haughty Bramin, with imperious ſmile,
Propels the fair-one to the fun'ral pile:
There—ſee her mounting, with retorted eyes,
And hear, 'midſt burſting flames, her dying cries.

SUCH tragic ſtrains the nobles charms diſpenſe,
To purge the paſſions, and refine the ſenſe:
Each virtuous tear confers a new-born grace,
And adds freſh beauty to the faireſt face.—

OH! born to bleſs, and meliorate mankind,
With manners winning, and with taſte refin'd,
What wrongs, ye fair! your gentle boſoms bore,
In each rude age—on ev'ry barb'rous ſhore!
Doom'd the mean vaſſals of unfeeling lords,
By Weſtern Savages, and Tartar hords!
Through Aſian climes, ſee cuſtom reaſon braves,
And marks the faireſt of their ſex for ſlaves:
Hearts form'd for love, but doom'd in vain to glow
In priſon'd pomp, and weep in ſplendid woe:—
Or ſee their fate in India more ſevere,
The ſad companions of a huſband's bier!—

NOT

NOT ſuch their doom, where genial ſcience ſhines,
And Heav'n-born freedom, human ſouls refines;
Where poliſh'd manners ſocial life improve,
And teach us to reſpect the ſex we love;
Confirm their claims in equal rights to ſhare,
Friends in our bliſs, and partners in our care:—
And hail, ye fair, of ev'ry charm poſſeſs'd---
Who grace this riſing empire of the Weſt;
With better fates, and nobler genius born,
Your ſex to honour, and your land adorn;
In this bleſt age, to ſhare our fond regard,
The friends of heroes, and their bleſt reward!—

YET when o'er foreign woes ye ſhed a tear,
And find your bliſs by contraſt ſtill more dear;
With humble joy adore th' Almighty hand,
Which fix'd your birth in this auſpicious land!

YE gen'rous patrons who protect our ſtage,
Friends to the arts, and guardians of the age;
To tragic woes now lend the liſt'ning ear,
Attend with candour, with indulgence hear!
While we diſplay, in pleading nature's cauſe,
Our beſt attempts to merit your applauſe!—

PERSONS.

PERSONS.

Laniſſa Widow of Malabar	*Mrs. Henry.*
Fatima her friend	*Miſs Tuke.*
High Prieſt of Bramins	*Mr. Henry.*
Young Bramin	*Mr. Harper.*
A Bramin	*Mr. Biddle.*
French General	*Mr. Hallam.*
French Officer	*Mr. Wignell.*
An officer of the Governor	*Mr. Martin.*
Bramins	
People	
Officers and ſoldiers, French.	

Acted in Philadelphia, May 7, 1790.

THE

WIDOW OF MALABAR;

OR,

THE TYRANNY OF CUSTOM:

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

☞ The Scene is in the Portico of a Pagod, in the ſuburbs of a maritime Town on the Coaſt of Malabar.

The High Prieſt.---Young Bramin.---Bramin.

HIGH PRIEST.

THE ambaſſador who ſail'd for Pekin's court,
That chief of Malabar, has clos'd his days:
We muſt now learn, whether the widow'd fair,
According to the cuſtom of our climes,
Devotes herſelf upon the fun'ral pile.
This holy rite, inviolate as old,
Which now, religion blends with policy,
'Tis our's to *guard through India.* Go, and learn,
[*to the Bramins.*]
I'll wait for your return.

SCENE II.

High Prieſt.---Young Bramin.

HIGH PRIEST.

'Tis you, young man,
Who muſt conduct the awful pomp of death.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

What then! is this a time, while Europe's bands,
Invade our country with unnumber'd ſhips,
And hurl their burſting thunders at our walls:
Is this a time, amidſt alarms and deaths,
To give a ſpectacle more cruel far,
To light new fun'ral fires—our ſhame! our ſcourge!
Can we unmov'd, behold the victim burn;
Should we not rather ſnatch her from the flames?
Her huſband died far off, nor, in that ſcene,
When nature fails, and when the fleeting ſoul
Hovers between two worlds, did he demand
Such proof of her affection---then the fair,
Diſſolv'd in all the extacy of grief,
And prompt to ſhun the tedioufneſs of life,
Might deem it bliſs to die with him ſhe lov'd.

HIGH PRIEST.

WHAT matters it, if dying he receiv'd
No oath that ſhe would follow him in death.
Think you, deſcended from ſuch noble blood,
She can diſpoſe of life juſt as ſhe wills?
E'en now her friends require the ſacrifice---
And what a ſtigma, would refuſal caſt
On all her kindred! how pollute her name;
And make her thus a ſlave, in grief of ſoul,
And ſteep'd in tears---the ſcorn of gods and men!
Curſe the long horrors of a conſtant death.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

BUT Father! cruel is poor woman's fate,
No choice is left, but infamy or death;
Is it not barb'rous in a land like this,
Where woman has no portion ſave her charms,
That laws unjuſt ſhould give the huſband pow'r!

T

To leave his wife, conſign'd beyond his death,
For heirs to immolate upon his tomb!
Then muſt ſhe die, or lead a hated life,
Stripp'd of maternal rights---The ſons forgetting,
A mother dies to deck a father's aſhes!---

HIGH PRIEST.

KNOW'ST thou, young man, that cuſtom's iron rod,
Rules ev'ry land, and ſanctifies their laws?
One country gives the father right to fix,
For life or death, his children's deſtiny:---
One makes the ſon a pious paracide,
Soon as the authors of his life grow old.---
In Afric, men, like beaſts, are bought and ſold:---
The Courtiers in Japan, die with their Kings:---
The Sultan ſtrangles all his neareſt kindred:—
And e'en in Europe, where ſuch light prevails,
A foreign ſenſe of honour, for one word,
Oft makes the beſt friends ſhed each others blood!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

So muſt theſe cruel cuſtoms ſanction crimes,
And Hymen's torch allume the fun'ral fire!
Ah, muſt our fair-ones, ſlaves to barb'rous men,
Slaves to their huſbands e'en beyond their lives,
Bound with ſuch chains, as death can never break,
Muſt they in vain thus raiſe their plaintive cry:
" Ah! cruel Lords of this creation, ſee;
" How weak, how full of woes, our ſex is form'd;
" Is it for you, exempt from many ills,
" Which we muſt bear—is it for you, inſtead
" Of light'ning much our load, to add new weight
" To nature's heavy yoke! 'Tis you who give us
" Slavery and death!—"

HIGH PRIEST.

YOUNG man, what horrid language!
Doſt thou renounce, thy nation and religion?
Oh ſhocking blaſphemy! ſay, wilt thou then,
That woman, made for us, ſhall have her rights?
Doſt thou defend, that foreign prejudice?
Wives owe their huſbands all they have—their lives—
And in their widow'd ſtate they covet death;
E'en thoſe whoſe vulgar blood forbids that honour.
In torrid climes all things are in extremes!
Wilt thou, who know'ſt our rites, bewail their fate!
And yet thou know'ſt what voluntary ills,
Our Prieſts and Faquirs brave—what glorious palms
They win—and how, without a groan or ſigh,
They ſtifle nature as they conquer pain.—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

AT leaſt, they, ſuff'ring by their own accord,
Do not deplore their pain or wiſh for pity.
But tyrant honor here purſues the ſex
To death.—Pardon my weakneſs---but I thought,
The real woes of life were quite enough,
Without our adding more :---Of good and ill
Th' inexplicable laws of nature mix
Each creature's portion---yet from worm to man,
Inſtinct directs them to ſelf-preſervation---
How ſtrange that man alone, throughout all nature,
Should lift his murd'rous hand againſt his life,
As if he ſpurn'd the gift of fav'ring Gods.---
And do thoſe awful pow'rs, whoſe warning voice
Cries in our inmoſt ſouls, "be juſt, be good,"
Demand ſuch wanton waſte of their beſt bleſſings?
Who hates too much himſelf, loves not his neighbour,
And could a righteous Heav'n have made the law,
To love all others, and to hate ourſelves?

SCENE

SCENE III.

High Prieſt.---Bramin.---Young Bramin.

HIGH PRIEST.

WELL! what's your information? will this widow
Devote herſelf upon the fun'ral pile!
And has ſhe promis'd?---

BRAMIN.

Yes, this very day,
SHE means to ſacrifice herſelf---her friends
Surrounding her unceaſing---but not long,
For when ſhe learnt her loſs, ſhe knew her duty;
Our women moſtly are too bold or timid:
In triumph dancing, or as victims dragg'd,
They mount the burning pile ---But ſhe, ſerene,
Nor mingled marks of joy with death's apparel,
Nor breath'd a ſingle ſigh, nor ſeem'd depreſs'd---
But fix'd in reſolution, though ſo young,
She ſhews how life ſublimely may be loſt.---

HIGH PRIEST.

I THOUGHT no leſs---nor do I view ſurpris'd,
Her pious conduct---oh, my friends, 'tis well---
For at this time, while ſtrangers preſs the ſiege,
And from ſuperior proweſs, ſkill, or fortune,
Seem ready to atchieve their dreadful conqueſt,
Let us maintain our ſacred fun'ral rites---
Let us, tho' conquer'd, piouſly maintain them.
But will this widow ſoon be at the temple?

BRAMIN.

YES, you will ſee a great example ſoon:
E'en now the people croud the ſacred porch.

YOUNG

YOUNG BRAMIN.

MUST ſhe be burn'd? alas! how I bewail her.---
In charms diſtinguiſh'd, and in flow'r of youth,
Ah! how 'tis pitiful to ſee ſuch courage,
Employ'd to haſte her beauties to the tomb,
E're nature had reclaim'd them---hateful cuſtom!
Oh! what a world is this, where not e'en crimes,
And cruelty alone deſtroy our bliſs:
But where, by ſpecious names of law and right,
Inhuman men oppreſs the feebler ſex.
Men hear not the mild voice of ſympathy,
But only ſtrive to perſecute each other:
Nor all th' inevitable pangs or plagues
That fleſh is heir to, can, at leaſt, compare
With thoſe which they inflict upon themſelves!

HIGH PRIEST.

HEAR thou a diff'rent voice that ſpeaks to thee,
What hop'ſt thou from this world? is this thy home?
We're born for woes---let us not faint---but learn,
That patient ſuff'ring is the proof of virtue.
Now hear of Brama the tremenduous voice,
"Thy ſenſibility is ſacrilege!"---

YOUNG BRAMIN.

AH, but ſome other hand might lead the fair.---

HIGH PRIEST.

No---you were laſt admitted to our order;
'Tis your's to lead the victim to the pile,
And your's the honour to confirm her zeal,
Go wait my final orders at the porch:
The law ordains---be humble---tho' you doubt---

SCENE

SCENE IV.

High Prieſt.---Bramin.---Officer of government.

HIGH PRIEST.

WHAT urgent buſineſs brings you now to us?

OFFICER.

THE governor's commands.---

HIGH PRIEST.

Well, what are they?

OFFICER.

HE counſels to poſtpone the ſacrifice,
Leſt from their poſts too many troops be drawn;
And thus the town be left an eaſy prey.---
Beſides, you ſee the temple's ſituation,
Between the walls and camp, will let our foes
Perceive the ceremony:---which, he fears,
Will greatly irritate European minds!---

SCENE V.

High Prieſt.---Bramins.

HIGH PRIEST. [*to the Bramins.*]

YES!---to poſtpone, what ſhould at once be done!
What then is his deſign? And is it thus,
He means, if conquer'd, to preſerve our manners?
Well—I'll not truſt to his perfidious prudence,
But make him inſtrumental in my plans.
Whate'er this timid governor intends,
The ſacrifice ſhall never be deferr'd
Onemoment for the ſiege—I'll order that—
The gods themſelves, by ſuch a ſacrifice,
Are render'd more propitious to our cauſe.—

BRAMIN.

THIS rite omitted, all our rites were vain.

HIGH

HIGH PRIEST.

AH, ſhould this rite, firſt introduc'd for ſafety,
Then foſter'd by religion, be abandon'd,
Where ſhall we ſtop? one and another goes,
Till not a temple will be left for us.—
Theſe doctrines ſtern, and pains extravagant,
Aſtoniſh, ſhake, and petrify the ſouls
Of mortals made to venerate the ſkies,
And ſee in us the delegates of Heav'n.
Say, but for theſe, where were the Bramins' honours?
Our penance would be deem'd miſtake or madneſs.—
Yet when mankind behold to what a length,
Enthuſiaſm in other minds can go,
They wonder, tremble, and believe the more,
Thence order ſprings, and Brama all adore.—

ACT II. SCENE I.

Widow.—Fatima.

FATIMA.

BUT, Madam! to what law have you ſubmitted?
I ſhudder at the thought.—

WIDOW.

Be not ſurpris'd:
You, born in Perſia, under milder ſkies,
Can ſcarce conceive the manners of our climes.
But Fatima! the dye for me is caſt,—
Yon walls and rocks are dark with fun'ral ſmoke,
Others have fallen in their tombs of fire;
Nor can Laniſſa from her fate eſcape.—

FATIMA.

YOUR woes depreſs my ſoul, yet you ſeem tranquil.

WIDOW.

WIDOW.

MY husband's dead, and calls me from the earth.

FATIMA.

AND can your sorrows quench the love of life?
Or will your husband's senseless shade be sooth'd,
By this dread off'ring of your fairest days?
Suppose he lov'd, as much as you lov'd him,
Would he require it?

WIDOW.

OH! you understand not:—
Honor's the tyrant that subdues my soul!
To live contemptible—or die in flames—
I have no other choice—that is the law!

FATIMA.

'TIS wrong!—abominable!

WIDOW.

IT exists,
And that's enough.——

FATIMA.

WHO made this murd'rous law?
What woman first was mean enough to yield,
And mount the bonfire of a barb'rous spouse?
Forsooth! he claims it—but if he survives,
Does he destroy himself to honor her?
Ah! does he guard his faith beyond the grave?
Then, by what right does he survive—but that
Of having made the law? The weaker sex
Must bear a yoke, men will not bear themselves!

WIDOW.

I GIVE up life, since honor thus decrees:
Alas! long since, I gave up happiness!

You

You ſee my deſtiny—my boundleſs grief—
I ne'er knew aught ſave mis'ry in this world:
Wedlock and widowhood alike were torments!

FATIMA.

WHAT heard I? my ſurpriſe exceeds my terror!
You were not happy in your wedded ſtate?

WIDOW.

YOU little know how wretched I have been!

FATIMA.

I SEE deſpair invades your very ſoul,
And yet you hide your tears.

WIDOW.

HEAV'N would not yet——

FATIMA.

OH ſpeak, what griefs too long conceal'd——

WIDOW.

MY friend!
'Tis but too true, I lov'd and was belov'd.——
Oh! hapleſs day, when from the Ganges' banks,
From Ouglee's ſhades we came to ſojourn here;
And ſhip accurs'd, which, to complete my woes,
Carried a youth—too lovely to my eyes!
There, Fatima, you know the cauſe of tears,
And all the ſecret ſorrow that conſumes me!
Why, in our country's view, are Europe's ſons
Eſteem'd barbarians? why could not my father
Conſent his child ſhould wed that foreign chief?
Or rather, why did he compel his daughter
To wed the man ſhe hated?

FATIMA.

OH! great Gods
Your huſband ſacrifices you to day—

YOU

You lov'd him not ; and yet you die for him !
Your fun'ral pile, erected in deſpight,
Will prove a trophy for his jealous ſhade !
You're freed by fortune from him—but in vain———

WIDOW.

STILL more in vain your pity.——

FATIMA.

CRUEL woman !
But where is now your lover ?

WIDOW.

THAT's unknown :
I know he lov'd and wiſh'd to marry me ;
That he was ſnatch'd away, that I was forc'd
To ſmother flames which I could not extinguiſh ;
And that the flames I vainly ſtrove to quench,
In ſpite of me, revive and threat my virtue.

FATIMA.

YOUR lot is hard !—

WIDOW.

HAD I elſewhere been born,
I ſhould have ceas'd to be a SLAVE, a WRETCH !
The man who forc'd me to his arms, when living,
Would, when he died, at leaſt, have left me free ;
Then ſoothing hope had whiſper'd to my ſoul,
That I, ſome day, might find the youth I lov'd !
Now all conſpires to drive me to deſpair ;
Paſt vows, remembrance, and a form too dear,
The nuptial ties impos'd, and thoſe refus'd,
What'er I ſuffer'd, and what'er I loſt—
I die—and worſe—I die a dreadful death,
To join the man, who forc'd my lover from me.

FATIMA.

FATIMA.

You much amaze me.

WIDOW.

YES—I've ſaid too much.

Excuſe, oh cruel ſhade, excuſe thy victim:
This heart ſubmiſſive, though too hardly us'd,
Pays the ſtrange duty that thy death demands:
For thee, my fleſh ſhall mount the burning pile,
But aſk no ſofter ſentiment from me.
If you have caus'd my woes—let it ſuffice,
I ſhall be faithful found beyond thy death:
Perhaps, the pangs to come will ſcarcely equal
The ſacrifice I made without a ſigh——
And yet my fate might ſanction more than ſighs!

FATIMA.

How curſt a fate ſucceeds to ſuch a marriage?

WIDOW.

OH! if you love me, leave me all my courage;
I've need enough of it—for *that's* my all.
But you muſt ne'er diſcloſe this converſation.

FATIMA.

No, madam;—heav'ns! I ſee a Bramin coming,
And read unkindneſs in his hateful face.

SCENE II.

Widow.—Fatima.—Young Bramin.

FATIMA.

WELL, what doſt thou announce? for doubtleſs death,
Terror, and lamentation come with thee.
And art thou come to claim that cruel promiſe,
And tear my deareſt lady from my arms?

WIDOW.

WIDOW, [*to Fatima.*]

YOU may withdraw awhile.

SCENE III.

Widow.—Young Bramin.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

'TIS thus both parties,
Heap keen and undeſerv'd reproaches on me.
You think me, madam, a relentleſs monſter:
While to our chief my feelings ſeem too tender:
His views tranſported into other worlds,
Perceive no ſcenes of pain, or pity here.
For me, who follow him at awful diſtance,
I know my heart was made to feel for others:
And when I yield to nature's firſt decree,
Do I betray my country or religion?
But, oh—what painful effort! gods!—'tis I
Muſt lead you to the flames!—'tis I—who, fill'd
With horror for your fate, had rather die
To abrogate th' infernal rite for ever!
Still as I ſee thee, ſtill my melting ſoul
Revolts againſt the order for thy death.

WIDOW.

WHAT intereſt can you have to plead for me?
Is it for Bramins thus to ſhew their pity?
How then could you accept this miniſtry,
Without the temper? or, if form'd with kindneſs,
Why did you join with thoſe who ſtifled theirs?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

ALAS! What mortal can command his fate!
I've been unhappy from my earlieſt days.
Why did the man, who ſav'd my infant life,

Convey

Convey me here from Bengal? Why, ſo ſoon,
Did death deprive me of that foſter father?
An orphan, forc'd to take this new profeſſion.
I find ſome deadly cuſtom every where,
Eſcap'd from one, and but to aid another!

WIDOW.

To what do you allude?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

THE murd'rous cuſtom,
Of plunging in the Ganges ev'ry child,
Who thrice declines his nat'ral aliment,
When firſt preſented to him—'twas my caſe—
But while I ſhould bewail your woes alone,
I ſpeak of mine.———

WIDOW.

'TIS true the tale is piteous—
But, oh, what deſtiny purſues my race?
Far from theſe regions in my native land,
I loſt a brother by that ſame ſtrange cuſtom.
He in his dawn of life, at Bengal died:
In Malabar, at morn, I meet my doom!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

IN Bengal, madam, did your brother die?
So deſtiny ordain'd for me at Ouglee.—

WIDOW.

AT Ouglee! that agrees.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

THERE was I born.

WIDOW.

AND there the tiſſue of my woes began.

YOUNG

YOUNG BRAMIN.

WHAT is your family, your name?

WIDOW.

LANISSA.———

YOUNG BRAMIN.

OH, gracious gods! my ſiſter.—

WIDOW.

HEAV'NS!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

EMBRACE,

Embrace, and own your brother!

WIDOW.

THOU, my brother

Oh, aggravation of my vig'rous fate:
Iv'e found thee in the very hour of death.
Juſt Deities! where are we?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

'TIS Providence.———

WIDOW.

IN what a day of wrath has heav'n rejoin'd us!
Ah, barb'rous brother! ah, why have I found thee?
Reſtore me that UNKNOWN, who wept my fate!———

YOUNG BRAMIN.

WHAT ſaid you?

WIDOW.

YES, I'm born to bear ſtrange woes!
If you're my brother, you muſt wiſh my death.——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

I WISH your death! what madneſs? oh—my ſiſter!

WIDOW.

WIDOW.

IF I am ſo, begin to ſteel your heart.
Brothers perſuade their ſiſters here to die:
Our mutual honor claims this ſacrifice;
My family attends around the pile:
You muſt no more be touch'd with pity for me—
The ties of blood which elſewhere draw mankind,
Repel them here, and nature's plan reverſe.
Th' endearing names of brother and of ſiſter,
Here loſe their charms, and urge me to expire.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

MY eyes at laſt are open'd—yes, I ought
To ſuccour thee—what ſignify your cuſtoms?
Shall I regard your laws? I'll brave them all,
In ſuch a cauſe—in vain you name your friends,
Who wiſh to haſte your death—you ſaw how I,
A ſtranger then to you, froze at the thought.—
Shall thy ſweet voice, humanity! when mix'd,
With cries of kindred blood, have loſt its rights?

WIDOW.

YOUR raſhneſs, brother, will not profit us.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

IF man preſumptuous throws down nature's laws,
Let us rebuild them:—No—'tis not for me,
To heed thoſe cuſtoms that conſign to death;
I'm not that fierce barbarian—but the brother,
Whom heav'n has ſent to you.

WIDOW.

YOUR friendſhip makes
This life more lovely, and its end more dreadful.
Oh, 'tis much, in this exceſs of woes,
To combat nature, tenderneſs and tears.

Why

Why did I see thee?—I belong to death,
And death demands his prey—what! you pretend
To change the customs prejudice confirms!
Shame were my portion, if I shun'd my fate.
No—if I'm dear to thee, then join our friends,
Who soon will come to place thee at their head.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

WHAT dar'st thou tell me?

WIDOW.

FOLLOW here!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

REMAIN!

WIDOW.

WITH unavailing grief why wilt thou goad me?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

ART thou then blinded by fanatic rage!

WIDOW.

COULD I survive th' opprobrium that would follow?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

MUST I accuse the heav'ns for having found thee?

WIDOW.

ACT like a brother—leave me to my fate———

YOUNG BRAMIN.

NOT like a brother—if that act brings death.
Wait but a little time, 'till war decide
The fortune of this place, and give you right
To live.

WIDOW.

BUT if the assailants fail, in vain
Shall I have shewn timidity and tears.

Then ſhall I fall too late a ſacrifice,
Deſpis'd of all—the glory gone!—I've promis'd,
Nor will delay.———

YOUNG BRAMIN.

'TIS well, my ſiſter, well—
Let's finiſh this diſpute by changing climes:
Let's fly beyond the reach of ſuch ſtrange rites:
And put the ſea between this ſhame and us.
Let's fly from India, and its barb'rous laws,
To realms where reaſon guides the human race,
Where nature's God thoſe real duties ſhew,
Which neither mortals, years, or climes can change.

WIDOW.

WHAT idle hope now animates your breaſt?
How, quit theſe ſhores? the world is ſhut to me.
I cannot go, where mem'ry, ſhame, go not.
Or, were it poſſible, my friends would then
Be more than exiles in their native land.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Go on! and ſtill reſpect this murd'rous law!
Believe thy huſband, like a god, will ſcathe thee:
Thy friends be ſcorn'd for thy delinquency.
For me, thy only friend, firſt known this day,
'Tis well that I, by ſympathy, muſt bear
The horrors of thy fate—while thou'rt unmov'd!—
A brother, little as his tears avail,
Has ſtill the pow'r to ſave you from yourſelf:
And—cruel!—that he will. He'll ſave thy life,
In ſpite of thee—that, once accompliſh'd, then
There's neither ocean, continent, or iſle,
Which can divide me far enough from hence.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

WIDOW. [*alone.*]

WHAT can this project be? this enterprize?
From his too tender love must I defend me?

SCENE V.

Widow.—Fatima.

FATIMA.

MADAM, a truce is settled with the foe,
Which stops all farther carnage for one day.
The shorter is the truce, the more my hopes:
For in the town there's terror and dismay,
Soon Malabar must yield.—Before the place,
E'en now the gen'ral of this foreign force,
In parley with the governor, declares
We must surrender, or expect a storm.—
Madam, you may rejoice that soon the law
Which seals your death, will have no farther sway.
But what new trouble rises in your breast?
Perhaps the conversation of this Bramin,
Who, though so young must have a cruel heart,
Has cast such deep dejection in your spirits.—

WIDOW.

ALAS! you're ignorant!—But—conceal the fact.—
Hark—Fatima! this Bramin is my brother;
To day recognis'd, in this house of death;
He means to end the rigours of my fate.—

FATIMA.

YOU wish for death, with all its dreadful suff'rings;
And your connections hurry it:—In vain
A brother loves you!—

WIDOW.

WIDOW.

OH!—I ſhould have wept,
ſ he had led me to the fun'ral pile———
And now I weep for fear he'll keep me from it.—
Unnat'ral! he had pierc'd this heart with ſorrows—
Too tender! he ſtill wounds me to the ſoul—
He wiſhes my diſhonour!—'twas too much
To baniſh love—without being forc'd to combat
The ties of nature, and a brother's tears.

FATIMA.

WHY paint this lucky chance in ſuch dark ſhades?
Or why deſpair?—all things now bid you live:
A truce, which vict'ry ſoon perhaps will follow—
A brother found—and more—perchance, they know
In yonder camp ſomething of that European———
At leaſt, they come from the fame diſtant land,
And may relate if yet your lover lives.

WIDOW.

SHALL I then learn his lot? great gods what hope?
Happy Laniſſa! yes—thou may'ſt to day———,
My ſoul now op'ning to the rays of bliſs,
Scarce holds its purpoſe—ſacrifice myſelf,
While he ſtill lives—and more perhaps—ſtill loves!
I free, at laſt, from wedlock's cruel chain,
Miſtreſs of both my life and deſtiny!
Where do I wander? how forget myſelf—
What dreams thy blindfold friendſhip offers me?
What fatal expectations haſt thou rais'd?
Inexorable honour holds my heart.—
Reſpect my virtue, glory, reſolution,
And let me ſtill believe that this young Frenchman,
Is loſt forever to my fond affection!

Oh!

Oh! ſpare my aching heart—Oh! hide my fate
From that lov'd youth—and then I die contented.

ACT III. SCENE I.

French General.—French Officer.

GENERAL.

THE truce which I have granted to this town,
Now gives us free acceſs into theſe ſuburbs.
The Malabarian faith cannot be queſtion'd,
For war has laws which all mankind obſerve.

OFFICER.

I KNOW this temple, conſecrated to Brama,
Affords an aſſylum by honour ſanctioned.
But then this truce requeſted by their chief,
And granted by you for a ſingle day——
Why, ſir, a day will not ſuffice to bury
The heroes of both ſides, who preſs theſe plains,
And, feſt'ring, taint the air.

GENERAL.

I ONLY meant,
By rigidly abridging thus the term,
And threat'ning an aſſault, to ſave much blood:
Too much already has diſtain'd theſe ſhores:
Let's ſave what yet humanity can ſave.
But, oh, my friend, what can atone thoſe ills,
Which war inflicts on mortals?—yet I ſee,
With indignation, that this race entire,
Are ſlaves to the proud Bramin—with what art,
He warms their minds with ſuperſtitious fire,
And then alarms them for their rites and worſhip.
But I will calm their fears—ſoon ſhall they learn,

My

My king will not oppreſs, or change their laws;
That he propoſes trade on equal terms,
And only aſks the favour of a port,
Where ſhips, which croſs the ocean, may refit.

OFFICER.

SUCH conduct well becomes a patriot prince.

GENERAL.

BUT know, my friend, another care of mine:
I love a beauteous native of theſe climes.
Three years ago I ſaw her in this place,
The loveliеſt of her ſex! her father oft,
In ſpite of cuſtom, ſuffered me to ſee her—
I ſaw her virgin ſoul incline to me,
And ſhun all other lovers—thence I hop'd,
One day to marry her;—but letters came,
Which forc'd me home—I parted in deſpair—
And if I ſought the honour of command
In oriental regions—'twas to find
The object of my fond, my ſole deſire.
But I delay too long—diſpatch, my friend,
And gain ſome news of her—ſhe's call'd Laniſſa.

OFFICER.

BUT, ſir, for this I muſt go in the town:
Which by the truce, you know, is not permitted.
How can I be inform'd?

GENERAL.

WHY out of town,
You may have news of her—'twill be enough,
To aſk for her by name—for ſhe is born
Of the firſt caſt in India.—Go, enquire,
My friend, I reſt entirely on your zeal.

SCENE

SCENE II.

GENERAL. [*alone.*]

THOU, whom the heav'ns too long have hid from me,
My dear Laniſſa! art thou in this place?
Art thou yet free for me—or have the chains
Of ſome forc'd marriage bound thee to another?
Pardon my country, if I give one hour
From war to love!—and pardon me, Laniſſa!
If troubling your repoſe, it is my fate,
To fight againſt your country—pity me,
But do not hate!—I only do my duty,
And honour made me fly towards my love.

SCENE III.

General—Officer.

GENERAL.

WELL! what's her ſituation? tell me all—
And have you learn'd if ſtill Laniſſa—

OFFICER.

I COULD learn nothing—

GENERAL.

NOTHING! what ſtopp'd you then?

OFFICER.

A SPECTACLE of horror, which the rage
Of the proud prieſt prepares—a croud of people
Gather'd tumultuous round, and barr'd my paſſage.

GENERAL.

HOW! ſpeak! explain yourſelf.

OFFICER.

WITHIN an hour,
You'll ſee a widow plunge herſelf alive,

Into

Into devouring flames. The law ordains
This fate, when'er a husband dies.——

GENERAL.

What say you?

OFFICER.

ALREADY is the victim in the temple.—
This ceremony seems to feast the mob;
Who make a holiday.—The priests contrive it.—
The costly ornaments that deck the fair,
The diamonds, rubies, pearls, and chains of gold,
Become the Bramins' booty, and excite
Their curst cupidity.—Why 'tis the triumph
Of priest-craft over all the ties of blood.

GENERAL.

AND yet religion lends its hallow'd name!
We Frenchmen, shall we see, unmov'd, this sight?
She goes to death—and I'm to be a witness.

OFFICER.

YOUR pardon, sir,—if charg'd with other cares——

GENERAL.

LOVE we forget—humanity now calls—
The moments are too dear—delay is death—
Th' unfortunate has claims on my defence:
Away—to succour her shall be my care!
I call on heav'n, and all its holy pow'rs,
To witness, I will strive to save the victim!
Haste! follow me—

OFFICER.

BUT what are your intentions,
What right have we to act? what chance to save her?

SCENE

SCENE IV.

High Prieſt--his ſuite of Bramins.—General.—Two Officers.

HIGH PRIEST.

HAUGHTY European! whence are theſe murmurs?
This fun'ral for a huſband nearly ſtopp'd!
In violation of the truce, your troops
Have ev'n talk'd of running to their arms:—
And in yon porch, without reſpect for Brama,
Had rudely hedg'd me in on ev'ry ſide.——

GENERAL.

I KNOW them by the wiſh that warms their breaſts.

HIGH PRIEST.

YOU gave the order to them!—

GENERAL:

NO—'twas nature.—
Run and ſuſpend the fury of the French: [*to an officer.*]
Let them keep ſtill, they ſhall be ſatisfied.

SCENE V.

General.—High Prieſt.

GENERAL.

BARBARIAN! theſe abominable rites
Are real; which Europeans took for fictions:——
And, you, a prieſt, ſupport them with your power!
Theſe temples ſhould be refuges for men,
In all misfortunes!——and theſe prieſts, like angels,
The miniſters of peace to bleſs the earth!—
But you, the ſcandal of the God you ſerve,
You, raiſing hands imbrued in blood to heav'n,
You make theſe peculations for your prieſts,
Theſe cruel crimes, a policy of ſtate!——

Your whole fraternity rejoice to light,
The torch that leads their victims to the tomb:
The ſenſer here is in the hands of butchers!—

HIGH PRIEST.

THESE myſtic rites the deity commands.

GENERAL.

THUS, with dry eyes, you'll ſee this woman then,
At thy command, ſink in a gulf of flame!
Thine ear will drink the cries of her diſtreſs!———
I know her not—I know her woes—and hear
The voice of ſweet compaſſion—and this heart,
Alive to each fine feeling—not like thine—
Will prompt me to exert my pow'r to ſave her:
To ſave your women, forc'd to ſuicide,
And make it known to all mankind hereafter,
MONTALBAN FOUNDED HERE HUMANITY.—

HIGH PRIEST.

WHAT means thy arrogance?

GENERAL.

FIRST learn to know me——

HIGH PRIEST.

ARE you a conq'ror, that you ſpeak as maſter?

GENERAL.

I SPEAK as man.—

HIGH PRIEST.

AND I, as heavn's own organ,
A PRIEST inſpir'd by gods.———

GENERAL.

AND do thy gods
Incite thee to ſuch crimes?

HIGH

HIGH PRIEST.

AND who are you,
Who dare to judge the manners of my country;
And seek to change the customs of old times! !——
Think'st thou thy proud, but feeble hand, can pluck
The rooted groves of India from their place?

GENERAL.

I WILL apply the ax.———

HIGH PRIEST.

AND vain thy effort;
For time has plac'd a triple brass around them.———

GENERAL.

SAY, rather round thy heart—But know, barbarian!
'Tis best to change thy cruel custom soon.—
What shall I call thee? Priest! and Bramin! yes—
But thou art not a man!——Humanity,
The first and sweetest sentiment of nature,
Innate and essence of our very being,
Thou know'st it not!——What sort of soul hast thou?
What monster bore thee? ne'er hast thou known pity?
Nor shed a tear?—I come to teach compassion:—
I thank the skies, whose salutary voice
Has call'd me to this pagod——to this DEN
OF MONSTERS.—Tygers! stop.—By heav'ns, I'll quench
Your fun'ral fire in blood, but that I'll quench it!

HIGH PRIEST.

YOU quench it? quench the orb of day!—quench love!
And that immortal flame which here unites,
Respect for GODS *and* HUSBANDS!—Idiot! learn
'Tis love that makes our women vanquish death.—
Or if for fame their breasts can brave all suff'rings:

Not

Not more indulgent are we to ourſelves.
Know'ſt thou how I have reach'd this glorious height?
'TWAS THROUGH A PATH OF THORNS.—Yes, more than death,
This body—bore—but reaſon firſt ordain'd
The law for women, when they us'd to haſte
Their huſbands deaths by poiſon.——

GENERAL.

'TIS not true.—
Not hell itſelf could ſend ſuch monſtrous wives,
But at long intervals. 'Tis all pretext.—
For crimes ſo great are rare, like other plagues;
And women have not cruel ſouls, like thine.——
See there! I walk o'er aſhes of the dead,
Relics of fun'ral fires, and bleaching bones,
The ſad remains of human ſacrifice!
Now hear me, Bramin, hear! your fun'ral piles,
Thoſe ſights of horror, work my ſoul to rage.
And think your town to-morrow may be mine;
Come then aſſume our manners—'tis not hard—
Oh, if you are not tender—be not ſavage:
And let me ſave the laſt, who would have died
According to your cuſtom—leave your cuſtom——
'Tis dear humanity———

HIGH PRIEST.

IN vain you dream,
Your arm can ſave this widow, or that ſhe
Is ſuch a coward as to wiſh for life——
Has ſhe a ſire, or brother? they all join
To ſilence ev'ry murmur—act like them—
They conquer nature—go, and ſtifle pity—

GENERAL.

GENERAL.

YES, tyrant, yes—I ſee your harden'd heart,
Has ſhut each avenue to ſoft emotions.—
Inſenſibility has grown a ſyſtem:
And nought can change your cruel character.—
Yet what my voice cannot, my ſword ſhall do:
And India ſhall behold my footſteps mark'd,
WITH *(what you can't conceive)* HUMANITY.—
I ſwear upon this weapon, which my arm
Can never wield in a more worthy cauſe,
I ſwear ev'n in this houſe, where terror dwells,
To ſave the fair and abrogate your law.

SCENE VI.

Bramin.—High Prieſt.—General.

BRAMIN.

THE widow has put off her pompous robes:
The prieſts all wait for you, ſince in your hands
They muſt remit the off'rings.——

HIGH PRIEST.

WELL! let's go!

GENERAL.

FORBEAR, inhuman prieſts—There are no means
But I'll employ.—I'll ſee her at this inſtant.——

HIGH PRIEST.

NAY, calm your tranſport—quit your hope—and know
Abſtracted, as ſhe is, in ſacred duties,
No ſtranger can approach her—nor ev'n we,
In ſuch a ſolemn hour.——

GENERAL.

SHE ſhall not die!

In

In ſpite of all your artifice, I'll ſave her.
Oh, tyrant of a feeble ſex! you know not,
How dear that ſex for ever is to Frenchmen!—
Ah! lovely ſex, which deſtiny unites
With us, to ſhare the joys and woes of life:
Whoſe innate charms can ſweeten ev'ry ſcene,
In ev'ry clime, ſave in this barb'rous land:
How long e'er India, too, will own your claims!
When will ye loſe your ſavageneſs of ſoul,
And learn to treat this ſex as tender friends?
Ye know not how our knights, when not in love,
Have often fought to ſave their life, or glory!——

HIGH PRIEST.

WELL! 'tis to ſave her glory that ſhe dies.——
Think you ſhe would forget herſelf ſo far,
As from deſire to live, to loſe her fame?
Admire her courage—do not pity her—
For though I ſhould relax; you could obtain
Nothing from one whoſe honor ſtands engag'd.——

SCENE VII.

General.—Officer.

OFFICER.

MY gen'ral, do you know the horrid ſcheme
The governor has plan'd?

GENERAL.

WHAT! will they ur
Their tragic preparations?

OFFICER.

YES—the truce
Was but to give the barb'rous Bramin time,
To light the fun'ral fire.—

GENERA

GENERAL.

I AID their triumph!
My eaſy faith abus'd to haſte her death!
My indignation burns—I'll cloſe the ſcene,
And purge the earth of ſuch a froward race:
To ſlay them, is to ſerve the univerſe.——
But then the truce——my plighted word reſtrains me:
Thy rigid laws, oh honor! overwhelm
Me who defend, and innocence which falls!—
To raiſe this city——and deſtroy this race—
Is that humanity? No—no---nor yet
Will I believe the governor is leagued
With that baſe Bramin——let us learn the truth.
Come on, my friend—let's follow honor's laws,
And ſhew we're French by ſhielding nature's cauſe!—

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Widow alone, clothed in white linen.

BEHOLD my deſtiny! Behold my portion!
I ſhall have finiſh'd life in early youth——
The heav'ns reſtore a brother—at a time---
When I muſt tear me from his fond embrace:---
I may not feel ſenſations ſo divine!
Though nature draws---yet honor drives me back——
Another voice delights, and deſolates me:
Martyr to marriage---and of love the victim---
Death in my heart---and ſmiles upon my brow---
Oh! how ſhall I conceal the hidden flame,
And march to meet my doom! my huſband too,
A ſecond time now ſeems to ſacrifice me:---
And yet I muſt look cheerful.---Oh! fond youth,
Too early lov'd, too early loſt for ever,

Far

Far abſent from Laniſſa !---aid her now
To quit that light ſhe only lov'd for thee !---

SCENE II.

High Prieſt.---Widow.

HIGH PRIEST.

YOUR promiſe, madam, plighted to your friends,
Allows you no return. Beſides, the blood
Of your great anceſtors; the placid ſmile
That dignifies your face; and your own ſoul,
Which ſpurns this ſpeck of earth; announce that you,
Aſpire to other worlds.---By quitting life
And life's deluſive charms, your high example
Will fire our heroines, ratify our rites,
Extend your fame, and make your huſband bleſt,
While you, exulting, ſoar among the ſtars!

WIDOW.

WITHOUT attempting, with ſuperfluous care,
To ſcan the world unknown; or knowing how
A righteous God will recompence the pangs,
Of ſuch a dreadful death; I am prepar'd
To make the ſacrifice.---Our laws, the honor
Of all my kindred and myſelf require it.---
The fix'd diſguſt of life that gnaws my breaſt,
Precipitates my fate——I tax not heav'n,
But for the rig'rous mode.——If I muſt die,
In vernal bloom—why did not ſharp diſeaſe
Cut the thin thread of life---and not your law !---

HIGH PRIEST.

CONSIDER well th' immortal prize before you,
Nor loſe it for theſe pains.------

WIDOW

WIDOW.

I COULD poſtpone,
The ſacrifice, you know, for one whole year.
But then my fame might be the ſport of fools.---
I ſcorn the tongue of ſlander---and will meet,
Inſtead of ſhunning, death——I've but one wiſh,
And that is this, that I may be the laſt,
Whom a falſe honor deſtines to the tomb;
And that humanity, whoſe pow'r is loſt,
May ſoon regain its empire in theſe climes!

HIGH PRIEST.

GOOD heav'n's! what wiſh? what have you raſhly ſaid?
Suppreſs the ſcandal in your ſecret ſoul!
Humanity—oh weakneſs—want of good—
Chymeric coupling of corrupted ſouls!
This wiſh was never from yourſelf alone:
This is the miſchief of thoſe foreign manners.
Theſe proud Europeans pour into our ſouls,
The infectious poiſon of their coward ſyſtem!
'Tis time to check its progreſs—India calls
For courage from a ſoul ſublime, like your's.——

SCENE III.

Widow, alone.

Where fly? where ſhield me from terrific tortures?
The FLAME PURSUES *me*——THERE!——*I ſee it* THERE!
I FEEL IT—OH!---WHAT PANGS E'ER I MUST CEASE
TO BE!—*what land of death and darkneſs bore me!*—

SCENE IV.

Widow.---Young Bramin.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

I COME to tell you that your fate is chang'd—

Now, ſiſter, give up ev'ry thought of dying.—
This chief of the beſiegers is reſolv'd,
To ſave your life.—He's with the governor
And quite importunate that thou ſhalt live :---
He ſeems a God, and will not be denied !---

WIDOW.

HE was not made acquainted who I am?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

No—'twas humanity alone inſpir'd him:
With how much warmth his pity, rage, reſentment,
Before us BURST? He could not ſhew more ardor,
Were it to ſhield a ſiſter or a lover.--
At ſuch fine tranſports how I long'd t' applaud him!
But then I fear'd the Bramins would ſuſpect,
I took ſome undue int'reſt in thy life.
Siſter! 'tis very hard to hide one's feelings,
And to diſguiſe, that one may ſeem inhuman.---
Ah! how that foreign chief has been deceiv'd,
To view me in the light he view'd our prieſts.
Indeed I bluſh'd.—But he has ſtak'd his honor,
To ſave your life---yes, he, without your leave,
Would bear you off himſelf, but for the watch.—

WIDOW.

BROTHER, diſſuade him—oh, you know the laws,
And that he cannot come into my preſence.
A ſtranger's face would ſully all the rites :
And ſcoffers would impute it as my crime.
But then, perhaps, your int'reſt in my fate,
Has magnified his zeal. He but purſued
The nat'ral bent of pity. This European,
Sent by his king, has more than me to think of.---

Would

Would he defend my life, while I'm unknown?
Could I accept his aid? THERE'S BUT ONE MAN--- [*aside.*]

YOUNG BRAMIN.

I SAW the moment, when humanity
Had well nigh made him pass the bounds of honor.
Rather than see thee die, he seem'd resolv'd
To break the truce, and ev'n to lose his life.—
When I beheld him shew such gen'rous warmth,
I FELT *a* HORROR *for our* LAWS *and* LAND.

SCENE V.

Fatima.—Widow.—Young Bramin.

FATIMA.

YOU need not, madam, apprehend the presence
Of that brave foreigner, who dares defend you---
For neither having seen, or hop'd to see you,
He only studies how to save your life.
Perhaps he speaks with too much indiscretion
Against a barb'rous custom---and from that,
His life is not in safety.---Ev'n the priest
Attempts t' exasperate the mob against him:
He paints him as a monster, in our walls,
A foe to our religion, to our laws,
With such success, I fear that blood will follow.—
[*to the young Bramin.*]
OH, strive to make him hide the aid he gives:
Or else his cares, instead of serving you,
Will prove much worse than vain, they'll ruin him.

WIDOW.

WHAT! can he perish while the truce remains?
Too long have I delay'd to fall a victim——
I'll run, and have the fun'ral pile prepar'd.---

FATIMA.

FATIMA.

OH heav'ns! and are you mad?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

SHALL I permit it?

WIDOW.

YOU ſee what perils he incurs for me:
He'll loſe his life; and I ſhall be the cauſe——
I dread the ſuccour which he deigns to yield;
Whate'er it be I cannot profit by it.---
But ſtill I ought to keep him from all harms,
And make my fun'ral pile, a fortreſs for him.—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

SISTER, thy riſque is his---conſent to live,
The people then will ceaſe to perſecute him.

WIDOW.

MY death will ſerve him better—and I ſeek it,
As much to ſave his days, as do my duty.
Henceforth no one ſhall ſee me ſhun my fate,
To kindle thus the mob's miſguided rage.
I'll ſhew, my heart can emulate his own,
And ſeek his ſafety, as he ſought for mine.—

SCENE VI.

Young Bramin.—Fatima.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

YOU will not leave her?—ſoon the foreign chief,
Will come to ſee the high prieſt in this place.
I'll wait for this brave chief, and ſtrive that he
May uſe more moderation for our good.——

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Young Bramin, alone.

THUS does fanatic frenzy blind its victims !—
Heroic mortal! full of noble fires,
Muſt we then dread, leſt ſuch a friend as you,
Should want the gen'rous ſuccour which you give ?

SCENE VIII.

Young Bramin.—French General.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

WHERE were you going, ſir? I might—perhaps——

GENERAL.

WHAT would you.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

SIR! that you would pleaſe to know me—

GENERAL.

I'VE ſeen your chief—and know you well enough—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

I DIFFER from him more than you imagine.------

GENERAL.

WHAT'S that to me?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

I PITY the ſad fate,
Of her our cuſtoms doom to death to-day!

GENERAL.

'TIS very likely you would come to tell me!
Why, ſir!---you're all ſuſpected—ev'n your pity---
Go---leave me---

YOUNG BRAMIN.---

NO---not till I have told you,
The

The int'reſt that my heart takes in this fair.
You wiſh to ſave her from impending death;
I wiſh it more than you; and can aſſiſt you---
For know, SHE IS MY SISTER!---

GENERAL.

SHE! *thy* SISTER?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

SHE is---

GENERAL.

Her danger then is greater far.———

YOUNG BRAMIN.

'TIS infinitely leſs——

GENERAL.

I KNOW you better,
And all the rage fraternal blood inſpires.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

CONFOUND me not, for mercy's ſake, with mine.—
Far better I reſpect the ties of blood.—
My ſiſter ready to be ſacrific'd
Upon the fun'ral pile—GODS! HOW *her* BLOOD
CRIES IN MY VEINS—I'll brave extremeſt peril
So ſave her---Sir!—I feel, in principle,
I'm all European;—count upon my aid.—

GENERAL.

YOU'VE ſeen her—has ſhe ſworn to die?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

'TIS true—
You'd be SURPRIS'D! *your* PITY WILL *be* TOUCH'D!
Her heart is fix'd upon *her cruel duty*.—
A duty ſtill more cruel, ſince 'tis known,
The man for whom ſhe falls a ſacrifice,
Was not the real object of her love!——

GENERAL.

GENERAL.

AND he, her choice, with paltry fear oppreſs'd,
Vill ſuffer ſuch a ſight before his eyes!——
Vhile I, a ſtranger, feel my boſom burn,
nd, as a man, will come to her relief.
he COWARD! what does he? or what's his fear?
low can he ſee another perſon ſhield her?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

THE fact is, ſir!, in diſtant climes detain'd,
Ie does not know her doom.—But let my heart
)iſcloſe its pains to you——I would redreſs
he wrong that nature ſuffers in theſe realms.
've tried perſuaſion——but, 'tis all in vain—
Iy ſiſter will not yield—her mind is fix'd.—
ut haply I have found you at this hour;—
ou, who are born with tenderneſs, will ſtrive,
Vith me, to ſave thoſe days which ſhe deſerts.—
n ſpite of her, the GODS *propitious call*,
o SAVE, *if poſſible*, *that* DEAREST LIFE,——
o SNATCH LANISSA FROM——

GENERAL.

The THUNDER STRUCK ME!—
MMORTAL GODS! *what* NAME?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

What EXCLAMATION?

GENERAL.

LANISSA!—SHE THE VICTIM?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

How! you know her?

GENERAL.

LANISSA *is to die!* ——*and* I *am come*,
So far to be a witneſs!—OH! I'LL SEE HER——

YOUNG

YOUNG BRAMIN.

BUT, ſir!—

GENERAL.

I fly this very moment to her——

OH! *ſhall they murder all my heart holds dear?*—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

You LOV'D HER? YOU——!

GENERAL.

PERDITION!—STOP *me* NOT——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

IMPENETRABLE walls obſtruct all acceſs:
Beſides, the truce prohibits open force:—
You take the readieſt way to haſte her ruin!
Oh, let us not deſtroy, by ſtarts of paſſion,
The prodigy a God has wrought for us.———

GENERAL.

WHAT CAN YOU DO TO WREST HER FROM THIS PERIL

YOUNG BRAMIN.

THERE is, hard by, a ſubterranean way,
Through which, I'm told, in former times a widow,
Was reſcued from the flames, by means of gold.
From where the pile was built, the paſſage leads
Directly to the port. If ſtill the prieſts
Should preſs the ſacrifice, we'll try that plan—
I in the temple— while you're out of town—
And heav'n, I truſt, will favor our attempt.—

GENERAL.

SO NEAR!—SO FAR FROM HER!—*each inſtant kills me*
I SHUDDER *with* AMAZEMENT!—*and my* EAR
HEARS, *from devouring flames, her* DYING CRY!—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

BUT, ſir! compoſe awhile your troubled ſpirits;

Be cautious how you ſtir religious zeal,
Among this people, whence revolt might ſpring.
They know our converſation in this place;
And zealots once inflam'd will hear no reaſon.
Whatever care I take to ſave Laniſſa,
Your raſhneſs would precipitate her death!—
Then, for Laniſſa's ſake, and for your own,
Return to camp—avoid th' aſſaſſin-ſtroke!———

GENERAL.

WELL! I believe you, and have no diſtruſt—
But furniſh me one earneſt of your zeal;
Abjure before the prieſt, and in my ſight,
The horrid taſk, which he aſſign'd to you.—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

WHAT ſay you?—No—but on the other hand,
Tis beſt I feign to keep that horrid taſk:
Since, ſoon he would commit it to another—
And this delay will ſerve our purpoſe beſt.——

GENERAL.

I YIELD—thy reaſon's good—thy zeal confirms me.—
'LL SERVE THE TIES OF LOVE:—SERVE THOSE OF NATURE!——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

MY ſiſter ſtill reſiſt!—But I'll inform her,
What arm has rais'd itſelf in her defence.——
The high prieſt comes—adieu—I fear leſt he
Should ſee us here, adieu! adieu! remember!———

SCENE IX.

General.—High Prieſt.—

GENERAL.

WHERE go you? what! to drag her to the pile!

HIGH PRIEST.

THOU impious wretch! think'ſt thou her conſtant virtue——

GENERAL.

AH! not in vain ſhall I have ſtopp'd th' attempt——

HIGH PRIEST.

WHILE you behold her lot—and ev'n her wiſh ——

GENERAL.

HER lot depends not on herſelf, or you—
Reaſon legitimates the ſcheme I've form'd,———
You do not know the value of this victim:
You will e'er long, barbarian!—But, my word
Engag'd, I hold the law of nations binding.———
NOW, IF I SEEK *to* CURB *my* FURY THUS,
Then, SPARE *the* VICTIM—*or*—*I CANNOT PROMISE.*
You may believe me—IN MY STATE OF MIND—
THERE'S NOUGHT IMPOSSIBLE!—THERE'S NOUGHT THAT'S SACRED!—
I'll watch you well——and—e'er you ſacrifice her—
THYSELF, THY RACE, THY ALTARS, *and* THY IDOLS,
OH! I'LL SPARE NOTHING!—*arm'd for her*, MY SWORD
Shall ſave with her the feeble ſex oppreſs'd!
AMIDST THE WAVES *of* BLOOD, WHICH I WILL SHED
I'LL BEAR HER THROUGH THIS TOWN, REDUC'D TO ASHES,
AVENGING THUS THE WOES THY WRATH PRODUC'D
'TILL MEN SHALL SEARCH IN VAIN WHERE STOOD THY TEMPLE!—

SCENE X.

High Prieſt.—Bramins.

HIGH PRIEST.

WHAT means this wild exceſs of rage and madneſs

TH

The monſter braves us at theſe very ſhrines——
He dares attack religion's holieſt rites,
And means to change our laws to ſave this victim.---
Let's loſe no time, to ward the ſtorm from us:
To ward the ſtorm? let's hurl it on his head!---
Revenging thus, by his tremendous fall,
Our cuſtoms, temple, liberty and laws!———

[*The theatre repreſents a porch of the Pagod of the Bramins, ſurrounded with rocks---a funeral pile erected in the midſt---the ocean ſeen at a diſtance.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Young Bramin.---Fatima.

FATIMA.

YOU'RE loſt in melancholy---what's the cauſe?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

MY ſiſter is forlorn——our hopes are blaſted!——
You heard, this night, the noiſe toward the fort,
And how the bay re-echo'd with the roar?
'Twas then ſome traitors brib'd ('tis thought by Bramins)
Spread fire and ruin through the fleet---and then
The chief, as he was haſt'ning to its ſuccour,
Was ſlain by baſe aſſaſſins.---All the camp
Was panic-ſtruck---the ſhore with ſlaughter ſtain'd---
The port with fragments of burnt veſſels ſtrew'd!---
What ſtill remain'd of broken bands embark'd,
On board the ſhatter'd fleet, and put to ſea——
The wind ſprung up, and all are out of ſight.———

FATIMA.

THUS ev'ry gleam of hope for ever gone!——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

TH' immediate conſequence you ſee, this moment,

The

The fun'ral pile prepar'd!--

FATIMA.

OH! ſight of horror!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

THE prieſts will come to make me bring my ſiſter:
But ſooner than officiate at thoſe rites,
I'll ſuffer all the plagues that man can feel;
Yes, me they firſt ſhall murder!——

FATIMA.

WHY from her
At ſuch a moment?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

'TWAS herprudent care,
Forbade my having acceſs to her room:—
So much ſhe fear'd my zeal---ſo much the aid
Of that European, who engag'd to ſave her!---
But run and carry to my deareſt ſiſter,
A brother's reſolution, tears, deſpair!
Oh, tell her, I'm reſolv'd, in ſpite of worlds,
To die myſelf, or to prevent her death.

SCENE II.

Young Bramin, alone.

IN ſuch a gen'rous cauſe the ſtranger fell!---
And my poor ſiſter ſinks into the tomb!——
I hop'd her heart, which would not yield to me,
Would lean from death towards ſo fond a lover.
Oh, CRUEL SISTER, with what joy I thought,
To tell thee that thy lover was thy ſhield.
Now, HAPPY! that thou did'ſt not know what hand,
Prepar'd the ſuccour, Heav'n has render'd vain!---

SCENE

SCENE III.

High Prieſt.—Young Bramin.—Bramin.—Indian People.

HIGH PRIEST.

PEOPLE! enjoy the peace which I've obtain'd!——
I've freed you from theſe fierce European bands!---
Had they victorious enter'd once the town,
They would have chang'd your laws, and chac'd your Gods.---
'Tis true, the better to complete my plans,
I made the effort e'er the truce expir'd.
But then, reduc'd to ſuch extremities,
'Twas ſanction'd by neceſſity and right.
I ſaw our ſoldiers ſlain upon theſe ſhores,
Whoſe plaintive ſhades ſurrounded Brama's ſhrine,
And ſeem'd to riſe to ſtimulate the blow
Which ſav'd our country, and reveng'd its dead!

BRAMIN.

YOU muſt have known the wiſhes of your country.

HIGH PRIEST.

I MARK'D the ſudden pang that pierc'd your ſouls,
When firſt the news was ſpread, that this mad chief,
Deſign'd a faithful widow to with-hold,
From yonder honor'd pile. But Brama ſmil'd,
The god of India ſmil'd, confirm'd his rites,
And bleſs'd his favor'd land. By me, he drove
Thoſe haughty bands far hence---he ſav'd your walls,
And he aveng'd his violated pow'r. [*to the young Bramin.*]
Young man! 'tis you muſt bring the victim here:
Go.——

YOUNG BRAMIN. [*aſide.*]

I GROW frantic at their cruel rites.---

I would be calm——but---oh---this riſing choler
Will not permit——'tis now too late for prudence---
My breaſt would burſt with ſilence---I'll ſpeak daggers
To that proud Bramin's ſoul---ſhall I proud prieſt !
[*to the high prieſt.*]
Shall I---ſubmiſſive to thy horrid rage,---
Shall I proceed to bring the victim here ?
After we know thy crime---that thou haſt broken
The truce---that law agreed upon by nations,
And held inviolate for mutual good---
You wiſh---you coward, vile incendiary !
To ſeem a tutelary God for us !---
Now ſince your villainy, your treach'rous rage,
Has murder'd that illuſtrious foreign chief ;---
'Tis time that you ſhould know me---learn, baſe Bramin,
To ſave Laniſſa, I concurr'd with him.——

HIGH PRIEST.

WHAT do I hear ?---you form'd ſo black a plot,
And dare inſult me ! traitor !---you---

YOUNG BRAMIN.

YES, I-----
And glory in it--- ah ! to you a traitor ;
But not like you beneath the altar's ſhade :
I but contriv'd to ſave the ſex oppreſs'd.---

HIGH PRIEST.

SEE then to what your fooliſh pity led,
To yield your country——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

No—I would have ſav'd
The feebleſt and moſt wretched half—whom you,
As having pow'r, oppreſs with monſtrous laws.——

HIGH

HIGH PRIEST.

OH frightful blaſphemy! unheard of outrage!
Why does not Brama thunder on thy head?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

THOU know'ſt not yet but part of what I dar'd
Nor with what crimes I'm blacken'd in thy ſight—
To ſave Laniſſa——nature have I ſerv'd,——
SHE IS MY SISTER.———

HIGH PRIEST.

HEIGHT of human crimes!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

OH why could I not ope my ſiſter's eyes
To ſee the folly of your barb'rous rites.

HIGH PRIEST.

YOU ſet yourſelf to judge our laws, our rites!
You wiſh her ſhame!——a native——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

RATHER exile,
Who wiſhes to depart this place for ever;
Such anger riſes at your law of blood!
Barbarian! yes, he meant to ſnatch from death,
A ſiſter whom he loves—he's not a brother
To immolate—but to protect and love her.——
Heav'n form'd his heart far different, wretch! from thine:
So periſh in theſe climes thy cruel cuſtom!
I know ſweet nature——and I know but her———

HIGH PRIEST.

YES——and I know a time will come to puniſh——
Firſt, let the ſacrifice be made——and then
I ſhall know how to treat ſo baſe a traitor——
You more obedient to my orders, go, [*to another Bramin.*]
And bring the victim hither——but behold,

Unlike

Unlike her atheiſt brother—there ſhe comes
Spontaneouſly to meet her honor'd doom.—

SCENE IV.

[*Widow, followed by her relations—and the preceding actors.*]

WIDOW——*advancing, bewildered.*

WHERE am I?—oh!---I'm dizzy—all turns round me.
Ah! who will bear me to the banks of Ganges?
What ſhrouded phantom!—heav'ns!—I ſee him come—
Let's fly——oh!—he has caught me——how he drags
Me to the fun'ral fire?——he ſhews himſelf——
Hold!—oh!—unpitying huſband!———

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Do not die
To ſave that foſt'ring chief!—thy friend—that hero—

HIGH PRIEST.

HAS fallen in the ſnares where ſinners fall.—

WIDOW.

OF whom have you been ſpeaking?

HIGH PRIEST.

OF a wretch,
Who died my victim.———

YOUNG BRAMIN.

OF a foreign hero———

WIDOW.

"A FOREIGN hero"!——why he ſuccour me?
For what ſhould he attempt to ſave my life?
What is this gen'rous hero then——ſo kind,——
Who, tho' he knows me not, ſtill dares to ſhield me:—
That my diſtreſſes ſhould ſo nearly touch him!—
Have all the French the feelings of my lover?

HIGH

HIGH PRIEST.

WHAT word eſcap'd? what have you dar'd to utter?
Are you not cur'd of that diſgraceful frenzy?——
I've reſcued you from that unworthy Frenchman—
Forget th' audacious wretch!——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

YOU ought to mourn
For him.——

WIDOW.

"To mourn for him!"---oh! grief
That kills me!—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

YES, he died for thee———

WIDOW.

COME on!
And light the fires!——I feel no farther fear———
Death will be now a happineſs for me———
At ſight of flames, where I ſhall make my bed,
Deſpair affords a certain kind of joy——
I'll die.——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

AH! wilt thou, cruel ſiſter!———See
Thy brother at thy feet.——

HIGH PRIEST.

THY huſband calls.——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

WHICH of you two has moſt barbarity?
Now, ſiſter! mark me——by the rights of blood,
Here miſconceiv'd, I'll reſcue thee from death.
Stop—ye attendants! ſtop—and learn from me,
Ye ſhall not lead her to that horrid place——
A brother dares protect her as he ought!——

HIGH PRIEST.

HAVE you no rev'rence for the god of India?
No honor for the prieſthood?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

BRAMIN hear me!
If I reproach myſelf for any thing,
'Tis that I took this fatal miniſtry;
'Tis that I have too far obey'd your will!
I bluſh at my reſpect for ſuch a man;
And at my timid doubts that half reſtrain'd,
My arguments againſt thy murd'rous creed.——
My reaſon cannot be obſcur'd by cuſtoms,
My inſtinct chang'd, nor yet my heart made hard.
In ſpite of vulgar error, and its crimes,
Here ſentiment prevails——my ſoul's my own——
Ye people, liſten! I abjure for ever,
Your rites, your laws, your ſolemn mockeries!

HIGH PRIEST.

OH! impious renegade!—ye Bramins ſeize him—
Confine him for a monument of wrath
To ſooth th' offended majeſty of Brama.——

[*The Bramins ſeparate them by force, ſhe mounts the funeral pile.*]

WHAT noiſe is that?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

THEY enter by that way——

HIGH PRIEST.

WHAT! have I loſt my cares?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

GREAT gods! ye heard me

HIGH PRIEST.

REVERSE!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

OH !——bliſs !——

SCENE V.

[*French General ruſhing in at the head of troops—— and the preceding actors.*]

GENERAL——*running towards the pile—*

LANISSA IN THE FLAMES !—

HIGH PRIEST.

OUR FOE ALIVE ?

GENERAL.

Let's fly !——oh ! live, my deareſt------

WIDOW.

Who ſnatches me from death ?

GENERAL.

DEARER THAN LIFE,

LANISSA !---

WIDOW.

[*Giving a ſhriek of ſurprize and joy in the arms of the French General, before ſhe names him.*]

Oh ! MONTALBAN !——my deliv'rer !---

GENERAL.

'TIS I,

Who ſnatch thee from the flames——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

'TIS he—'tis he—

Oh ! double bleſſing !—gods !—'tis he alive !----

GENERAL.

THE ſtory of my death was ſpread on purpoſe.—
A bay deſerted ſerv'd us for a ſhelter.—
While—through the ſubterranean path—one band
Enter'd the town—another took the fort.

ONE

ONE MOMENT MORE—AND WHAT HAD BEEN MY FATE!
Thus the dark path which av'rice open'd firſt,
To ſave from ſacrifice a woman—now
Has anſwer'd nobly for the ſame deſign!
And I—what bliſs!—have ſerv'd my king and country,
And gain'd the place without the loſs of blood?
[*to the High Prieſt.*]
Of you (whoſe plots propitious Heav'n confounds)
I learn'd full ſoon the villainous deſigns.——
Your crime was but a coward's—nor amaz'd me—
A Frenchman—I forget it!—conq'ror—pardon!—
I leave your life—ev'n after all your crimes———
Guards! make him go from hence—and ne'er return.
[*High Prieſt goes out.*]

SCENE VI. and laſt.

The preceding Actors.

WIDOW.

'TWAS you, Montalban! came to my defence!—
'Twas you I fear'd, and fled! what god has ſav'd you,
To ſave your poor Laniſſa?—ah! my life,
Preſerv'd by one ſo dear, becomes more dear!———
How precious your's and mine ſhould be to me?
Oh—I had liv'd leſs happy by another.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

OH!---juſt reward for all your pains—you thought
To ſave an unknown woman from her fate:
And Heav'n ſaw fit, by way of retribution,
That you ſhould ſave the idol of your ſoul!

WIDOW.

MY dear Montalban!

GENERAL.

GENERAL.

OH! my lov'd Laniſſa!

[pointing to her brother.]

Let him partake your gratitude with me,
After ſuch tears and cruel trepidations!

YE people, ye ſhall live with happier laws---
Receive as the firſt favor of my prince,
Th' entire extinction of this ſavage rite!---
Louis for this employ'd my hand; for he,
Alike for greatneſs and for goodneſs known,
Diffuſes bleſſings from the riſing day
To yonder Weſtern World—the land that loves him:
While other conq'rors carry rage and luſt,
And horrid carnage---he humanity!———

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. HENRY, in the character of *Laniſſa*.

WELL, here I come—and almoſt out of breath,
'Twixt love, fire, fear, and widowhood and death;
While I for ſuch fictitious ſtrife am harneſs'd—
I feel—I ſuffer—more than half in earneſt:
By Bramin's ſeiz'd—thoſe bloody-minded fellows—
My hair-breadth 'ſcapes were greater than Othello's!
Nought could have ſav'd me from the jaws of fate,
Had my French lover came one breath too late.——
The pile prepar'd and kindling briſk as tinder,
They'd burn'd your poor Laniſſa to a cinder!

BUT well our author had contriv'd the whole,
And ſeems, in truth, a right good-natur'd ſoul:
He ſwears himſelf his drama, without vanity,
Is founded on the baſis of humanity;
Without one RULE or UNITY infringing,
He ſav'd his heroine from a mortal ſinging—
So after all this mighty fire and rattle,
Our bloodleſs play is like a bloodleſs battle.

AM I to blame, if, this dear life to ſave,
I lik'd a lover better than a grave;
Prefer'd your chriſtian maxims for a drama,
To all the murd'rous rites of pagan Brama;
And held, retreating from my fun'ral urn,
"Twas better far to marry than to burn?"
No—I'll be burn'd, but ev'ry maid and widow,
Would do, in ſuch a caſe, juſt as I did do.

YE

YES—thank your ſtars, Columbia's happy dames!
Ye need not fear thoſe frightful fun'ral flames :—
Of other lands let foreign bards be dreaming,
But this, this only is the land for women :—
Here ye invert the Bramins' barb'rous plan,
And ſtretch your ſceptre o'er the tyrant—man.

YE men, if I offend, I aſk your pardon,
I would not for the world your ſex bear hard on:
Ye are the fathers, founders of a nation,
The gods on earth, the lords of this creation!
And let philoſophers ſay what they pleaſe,
You're not *grown leſs* by coming o'er the ſeas :—
We know your worth, and dare proclaim your merit.—
The world may aſk your foes, "if you want ſpirit?"
Your victʼries won—your revolution ended---
Your conſtitution newly made---and mended---
Your fund of wit---your intellectual riches---
Plans in the cloſet---in the ſenate ſpeeches---
Will make this age of heroes, wits, and ſages,
The firſt in ſtory to the lateſt ages!-----
Go on---and proſper with your projects bleſt,
'Till your millennium riſes in the weſt :---
We wiſh ſucceſs to your politic ſcheming,
Rule ye the world!----and then---be rul'd by women!---

FOR here, ye fair, no ſervile rites bear ſway,
Nor force ye---(though ye promiſe)---to obey :
Bleſt in the mildneſs of this temp'rate zone,
Slaves to no whims, or follies---but your own.---
Here cuſtom, check'd in ev'ry rude exceſs,
Confines its influence to the arts of dreſs,
O'er charms eclips'd the ſide-long hat diſplays,
Extends the hoop, or pares away the ſtays,

Bedecks

Bedecks the fair with artificial geer,
Breaſt-works in front, and biſhops in the rear :---
The idol rears, on beauty's dazzling throne,
Mankind her ſlaves, and all the world her own ;
Bound by no laws a huſband's whims to fear,
Obey in life, or burn upon his bier ;
She views with equal eye, ſublime o'er all,
A lover periſh---or a lap-dog fall---
Coxcombs or monkeys from their chains broke looſe---
And now a huſband dead---and now a gooſe.

But jeſting all apart---and ſuch droll ſtrictures ;
We'll ſtrive to charm you with ſtill fairer pictures---
For 'tis our object to divert---not teaſe you---
To make you laugh or cry---as beſt ſhall pleaſe you---
So as it ſuits each kind ſpectator's turn,
You'll come to ſee me play the fool---or burn---
Ladies and gentlemen! on this condition,
I humbly offer my ſincere petition,
That you'll come oft to hear me ſing or ſay---
"And poor Laniſſa will for ever pray!"

PROLOGUE

To the Tranſlation of ATHALIAH,

A TRAGEDY.

THE ſcenes which Racine drew, bold, tender, chaſte,
Too full of nature, not to meet your taſte,
We now prepare---we ſtrive to make your own,
The claſſic wealth of France---too long unknown!
This gold of Gaul coin'd in Columbia's mint,
'Tis your's to fix the current value in't.

E'ER with theſe themes we treſpaſs on your time,
Themes moral, novel, beauteous, and ſublime:
I come to plead the buſkin'd muſe's cauſe,
To claim your candor, not to bribe applauſe:
If a well-regulated ſtage can teach
The nobleſt maxims, in the pureſt ſpeech---
If we, the public's ſervants, virtue's friends,
Attempt, by honeſt means, thoſe honeſt ends---
Then let Columbia's voice reward our toil;
On us her ſages and her daughters ſmile!

ATTEND, while firſt we bring upon our ſtage,
A ſacred drama from the ſacred page;
A drama, which has oft, on Gallic ground,
(To kings a leſſon!) with applauſe been crown'd.
Whate'er can pleaſe from characters that live,
Whate'er of worth pure ſentiment can give,
The mighty maſter to his ſcenes imparts,
To charm your ears and captivate your hearts,
To fill the melting eye with virtue's tear,
And make you learn to practiſe what you hear.

If haply our beſt efforts ſhould avail,
To add due int'reſt to this well-told tale;
Here will ye find inſtruction with delight,
And ſay, when done, "*We have not loſt a night.*"

ENCOURAG'D by your ſmiles, on virtue's ſide,
In ſuch a cauſe, we feel a gen'rous pride:
Here ſhall no muſe attempt by words unchaſte,
Or wanton ſcenes, to ſoothe faſtidious taſte;
Nor (for juſt ſentiments can reach your hearts)
To croud this houſe by meretricious arts---
Call'd by far nobler pow'rs, here crowds ſhall throng,
Call'd by the pow'rs of genius and of ſong.

HAIL, thou young nation---bleſt in mental charms,
In taſte, arts, ſcience, government and arms!
Rais'd to new life, the boaſt of ev'ry age,
Long ſhall thy *infant deeds* adorn our ſtage;
Deeds of immortal fame, that grac'd our land!
Or in the ſenate, or the warrior band!
Fir'd with the proſpect of thy growing fame,
My breaſt enkindles with the patriot flame;
Haſte, haſte, ye ſons of ſong, call glory forth,
And dare diſplay your great compatriots' worth;
Thence future ages will not view unmov'd,
What ADAMS, JAY, and WASHINGTON approv'd!

EPILOGUE
To the Tranſlation of ATHALIAH, A TRAGEDY.

SO fell, dethron'd, the murd'rer of her race,
So roſe the orphan-king to fill her place!

I ſaw

I ſaw your breaſts, when impious blood was ſpilt,
Exult that virtue triumph'd over guilt:---
Nor do I come to baniſh from your breaſts,
Thoſe fine ſenſations by ſome fooliſh jeſts;
But rather, ſhunning trite theatric tricks,
I wiſh a moral in your minds to fix.

LOOK round this world! the Arbiter of fates,
Holds in his hand the deſtiny of ſtates;
Makes duty and advantage ſtill accord,
And gives to worthy deeds a juſt reward.

OFT ruin waits on vice---by diſcord hurl'd,
The bolts of vengeance deſolate the world.—
Go——ſearch all lands, with philoſophic views,
Go——read the records of th' hiſtoric muſe!
Where are the mighty ſtates, of former times,
Which brav'd ev'n Heav'n by greatneſs and by crimes;
The hundred gates of Thebes, with threat'ning walls,
The hieroglyphic lore of Egypt's halls?
Where the proud boaſts of Babylon and Tyre,
The Attic muſes and the Roman fire?

SEE in that land, where late our ſcene was laid,
What dreadful havoc, giant diſcord made!
From want of virtue ſuch dire ſuff'rings flow,
And want of union laid fair Salem low!—
'Twas want of virtue, want of union ſpread
Flames thro' her domes and heap'd her ſtreets with dead;
Uſher'd to light immortal deeds of ſhame——
Infernal deeds---and deeds without a name——
Bade deareſt friends by hidden daggers bleed,
And famiſh'd mothers on their infants feed;
Deſtroy'd the *dwelling* of th' ETERNAL SIRE,

His

His altars whelm'd in human blood and fire;
Uptore the tow'ring bulwarks from their baſe,
While ruin drove her plough-ſhare o'er the place.

OH diſcord! parent of each woe and crime,
Far be thy influence from our happy clime!
Far be ambition, which vindictive hurl'd
Ruin on ruin round a waſted world!

THOU union! guide our ſenatorial band,
The choſen few, the fathers of our land!
'Tis theirs, with patience and enlighten'd zeal,
To toil inceſſant for the public weal;
To raiſe loſt credit from its low abyſs,
And point the zenith of Columbia's bliſs!

SAY ye! who fought for peace, in martial ſtrife,
What forms the greateſt good of ſocial life?
What conſtitutes the real ſtrength of ſtates?
Is it their floating tow'rs? their brazen gates?
Their troops innumerable?——'Tis one ſoul,
One vital ſpirit that pervades the whole,
'Tis CONCORD!——glorious offſpring of the ſkies,
Which binds frail mortals in fraternal ties!—

OH favor'd race! in toils of empire brave,
Defend thoſe rights which God and nature gave!
Heav'ns!—what the price thoſe rights confirm'd have coſt
What treaſures laviſh'd, and what heroes loſt?
And yet I hear thoſe forms, from many a plain,
Exulting cry, "WE HAVE NOT BLED IN VAIN!"
I ſee bleſt WARREN riſe——an awful ſhade!
And great MONTGOM'RY wave the crimſon'd blade;
Mild MERCER, dreadful in the day of war,
Brave BROWN, deform'd with many a ſavage ſcar;

SCAMMEL-

SCAMMEL—the pride of hoſts!—the Britons' ſhame!—
And young DE HART in the firſt field of fame;
WOOSTER, with locks of age defil'd in gore,
And LAURENS! *friend to freedom!*—NOW NO MORE!—

FROM high they hail the ſcenes that now appear,
And point th' effulgent dawn of glory near!—
'Rapt in extatic viſions——now my eyes
Pierce the dun curtains of incumbent ſkies:
What ſtreams of light through weſtern tracks deſcend,
Fire the wide welkin, and the concave rend!
Thy ſuns, Columbia! roll o'er ſcenes more bright,
And happier ages burſt upon my ſight!
And hark! what muſic ſtrikes th' enraptur'd ear?
Hear ſounds prophetic!—myſtic numbers hear!

ODE

On the GLORY *of* COLUMBIA,
By DR. DWIGHT.

I.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory ariſe,
The queen of the world, and the child of the ſkies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy ſplendors unfold.
Thy reign is the laſt and the nobleſt of time,
Moſt fruitful thy ſoil, moſt inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the eaſt ne'er encrimſon thy name,
Be freedom, and ſcience, and virtue thy fame.

II.

To conqueſt and ſlaughter, let Europe aſpire;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire!

Thy

Thy heroes the rights of mankind ſhall defend,
And triumph purſue them, and glory attend :——
A world is thy realm—for a world be thy laws,
Enlarg'd as thine empire, and juſt as thy cauſe :—
On freedom's broad baſis that empire ſhall riſe,
Extend with the main, and diſſolve with the ſkies!

III.

FAIR ſcience her gates to thy ſons ſhall unbar,
And the eaſt ſee thy morn hide the beams of her ſtar.
New bards and new ſages, unrivall'd ſhall ſoar,
To fame unextinguiſh'd when time is no more :
To thee the laſt refuge of virtue deſign'd,
Shall fly from all nations the beſt of mankind ;
Here, grateful to Heav'n, with tranſport ſhall bring
Their incenſe more fragrant than odours of ſpring.

IV.

NOR leſs ſhall thy fair-ones to glory aſcend;
And genius and beauty in harmony blend ;
The graces of form ſhall awake pure deſire,
And the charms of the ſoul ever cheriſh the fire:
Their ſweetneſs unmingled, their manners refin'd,
And virtue's bright image inſtamp'd on the mind,
With peace and ſoft rapture ſhall teach life to glow,
And light up a ſmile in the aſpect of woe.

V.

THY fleets to all regions thy pow'r ſhall diſplay,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey ;
Each ſhore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the eaſt and the ſouth yield their ſpices and gold.

As

As the day-ſtar unbounded their ſplendor ſhall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee ſhall bow;
While the enſigns of union in triumph unfurl'd,
Huſh the tumult of war, and give peace to the world!

VI.

THUS, as down a lone valley with cedars o'erſpread,
From wars dread confuſion I penſively ſtray'd,
The gloom from the face of fair heav'n retir'd;
The winds ceas'd to murmur, the thunders expir'd;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd ſweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly ſung,
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory ariſe,
"The queen of the world, and the child of the ſkies."

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

LIFE of the HONORABLE

MAJOR-GENERAL

ISRAEL PUTNAM:

Addreſſed to the STATE SOCIETY of the CINCINNATI in CONNECTICUT.

BY COL. DAVID HUMPHREYS.

PUBLISHED BY THEIR ORDER.

TO THE HONORABLE

Col. JEREMIAH WADSWORTH,

President of the State Society of the Cincinnati in Connecticut, &c.

My dear Sir,

UNAVOIDABLE absence will prevent me from performing the grateful task, assigned me by the State Society of the Cincinnati, on the fourth day of July next. Though I cannot personally address them, I wish to demonstrate by some token of affectionate remembrance, the sense I entertain of the honor they have more than once conferred upon me by their suffrages.

Meditating in what manner to accomplish this object, it occurred to me, that an attempt to preserve the actions of General Putnam, in the archives of our State Society, would be acceptable to its members, as they had all served with great satisfaction under his immediate orders. An essay on the life of a person so elevated in military rank, and so conversant in extraordinary scenes, could not be destitute of amusement and instruction, and would possess the advantage of presenting for imitation a respectable model of public and private virtues.

General Putnam is universally acknowledged to have been as brave and as honest a man as ever America produced;

produced; but the diſtinguiſhing features of his character, and the particular tranſactions of his life are but imperfectly known. He ſeems to have been formed on purpoſe for the age in which he lived. His native courage, unſhaken integrity, and eſtabliſhed reputation as a ſoldier, were neceſſary in the early ſtages of our oppoſition to the deſigns of Great Britain, and gave unbounded confidence to our troops in their firſt conflicts in the field of battle.

THE incloſed manuſcript juſtly claims indulgence, for its venial errors, as it is the firſt effort in Biography, that has been made on this continent. The attempt I am conſcious is laudable, whatever may be the failure in point of execution.

I AM happy to find the Society of the Cincinnati is now generally regarded in a favorable manner. Mankind, with fewer exceptions, are diſpoſed to do juſtice to the motives on which it was founded. For ourſelves, we can never recal to mind the occaſion, without feeling the moſt tender emotions of friendſhip and ſenſibility. At the diſſolution of the army, when we retired to ſeparate walks of life, from the toils of a ſucceſsful war, in which we had been aſſociated during a very important part of our lives, the pleaſing idea, and the fond hope of meeting once a year, *which gave birth to our fraternal inſtitution*, were neceſſary conſolations to ſoothe the

the pangs, that tore our bosoms at the melancholy hour of parting. When our hands touched, perhaps, for the last time, and our tongues refused to perform their office in bidding farewel, Heaven witnessed and approved the purity of our intentions in the ardor of our affections. May we persevere in the union of our friendship, and the exertion of our benevolence; regardless of the censures of jealous suspicion, which charges our designs with selfishness, and inscribes our actions to improper motives; while we realize sentiments of a nobler nature in our anniversary festivities, and our hearts dilate with an honest joy, in opening the hand of beneficence to the indigent widow and unprotected orphan of our departed friends.

I PRAY you, my dear Sir, to present my most respectful compliments to the members of the Society, and to assure them, on my part, that whensoever it shall be in my power, I shall esteem it the felicity of my life to attend their anniversaries.

I HAVE the honor to be, with sentiments of the highest consideration and esteem, your most obedient and most humble servant,

D. HUMPHREYS.

Mount Vernon, in Virginia,
June 4, 1788.

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

LIFE OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

TO treat of recent tranſactions and perſons ſtill living, is always a delicate and frequently a thankleſs office. Yet, while the partiality of friends, or the malignity of enemies, decides with raſhneſs on every delineation of character, or recital of circumſtances, a conſolation remains, that diſtant nations and remoter ages, free from the influence of prejudice or paſſion, will judge with impartiality, and appreciate with juſtice. We have fallen upon an æra ſingularly prolific in extraordinary perſonages, and dignified by ſplendid events. Much is expected from the ſelections of the judicious biographer, as well as from the labours of the faithful hiſtorian. Whatever prudential reaſons may now occur to poſtpone the portrait of our own times, the difficulties which oppoſe themſelves to the execution, inſtead of being diminiſhed, will encreaſe with the lapſe of years. Every day will extinguiſh ſome life that was dear to fame, and obliterate the memorial of ſome deed which would have conſtituted the delight and admiration of the world.

S

So tranſient and indiſtinguiſhable are the traits of character, ſo various and inexplicable the ſprings of action, ſo obſcure and periſhable the remembrance of human affairs, that, unleſs attempts are made to ſketch the picture, while the preſent generation is living, the likeneſs will be for ever loſt, or only preſerved by a vague recollection; diſguiſed, perhaps, by the whimſical colourings of a creative imagination.

IT will doubtleſs, hereafter, be an object of regret, that thoſe, who, having themſelves been conſpicuous actors on the theatre of public life, and, who in conjunction with a knowledge of facts, poſſeſs abilities to paint thoſe characters, and deſcribe thoſe events, which (during the progreſs of the American Revolution) intereſted and aſtoniſhed mankind, ſhould feel an inſuperable reluctance to aſſume the taſk—a taſk, which (if executed with fidelity) muſt, from the dignity of its ſubject, become grateful to the patriots of all nations, and profitable in example to the remoteſt poſterity. Equally ſevere will be the mortification of contemplating the reveries and fictions, which have been ſubſtituted by hacknied writers in the place of hiſtorical facts. Nor ſhould we ſuppreſs our indignation againſt that claſs of profeſſional authors, who, placed in the vale of penury and obſcurity, at an immenſe diſtance from the ſcenes of action, and all opportunities of acquiring the neceſſary documents, with inſufferable effrontery, obtrude their fallacious and crude performances on a credulous public. Did the reſult of their lucubrations terminate only in relieving their own diſtreſſes, or gratifying their individual vanity, it might be paſſed in ſilent contempt. But the effect is extenſive,

permanent,

permanent, and pernicious. The lie,* however improbable or monſtrous, which has once aſſumed the ſemblance of truth, by being often repeated with minute and plauſible particulars, is at length ſo thoroughly eſtabliſhed, as to obtain univerſal credit, defy contradiction, and fruſtrate every effort of refutation. Such is the miſchief, ſuch are the unhappy conſequences on the bewildered mind, that the reader has no alternative, but to become the dupe of his credulity, or diſtruſt the veracity of almoſt all human teſtimony. After having long been the ſport of fiction, he will perhaps probably run into the oppoſite extreme, and give up all confidence in the annals of ancient as well as modern times: and thus the eaſy believer of fine fables and marvellous ſtories will find, at laſt, his hiſtorical faith change to ſcepticiſm, and end in infidelity.

THE numerous errors and falſhoods relative to the birth and atchievements of Major General Putnam, which have (at a former period) been circulated with aſſiduity on both ſides of the Atlantic, and the uncertainty which appeared to prevail with reſpect to his real ‡ character, firſt produced the reſolution of writing this eſſay.

* The writer had here particularly in his eye, the Rhapſody, palmed upon the public, under the name of a Hiſtory, by a certain Frenchman called D'Auberteiul: Perhaps, ſo much falſhood, folly and calumny was never before accumulated in a ſingle performance.

‡ The following lines are extracted from a poem, entitled "The proſpect of America:" written by the late ingenious Dr. Ladd.

"Hail Putnam! hail thou venerable name
"Tho' dark oblivion threats thy mighty fame,
"It threats in vain—for long ſhalt thou be known,
"Who firſt in virtue and in battle ſhone,

"When

eſſay on his life and induced the editor to obtain * materials from that hero himſelf. If communications of ſuch authenticity, if perſonal intimacy as an aid-de-camp to that general, or if ſubſequent military employments, which afforded acceſs to ſources † of intelligence not

 open

" When fourſcore years had blanch'd thy laurel'd head,
" Strong in thine age, the flame of war was ſpread."

On which Dr. Ladd made this note :

" The brave Putnam ſeems to have been almoſt obſcured amidſt the glare " of ſucceeding worthies; but his early and gallant ſervices entitle him to " an everlaſting remembrance."

Other bards have alſo aſſerted the glory of this venerable veteran. In the firſt conciſe review of the principal American heroes who ſignalized themſelves in the laſt war, the ſame character is thus repreſented :

" There ſtood ſtern Putnam, ſeam'd with many a ſcar,
" The veteran honors of an early war."

The Viſion of Columbus, Book V.

* The editor ſeizes with eagerneſs an opportunity of acknowledging his obligations to Dr. Albigence Waldo, who was ſo obliging as to commit to writing many anecdotes, communicated to him by General Putnam in the courſe of the preſent year.

† A multitude of proofs might be produced to demonſtrate that military facts cannot always be accurately known but by the commander in chief and his confidential officers. The Marquis de Chaſtelleux (whoſe opportunity to acquire genuine information, reſpecting thoſe parts of the American war which he hath caſually mentioned, was better than that of any other writer) gives an account of a Grand Forage which General Heath ordered to be made towards Kings Bridge in the autumn of 1780. The Marquis, who was preſent when the detachment marched, and to whom General Heath ſhewed the orders that were given to General Stark, the commanding officer of the expedition, obſerves that he had never ſeen, in manuſcript or print, more pertinent inſtructions. Now the fact is, that this detachment, under the pretext of a forage, was intended by the Commander in Chief to co-operate with the main army in an attempt againſt the enemy's poſts on York-Iſland; and that General Heath himſelf was then ignorant of the real deſign. The Commander in Chief ſpent a whole campaign in ripening this project. Boats, mounted on travelling carriages, were kept conſtantly with the army. The Marquis de la Fayette, at the head of the Light Infantry, was to have made the

open to others, give the writer any advantages; the unbiaſſed mind will decide how far they exculpate him from

the attack in the night on fort Waſhington. The period choſen for this enterprize was the very time, when the army were to break up their camp and march into winter quarters: ſo that the Commander in Chief, moving in the duſk of the evening, would have been on the banks of the Hudſon, with his whole force, to have ſupported the attack. The cautious manner in which the co-operation on the part of the troops ſent by General Heath, on the pretended forage, was to have been conducted, will be underſtood from the following ſecret inſtructions.

"To Brigadier General STARK,

Head Quarters, Paſſaic Falls, Nov. 21, 1780.

"SIR,

"Colonel Humphreys, one of my aids-de-camp, is charged by me with "orders of a private and particular nature, which he is to deliver to you, and "which you are to obey. He will inform you of the neceſſity of this mode "of communication.

"I am, Sir, &c.

"G. WASHINGTON."

"To Lieut. Colonel David Humphreys, A. D. Camp.

"SIR,

"You are immediately to proceed to Weſt-Point and communicate the buſ"ineſs committed to you, in confidence, to Major General Heath, and to "no other perſon whatſoever; from thence you will repair to the detach"ment at the White Plains, on Friday next, taking meaſures to prevent "their leaving that place, before you get to them. And in the courſe of "the ſucceeding night you may inform the commanding officer of the enter"prize in contemplation againſt the enemy's poſts on York Iſland.

"As the troops are conſtantly to lie on their arms, no previous notice "ſhould be given; but they may be put in motion preciſely at 4 o'clock, "and commence a ſlow and regular march to Kings Bridge, until they ſhall "diſcover or be informed of the concerted ſignals being made—when the "march muſt be preſſed with the greateſt rapidity. Parties of horſe ſhould "be ſent forward to keep a look out for the ſignals.

"Although the main body ought to be kept compact, patroles of horſe and "light parties might be ſent towards Eaſt and Weſt Cheſter: and upon the "ſignal

from the imputations of that officiouſneſs, ignorance and preſumption, which in others have been reprehended with ſeverity.

" ſignals being diſcovered, Sheldon's regiment and the Connecticut State " troops (which may alſo be put in motion as ſoon as the orders can be com- " municated after 4 o'clock) ſhould be puſhed forward to intercept any of the " enemy, who may attempt to gain Frog's Neck, and to cut off the Refu- " gee-corps at Moriſſania. A few men, with ſome addreſs, may ſpread ſuch " an alarm as to prevent an attempt of the enemy to retreat to Frog's Neck, " from an apprehenſion of ſurrounding parties.

" You will communicate theſe inſtructions to the commanding officer of " the detachment, who, upon his approach to Kings Bridge, will receive or- " ders from me as early as poſſible.

" Should the ſignals not be diſcovered, the troops will halt at leaſt ſix miles " from the bridge, until further intelligence can be obtained.

" The abſolute neceſſity of the moſt perfect ſecrecy is the occaſion of com- " municating my orders through this channel."

Given at Head Quarters, Paſſaic Falls,
this 22d day of Nov. 1780.
G. WASHINGTON.

Never was a plan better arranged: and never did circumſtances promiſe more ſure or complete ſucceſs. The Britiſh were not only unalarmed, but our own troops were likewiſe entirely miſguided in their expectations. The accidental intervention of ſome veſſels prevented at this time the attempt: which was more than once reſumed afterwards. Notwithſtanding this favorite project was not ultimately effected, it was evidently not leſs bold in conception or feaſible in accompliſhment, than that attempted ſo ſucceſsfully at Trenton; or than that, which was brought to ſo glorious an iſſue in the ſucceſsful ſiege of York-Town.

It is true the Marquis de Chaſtelleux, whoſe profeſſional knowledge and fountain-head intelligence have enabled him to deſcribe ſeveral actions better than they are elſewhere deſcribed, ſpeaks in this inſtance of an ulterior object: and ſays that ſecrets were preſerved more inviolably in the American than in the French army. His words are:

" C'eſt que le ſecret eſt garde tres exactement a l'armee Americaine; peu " de perſonnes ont part a la confiance du Chef, et en general on y parle moins " que dans les armees Francoiſes des operations de la guerre, et de ce que l'on " appelle chez nous *les Nouvelles.*"

ſeverity. He only wiſhes that a premature and unfavorable conſtruction may not be formed of his motive or object. Should this eſſay have any influence in correcting miſtakes, or reſcuing from oblivion the actions of that diſtinguiſhed Veteran; ſhould it create an emulation to copy his domeſtic, manly and heroic virtues; or ſhould it prompt ſome more ſkilful hand to pourtray the illuſtrious groupe of Patriots, Sages and Heroes, who have guided our counſels, fought our battles, and adorned the memorable Epocha of Independence, it will be an ample compenſation for the trouble, and excite a conſolatory reflection through every viciſſitude of life.

ISRAEL PUTNAM, who, through a regular gradation of promotion became the ſenior Major General in the army of the United States, and next in rank to General Waſhington, was born at Salem in the Province, now State, of Maſſachuſetts, on the 7th day of January, 1718. His father, Capt. Joſeph Putnam, was the ſon of Mr. John Putnam, who, with two brothers, came from the ſouth of England, and were among the firſt ſettlers of Salem.

WHEN we thus behold a perſon, from the humble walks of life, ſtarting unnoticed in the career of fame, and, by an undeviating progreſs through a life of honor, arriving at the higheſt dignity in the ſtate; curioſity is ſtrongly excited, and philoſophy loves to trace the path of glory from the cradle of obſcurity to the ſummit of elevation.

ALTHOUGH our anceſtors, the firſt ſettlers of this land,

land, amidſt the extreme preſſure of poverty and danger, early inſtituted ſchools for the education of youth, deſigned for the learned profeſſions; yet it was thought ſufficient to inſtruct thoſe deſtined to labor on the earth, in reading, writing, and ſuch rudiments of arithmetic as might be requiſite for keeping the accounts of their little tranſactions with each other. Few farmers ſons had more advantages, none leſs. In this ſtate of mediocrity it was the lot of young Putnam to be placed. His early inſtruction was not conſiderable, and the active ſcenes of life, in which he was afterwards engaged, prevented the opportunity of great literary improvement. His numerous original letters, though deficient in ſcholaſtic accuracy, always diſplay the goodneſs of his heart, and frequently the ſtrength of his native genius. He had a certain laconic mode of expreſſion, and an unaffected epigrammatic turn, which characteriſed moſt of his writings.

To compenſate partially for the deficiency of education (though nothing can remove or counterbalance the inconveniencies experienced from it in public life) he derived from his parents the ſource of innumerable advantages in the ſtamina of a vigorous conſtitution. Nature, liberal in beſtowing on him bodily ſtrength, hardineſs, and activity, was by no means parſimonious in mental endowments. While we leave the qualities of the underſtanding to be developed in the proceſs of life, it may not be improper, in this place, to deſignate ſome of the circumſtances which were calculated to diſtinguiſh him afterwards as a partizan officer.

COURAGE,

COURAGE, enterprize, activity and perſeverance were the firſt characteriſtics of his mind. There is a kind of mechanical courage, the offspring of pride, habit or diſcipline, that may puſh a coward not only to perform his duty, but even to venture on acts of heroiſm. Putnam's courage was of a different ſpecies. It was ever attended with a ſerenity of ſoul, a clearneſs of conception, a degree of ſelf-poſſeſſion and a ſuperiority to all the viciſſitudes of fortune, entirely diſtinct from any thing that can be produced by the ferment of blood, and flutter of ſpirits; which, not unfrequently, precipitate men to action, when ſtimulated by intoxication or ſome other tranſient exhilaration. The heroic character, thus founded on conſtitution and animal ſpirits, cheriſhed by education and ideas of perſonal freedom, confirmed by temperance and habits of exerciſe, was completed by the dictate of reaſon, the love of his country, and an invincible ſenſe of duty. Such were the qualities and principles, that enabled him to meet unappalled the ſhafts of adverſity, and to paſs in triumph through the furnace of affliction.

HIS diſpoſition was as frank and generous, as his mind was fearleſs and independent. He diſguiſed nothing; indeed he ſeemed incapable of diſguiſe. Perhaps, in the intercourſe he was ultimately obliged to have with an artful world, his ſincerity, on ſome occaſions, outwent his diſcretion. Although he had too much ſuavity in his nature to commence a quarrel, he had too much ſenſibility not to feel, and too much honor not to reſent an intended inſult. The firſt time he went to Boſton, he was inſulted for his ruſticity by a boy of twice his ſize and age; after bearing the ſarcaſms until his patience

patience was worn out, he challenged, engaged and va quiſhed his unmannerly antagoniſt, to the great diverſion of a crowd of ſpectators. While a ſtripling, his ambition was to perform the labor of a man, and to excel in athletic diverſions. In that rude, but maſculine age, whenever the village-youth aſſembled on their uſual occaſions of feſtivity; pitching the bar, running, leaping and wreſtling were favorite amuſements. At ſuch gymnaſtic exerciſes (in which during the heroic times of ancient Greece and Rome, conqueſt was conſidered as the promiſe of future military fame) he bore the palm from almoſt every ring.

BEFORE the refinements of luxury, and the conſequent increaſe of expences had rendered the maintenance of a family inconvenient or burdenſome in America, the ſexes entered into matrimony at an early age. Competence, attainable by all, was the limit of purſuit. After the hardſhips of making a new ſettlement were overcome, and the evils of penury removed, the inhabitants enjoyed, in the lot of equality, innocence, and ſecurity, ſcenes equally delightful with thoſe pictured by the glowing imagination of the poets in their favorite paſtoral life or fabulous golden age. Indeed the condition of mankind was never more enviable. Neither diſparity of age and fortune, nor ſchemes of ambition and grandeur, nor the pride and avarice of high-minded and mercenary parents, interpoſed thoſe obſtacles to the union of congenial ſouls, which frequently in more poliſhed ſociety prevent, imbitter or deſtroy all the felicity of the connubial ſtate. Mr. Putnam before he attained the twenty-firſt year of his age, married Miſs Pope, daughter of Mr. John Pope

of

of Salem, by whom he had ten children, ſeven of whom are ſtill living. He loſt the wife of his youth in 1764. Some time after he married Mrs. Gardiner, widow of the late Mr. Gardiner, of Gardiner's Iſland, by whom he had no iſſue. She died in 1777.

IN the year 1739 he removed from Salem to Pomfret, an inland fertile town in Connecticut, forty miles eaſt of Hartford: having here purchaſed a conſiderable tract of land, he applied himſelf ſucceſsfully to agriculture.

THE firſt years, on a new farm, are not, however, exempt from diſaſters and diſappointments, which can only be remedied by ſtubborn and patient induſtry. Our farmer, ſufficiently occupied in building an houſe and barn, felling woods, making fences, ſowing grain, planting orchards and taking care of his ſtock, had to encounter, in turn, the calamities occaſioned by drought in ſummer, blaſt in harveſt, loſs of cattle in winter, and the deſolation of his ſheep-fold by wolves. In one night he had ſeventy fine ſheep and goats killed, beſides many lambs and kids wounded. This havoc was committed by a ſhe-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for ſeveral years infeſted the vicinity. The young were commonly deſtroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too ſagacious to come within reach of gun-ſhot: upon being cloſely purſued ſhe would generally fly to the weſtern woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

THIS wolf, at length, became ſuch an intolerable nuiſance,

nuiſance, that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbors to hunt alternately until they could deſtroy her. Two, by rotation, were to be conſtantly in purſuit. It was known, that, having loſt the toes from one foot, by a ſteel-trap, ſhe made one track ſhorter than the other. By this veſtige, the purſuers recognized, in a light ſnow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found ſhe had turned back in a direct courſe towards Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock the next morning, the blood-hounds had driven her into a den, about three miles diſtant from the houſe of Mr. Putnam: The people ſoon collected with dogs, guns, ſtraw, fire, and ſulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus ſeveral unſucceſsful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded and refuſed to return. The ſmoke of blazing ſtraw had no effect. Nor did the fumes of burnt brimſtone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with ſuch fruitleſs attempts (which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night) Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain. He propoſed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and ſhoot the wolf: the negro declined the hazardous ſervice. Then it was, that their maſter, angry at the diſappointment, and declaring that he was aſhamed to have a coward in his family, reſolved himſelf to deſtroy the ferocious beaſt, leſt ſhe ſhould eſcape through ſome unknown fiſſure of the rock. His neighbours ſtrongly remonſtrated againſt the perilous enterprize: but he knowing, that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided ſeveral ſtrips of

birch-bark, the only combuſtible material which he could obtain, that would afford light in this deep and darkſome cave, prepared for his deſcent. Having, accordingly, diveſted himſelf of his coat and waiſtcoat, and having a long rope faſtened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back, at a concerted ſignal, he entered head foremoſt, with the blazing torch in his hand.

THE aperture of the den, on the eaſt ſide of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet ſquare; from thence it deſcends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, it aſcends gradually ſixteen feet towards its termination. The ſides of this ſubterraneous cavity are compoſed of ſmooth and ſolid rocks, which ſeem to have been divided from each other by ſome former earthquake. The top and bottom are alſo of ſtone, and the entrance, in winter, being covered with ice, is exceedingly ſlippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raiſe himſelf upright: nor in any part more than three feet in width.

HAVING groped his paſſage to the horizontal part of the den, the moſt terrifying darkneſs appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was ſilent as the houſe of death. None but monſters of the deſert had ever before explored this ſolitary manſion of horror. He, cautiouſly proceeding onward, came to the aſcent, which he ſlowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he diſcovered the glaring eye-balls of the wolf, who was ſitting at the extremity of the cavern. Started at the ſight of fire, ſhe gnaſhed her teeth and gave a ſullen growl. As ſoon as he had made the neceſſary diſcovery,

covery, he kicked the rope as a ſignal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had liſtened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf and ſuppoſing their friend to be in the moſt imminent danger, drew him forth with ſuch celerity that his ſhirt was ſtripped over his head and his ſkin ſeverely lacerated. After he had adjuſted his clothes and loaded his gun with nine buck-ſhot, holding a torch in one hand and the muſquet in the other, he deſcended the ſecond time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf, aſſuming a ſtill more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, ſnapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude and on the point of ſpringing at him. At the critical inſtant, he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the ſhock, and ſuffocated with the ſmoke, he immediately found himſelf drawn out of the cave. But having refreſhed himſelf, and permitted the ſmoke to diſſipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within ſight of the wolf, who appearing very paſſive, he applied the torch to her noſe; and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope (ſtill tied round his legs) the people above, with no ſmall exultation, dragged them both out together.

I HAVE offered theſe facts in greater detail, becauſe they contain a diſplay of character; and becauſe they have been erroneouſly related in ſeveral European publications, and very much mutilated in the hiſtory of Connecticut, a work as replete with falſehood as deſtitute of genius, lately printed in London.

PROSPERITY

PROSPERITY, at length, began to attend the agricultural affairs of Mr. Putnam. He was acknowledged to be a ſkilful and indefatigable manager. His fields were moſtly encloſed with ſtone walls. His crops commonly ſucceeded, becauſe the land was well tilled and manured. His paſtures and meadows became luxuriant. His cattle were of the beſt breed and in good order. His garden and fruit-trees prolific. With the avails of the ſurpluſage of his produce, foreign articles were purchaſed. Within doors he found the compenſation of his labors in the plenty of excellent proviſions, as well as in the happineſs of domeſtic ſociety.

A MORE particular deſcription of his tranſition from narrow to eaſy circumſtances might be given; but the mind that ſhall have acquired an idea of the habits of labor and ſimplicity, to which the induſtrious coloniſts were accuſtomed, will readily ſupply the omiſſion. The effect of this gradual acquiſition of property, generally favorable to individual virtue and public felicity, ſhould not however be paſſed over in ſilence. If there is ſomething faſcinating in the charms of a country life, from the contemplation of beautiful landſcapes; there is likewiſe ſomething elevating to the ſoul, in the conſciouſneſs of being lord of the ſoil, and having the power of creating them. The man can ſcarcely be guilty of a ſordid action, or even deſcend to an ungenerous thought, who, removed from the apprehenſion of want, ſees his farm daily meliorating and aſſuming whatever appearance he pleaſes to preſcribe. This ſituation converts the farmer into a ſpecies of rural philoſopher, by inſpiring an honeſt pride in his rank as a freeman, flattering the natural

natural propenſity for perſonal independence, and nouriſhing an unlimited hoſpitality and philanthropy in his ſocial character.

But the time had now arrived, which was to turn the inſtruments of huſbandry into weapons of hoſtility, and to exchange the hunting of wolves, who had ravaged the ſheep-folds, for the purſuit after Savages who had deſolated the frontiers. Mr. Putnam was about 37 years old, when the war between England and France, which preceded the laſt, broke out in America. His reputation muſt have been favorably known to the government, ſince among the firſt troops that were levied by Connecticut, in 1755, he was appointed to the command of a company in Lyman's regiment of Provincials. I have mentioned his age at this period expreſsly to obviate a prevalent opinion, that he was far advanced in life when he commenced his military ſervice.

As he was extremely popular, he found no difficulty in enliſting his complement of recruits from the moſt hardy, enterprizing, and reſpectable young men of his neighborhood. The regiment joined the army, at the opening of the campaign, not far diſtant from Crown-Point. Soon after his arrival at camp, he became acquainted with the famous partizan Captain, afterwards, Major Rogers; with whom he was frequently aſſociated in traverſing the wilderneſs, reconnoitring the enemy's lines, gaining intelligence, and taking ſtraggling priſoners; as well as in beating up the quarters and ſurpriſing the advanced pickets of their army. For theſe operations a corps of rangers, was formed from the irregulars.

The

The firſt time Rogers and Putnam were detached with a party of theſe light troops, it was the fortune of the latter to preſerve, with his own hand, the life of the former, and to cement their friendſhip with the blood of one of their enemies.

THE object of this expedition was to obtain an accurate knowledge of the poſition and ſtate of the works at Crown Point. It was impracticable to approach with their party near enough for this purpoſe, without being diſcovered. Alone, the undertaking was ſufficiently hazardous on account of the ſwarms of hoſtile Indians, who infeſted the woods. Our two partizans, however, left all their men at a convenient diſtance, with ſtrict orders to continue concealed until their return. Having thus cautiouſly taken their arrangements, they advanced with the profoundeſt ſilence in the evening; and lay, during the night, contiguous to the fortreſs. Early in the morning, they approached ſo cloſe as to be able to give ſatisfactory information to the general who had ſent them, on the ſeveral points to which their attention had been directed: but Capt. Rogers, being at a little diſtance from Capt. Putnam, fortuitouſly met a ſtout Frenchman, who inſtantly ſeized his fuzee with one hand, and with the other attempted to ſtab him, while he called to an adjacent guard for aſſiſtance. The guard anſwered. Putnam, perceiving the imminent danger of his friend, and that no time was to be loſt, or farther alarm given by firing, ran rapidly to them, while they were yet ſtruggling, and with the but-end of his piece laid the Frenchman dead at his feet. The partizans, to elude purſuit, precipitated their flight, joined

joined the party, and returned without loſs to the encampment. Not many occaſions occurred for partizans to diſplay their talents in the courſe of this ſummer.—The war was chequered with various fortune in different quarters—ſuch as the total defeat of General Braddock, and the ſplendid victory of Sir William Johnſon over the French troops commanded by the Baron Dieſkau. The brilliancy of this ſucceſs was neceſſary to conſole the Americans for the diſgrace of that diſaſter. Here I might, indeed, take a pride in contraſting the conduct of the Britiſh Regulars, who had been ambuſcaded on the Monongahela, with that of the Provincials (under Johnſon) who, having been attacked in their lines, gallantly repulſed the enemy and took their General priſoner, did I conſider myſelf at liberty to ſwell this eſſay with reflections on events, in which Putnam was not directly concerned. The time for which the colonial troops engaged to ſerve, terminated with the campaign. Putnam was re-appointed, and again took the field in 1756.

FEW are ſo ignorant of war as not to know, that military adventures, in the night, are always extremely liable to accidents. Captain Putnam, having been commanded to reconnoitre the enemy's camp at *the Ovens*, near *Ticonderoga*, took the brave Lieutenant Robert Durkee as his companion. In attempting to execute theſe orders, he narrowly miſſed being taken himſelf in the firſt inſtance, and killing his friend in the ſecond. It was cuſtomary for the Britiſh and Provincial troops to place their fires round their camp, which frequently expoſed them to the enemy's ſcouts and patroles. A

contrary

contrary practice, then unknown in the Engliſh army, prevailed among the French and Indians. The plan was much more rational; they kept their fires in the centre, lodged their men circularly at a diſtance, and poſted their centinels in the ſurrounding darkneſs. Our partizans approached the camp—and ſuppoſing the centries were within the circle of fires, crept upon their hands and knees with the greateſt poſſible caution, until, to their utter aſtoniſhment, they found themſelves in the thickeſt of the enemy. The centinels, diſcovering them, fired and ſlightly wounded Durkee in the thigh. He and Putnam had no alternative. They fled. The latter, being foremoſt and ſcarcely able to ſee his hand before him, ſoon plunged into a clay-pit. Durkee, almoſt at the identical moment, came tumbling after. Putnam, by no means pleaſed at finding a companion, and believing him to be one of the enemy, lifted his tomahawk to give the deadly blow—when Durkee, (who had followed ſo cloſely as to know him) enquired whether he had eſcaped unhurt. Captain Putnam, inſtantly recognizing the voice, dropped his weapon: and both, ſpringing from the pit, made good their retreat to the neighbouring ledges, amidſt a ſhower of random ſhot. There they betook themſelves to a large log, by the ſide of which they lodged the remainder of the night. Before they lay down, Captain Putnam ſaid he had a little rum in his canteen, which could never be more acceptable or neceſſary; but on examining the canteen, which hung under his arm, he found the enemy had pierced it with their balls, and that there was not a drop of liquor left. The next day he found fourteen bullet holes in his blanket.

In the ſame ſummer a body of the enemy, conſiſting of 600 men, attacked the baggage and proviſion waggons at a place called the Half-way Brook; it being equidiſtant from Fort Edward, and the ſouth end of lake George. Having killed the oxen and plundered the waggons, they retreated with their booty without having met with ſuch reſiſtance as might have been expected from the ſtrength of the eſcort. General Webb, upon receiving intelligence of this diſaſter, ordered the Captains Putnam and Rogers "to take 100 volunteers "in boats, with two wall-pieces and two blunderbuſſes, "and to proceed down lake George to a certain point: "there to leave the batteaux under a proper guard, "and thence to croſs by land ſo as to harraſs, and "if practicable, intercept the retreating enemy at "the narrows." Theſe orders were executed with ſo much punctuality, that the party arrived at the deſtined place half an hour before the hoſtile boats came in view. Here they waited, under cover, until the enemy (ignorant of theſe proceedings) entered the narrows with their batteaux loaded with plunder. Then the volunteers poured upon them volley after volley, killed many of the oarſmen, ſunk a number of the batteaux, and would ſoon have deſtroyed the whole body of the enemy, had not the unuſual precipitancy of their paſſage (favored by the wind) carried them through the narrows into the wide part of South-Bay; where they were out of the reach of muſquet ſhot. The ſhattered remnant of the little fleet ſoon arrived at Ticonderoga and gave information that Putnam and Rogers were at the narrows. A freſh party was inſtantly detached to cut them in pieces, on their return to Fort Edward. Our partizans,

ſenſible of the probability of ſuch an attempt, and being full twenty miles from their boats, ſtrained every nerve to reach them as ſoon as poſſible; which they effected the ſame night. Next day, when they had returned as far as Sabbath-day-Point, they diſcovered, on ſhore, the before-mentioned detachment of 300 men, who had paſſed them in the night, and who now, on perceiving our party, took to their boats with the greateſt alacrity, and rowed out to give battle. They advanced in line, maintaining a good mein and felicitating themſelves upon the proſpect of an eaſy conqueſt, from the great ſuperiority of their numbers. Fluſhed with theſe expectations, they were permitted to come within piſtol-ſhot before a gun was fired. At once, the wall-pieces and blunderbuſſes, which had been brought to rake them in the moſt vulnerable point, were diſcharged. As no ſuch reception had been foreſeen, the aſſailants were thrown into the utmoſt diſorder. Their terror and confuſion were greatly encreaſed by a well-directed and moſt deſtructive fire of the ſmall arms. The larger pieces being re-loaded, without annoyance, continued alternately, with the muſquetry, to make dreadful havoc, until the route was completed and the enemy driven back to Ticonderoga. In this action, one of the bark canoes contained twenty Indians, of whom fifteen were killed. Great numbers, from other boats, both of French and Indians were ſeen to fall overboard: but the account of their total loſs could never be aſcertained. Rogers and Putnam had but one man killed and two ſlightly wounded. They now landed on the Point, and having refreſhed their men at leiſure, returned in good order to the Britiſh camp.

SOON

Soon after theſe rencounters, a ſingular kind of race was run by our nimble-footed Provincial and an active young Frenchman. The liberty of each was by turns at ſtake. General Webb, wanting a priſoner for the ſake of intelligence, ſent Captain Putnam with five men to procure one. The Captain concealed himſelf near the road which leads from Ticonderoga to the Ovens. His men ſeemed fond of ſhewing themſelves, which unſoldierlike conduct he prohibited with the ſevereſt reprehenſion. This rebuke they imputed to unneceſſary fear. The obſervation is as true as vulgar, that perſons, diſtinguiſhable for temerity, when there is no apparent danger, are generally poltroons whenever danger approaches. They had not lain long, in the high graſs, before a Frenchman and an Indian paſſed—the Indian was conſiderably in advance. As ſoon as the former had gone by, Putnam, relying on the fidelity of his men, ſprang up, ran and ordered them to follow. After running about thirty rods, he ſeized the Frenchman by the ſhoulders and forced him to ſurrender: But his priſoner, looking round, perceiving no other enemy, and knowing the Indian would be ready in a moment to aſſiſt him, began to make an obſtinate reſiſtance. Putnam, finding himſelf betrayed by his men into a perilous dilemma, let go his hold, ſtepped back and ſnapped his piece, which was levelled at the Frenchman's breaſt. It miſſed fire. Upon this, he thought it moſt prudent to retreat. The Frenchman, in turn, chaced him back to his men, who, at laſt raiſed themſelves from the graſs; which his purſuer, eſpying in good time for himſelf, made his eſcape. Putnam, mortified that theſe men had fruſtrated his ſucceſs, diſmiſſed them with diſgrace; and, not long

long after accompliſhed his object. Such little feats, as the capture of a ſingle priſoner, may be of infinitely more conſequence than ſome, who are unacquainted with military affairs, would be apt to imagine. In a country covered with woods, like that part of America, then the ſeat of war, the difficulty of procuring, and the importance of poſſeſſing good intelligence, can ſcarcely be conceived even by European commanders. They, however, who know its value, will not appreciate lightly the ſervices of an able partizan.

NOTHING, worthy of remark, happened during this campaign except the loſs of Oſwego. That fort, which had been built by General Shirley to protect the peltry trade, cover the country on the Mohawk-River, and facilitate an invaſion of Canada by Frontenac and Niagara, fell into the hands of the enemy, with a garriſon of ſixteen hundred men and one hundred pieces of cannon.

THE active ſervices of Captain Putnam, on every occaſion, attracted the admiration of the public, and induced the Legiſlature of Connecticut to promote him to a majority in 1757.

LORD Loudon was then Commander in Chief of the Britiſh forces in America. The expedition againſt Crown Point, which, from the commencement of hoſtilities, had been in contemplation, ſeemed to give place to a more important operation that was meditated againſt Louiſbourg. But the arrival of the Breſt ſquadron at that place prevented the attempt; and the loſs of Fort William-Henry ſerved to claſs this with the two former unſucceſsful

ſucceſsful campaigns. It was rumored and partially credited at the time, that General Webb, who commanded in the northern department, had early intimation of the movement of the French army, and might have effectually ſuccored the garriſon. The ſubſequent facts will place the affair in its proper light.

A FEW days before the ſiege, Major Putnam, with two hundred men, eſcorted General Webb from Fort Edward to Fort William-Henry. The object was to examine the ſtate of this fortification, which ſtood at the ſouthern extremity of Lake George. Several abortive attempts having been made by Major Rogers and others in the night ſeaſon. Major Putnam propoſed to go down the lake in open day-light, land at Northweſt-Bay and tarry on ſhore, until he could make ſatisfactory diſcovery of the enemy's actual ſituation at Ticonderoga and the adjacent poſts. The plan (which he ſuggeſted) of landing with only five men and ſending back the boats, to prevent detection, was deemed too hazardous by the General. At length, however, he was permitted to proceed with eighteen volunteers in three whale-boats: but before he arrived at Northweſt-Bay he diſcovered a body of men on an iſland. Immediately upon this, he left two boats to fiſh at a diſtance, that they might not occaſion an alarm, and returned himſelf with the information. The General, ſeeing him rowing back with great velocity, in a ſingle boat, concluded the others were captured, and ſent a ſkiff with orders for him alone to come on ſhore. After adviſing the General of the circumſtances, he urged the expediency of returning to make further diſcoveries, and bring off the boats. Leave

was

was reluctantly given. He found his people, and, paſſing ſtill onward, diſcovered (by the aid of a good perſpective glaſs) a large army in motion. By this time ſeveral of the advanced canoes had nearly ſurrounded him, but, by the ſwiftneſs of his whale-boats, he eſcaped through the midſt of them. On his return, he informed the General minutely of all he had ſeen, and intimated his conviction that the expedition muſt obviouſly be deſtined againſt Fort William-Henry. That Commander, ſtrictly enjoining ſilence on the ſubject, directed him to put his men under an oath of ſecrecy, and to prepare, without loſs of time, to return to the Head Quarters of the Army. Major Putnam obſerved "he "hoped his Excellency did not intend to neglect ſo fair "an opportunity of giving battle, ſhould the enemy pre-"ſume to land."—"What do you think we ſhould do "here," replied the General. Accordingly, the next day he returned, and the day after Colonel Monro was ordered from Fort Edward, with his regiment, to reinforce the garriſon. That officer took with him all his rich baggage and camp equipage, notwithſtanding Major Putnam's advice to the contrary. The day following his arrival, the enemy landed and beſieged the place.

THE Marquis de Montcalm, Commander in chief for the French in Canada (intending to take advantage of the abſence of a large proportion of the Britiſh force, which he underſtood to be employed under Lord Loudon againſt Louiſbourg) had aſſembled whatever men could be ſpared from Ticonderoga, Crown Point and the other garriſons; with theſe he had combined a conſiderable corps of Canadians and a larger body of Indians than

than had ever before been collected: making in the whole an army of nearly eight thousand men. Our garrison consisted of twenty-five hundred and was commanded by Colonel Monro, a very gallant officer; who found the means of sending express after express to General Webb, with an account of his situation and the most pressing solicitation for succour. In the mean time, the army at Fort Edward, which originally amounted to about four thousand, had been considerably augmented by Johnson's troops and the militia. On the 8th or 9th day after the landing of the French, General Johnson (in consequence of repeated applications) was suffered to march for the relief of the garrison, with all the Provincials, Militia and Putnam's Rangers: but before they had proceeded three miles, the order was countermanded, and they returned. M. de Montcalm informed Major Putnam, when a prisoner in Canada, that one of his running Indians saw and reported this movement; and, upon being questioned relatively to the numbers, answered in their figurative style, "*If you can count the leaves on the trees, you can count them.*" In effect, the operations of the siege was suspended, and preparations made for re-embarking, when another of the runners reported that the detachment had gone back. The Marquis de Montcalm, provided with a good train of artillery, meeting with no annoyance from the British army, and but inconsiderable interruption from the garrison, accelerated his approaches so rapidly, as to obtain possession of the Fort, in a short time after completing the investiture. An intercepted letter from General Webb, advising the surrender, was sent into the Fort to Colonel Monro by the French General.

THE garriſon engaged not to ſerve for eighteen months, and were permitted to march out with the honors of war. But the ſavages regarded not the capitulation, nor could they be reſtrained, by the utmoſt exertion of the Commanding Officer, from committing the moſt outrageous acts of cruelty. They ſtripped and plundered all the priſoners, and murdered great numbers in cold blood. Thoſe, who eſcaped by flight, or the protection of the French, arrived in a forlorn condition at Fort Edward: Among theſe was the Commandant of the garriſon.

THE day ſucceeding this deplorable ſcene of carnage and barbarity, Major Putnam having been diſpatched with his Rangers, to watch the motions of the enemy, came to the ſhore, when their rear was ſcarcely beyond the reach of muſquet ſhot. They had carried off all the cannon, ſtores and water-craft. The Fort was demoliſhed. The barracks, the out-houſes and ſuttlers booths were heaps of ruins. The fires, not yet extinct, and the ſmoke, offenſive from the mucilaginous nature of the fuel, but illy concealed innumerable fragments of human ſkulls and bones, and, in ſome inſtances carcaſes half conſumed. Dead bodies, weltering in blood, were every where to be ſeen, violated with all the wanton mutilations of ſavage ingenuity. More than one hundred women, ſome with their brains ſtill oozing from the battered heads, others with their whole hair wrenched collectively with the ſkin from the bloody ſkulls, and many (with their throats cut) moſt inhumanly ſtabbed and butchered, lay ſtripped entirely naked, with their bowels torn out, and afforded a ſpectacle too horrible for deſcription.

NOT

NOT long after this misfortune, General Lyman ſucceeded to the command of Fort Edward. He reſolved to ſtrengthen it. For this purpoſe one hundred and fifty men were employed in cutting timber. To cover them, Captain Little was poſted (with fifty Britiſh Regulars) at the head of a thick ſwamp about one hundred rods eaſtward of the Fort---to which his communication lay over a tongue of land, formed on the one ſide by the ſwamp, and by a creek on the other.

ONE morning, at day break, a centinel ſaw indiſtinctly ſeveral birds, as he conceived, come from the ſwamp and fly over him, with incredible ſwiftneſs. While he was ruminating on theſe wonderful birds, and endeavouring to form ſome idea of their colour, ſhape and ſize, an arrow buried itſelf in the limb of a tree juſt above his head. He now diſcovered the quality, and deſign of theſe winged meſſengers of fate, and gave the alarm. Inſtantly the working party began to retreat along the defile. A large body of Savages, had concealed themſelves in the moraſs before the guard was poſted, and were attempting in this way to kill the centinel without noiſe, with deſign to ſurprize the whole party. Finding the alarm given, they ruſhed from the covert, ſhot and tomahawked thoſe who were neareſt at hand, and preſſed hard on the remainder of the unarmed fugitives. Captain Little flew to their relief, and, by pouring on the Indians a well-timed fire, checked the purſuit, and enabled ſuch of the fatigue-men as did not fall in the firſt onſet, to retire to the fort. Thither he ſent for aſſiſtance, his little party being almoſt over-powered by numbers. But the Commandant, imagining that the

main body of the enemy were approaching for a general assault, called in his out-posts and shut the gates.

MAJOR Putnam lay, with his Rangers, on an Island adjacent to the fort. Having heard the musquetry and learned that his friend Captain Little was in the utmost peril, he plunged into the river at the head of his corps, and waded through the water towards the place of engagement. This brought him so near to the fort, that General Lyman, apprized of his design, and unwilling that the lives of a few more brave men should be exposed to what he deemed inevitable destruction, mounted the parapet and ordered him to proceed no farther. The Major only took time to make the best short apology he could, and marched on. This is the only instance in the whole course of his military service, wherein he did not pay the strictest obedience to orders; and in this instance, his motive was highly commendable. But when such conduct, even if sanctified by success, is passed over with impunity, it demonstrates that all is not right in the military system. In a disciplined army, such as that of the United States became under General Washington, an officer, guilty of a slighter violation of orders, however elevated in rank or meritorious in service, would have been brought before the bar of a Court Martial. Were it not for the seductive tendency of a brave man's example, I might have been spared the mortification of making these remarks on the conduct of an officer, whose distinguishing characteristics were promptitude for duty and love of subordination, as well as cheerfulness to encounter every species of difficulty and danger.

THE

THE Rangers of Putnam ſoon opened their way for a junction with the little handful of Regulars, who ſtill obſtinately maintained their ground. By his advice, the whole ruſhed impetuouſly with ſhouts and huzzas into the ſwamp. The Savages fled on every ſide, and were chaced, with no inconſiderable loſs on their part, as long as the day-light laſted. On ours only one man was killed in the purſuit. His death was immediately revenged by that of the Indian who ſhot him. This Indian was one of the runners—a choſen body of active young men, who are made uſe of not only to procure intelligence and convey tidings, but alſo to guard the rear on a retreat.

HERE it will not be unſeaſonable to mention ſome of the cuſtoms in war, peculiar to the aborigines, which, on the preſent as well as other occaſions, they put in practice. Whenever a retreating, eſpecially, a flying party had gained the ſummit of a riſing ground; they ſecreted one or two runners behind trees, copſes or buſhes to fire at the enemy upon their aſcending the hill. This commonly occaſioned the enemy to halt and form for battle. In the interim the runners uſed ſuch dexterity as to be rarely diſcovered, or if diſcovered, they vaniſhed behind the height and rejoined their brother-warriors, who having thus ſtolen a diſtance, were oftentimes ſeen by their purſuers no more. Or if the purſuers were too eager, they ſeldom failed to atone for their raſhneſs by falling into an abuſcade. The Mohawks, who were afterwards much employed in ſcouts under the orders of Major Putnam, and who were perfectly verſed in all the wiles and ſtratagems of their countrymen, ſhewed

ed him the mode of avoiding the evils of either alternative. In ſuſpicious thickets, and at the borders of every conſiderable eminence, a momentary pauſe was made, while they, in different parts, penetrated or aſcended with a cautiouſneſs that cannot be eaſily deſcribed. They ſeemed all eye and ear. When they found no lurking miſchief, they would beckon with the hand and pronounce the word, "OWISH," with a long labial hiſſing, the *O* being almoſt quieſcent. This was ever the watch-word for the main body to advance.

INDIANS, who went to war together, and who, for any reaſon found it neceſſary to ſeparate into different routes, always left two or three runners at the place of ſeparation, to give timely notice to either party in caſe of purſuit.

IF a warrior chanced to ſtraggle and loſe himſelf in the woods, or be retarded by accident or wound; the party miſſing him, would frequently, on their march, break down a buſh or a ſhrub and leave the top pointing in the direction they had gone, that the ſtraggler, when he ſhould behold it, might ſhape his courſe accordingly.

WE come to the campaign when General Abercrombie took the command at Fort Edward. That General ordered Major Putnam, with ſixty men, to proceed by land to South-Bay on Lake George, for the purpoſe of making diſcoveries and intercepting the enemy's parties. The latter, in compliance with theſe orders, poſted himſelf at Wood-Creek, near its entrance into South Bay.

On

On this bank, which forms a jutting precipice ten or twelve feet above the water, he erected a ſtone parapet thirty feet in length; and maſked it with young pine-trees, cut at a diſtance, and ſo artfully planted as to imitate the natural growth. From hence he ſent back fifteen of his men, who had fallen ſick. Diſtreſs for want of proviſions, occaſioned by the length of march and time ſpent on this temporary fortification, compelled him to deviate from a rule he had eſtabliſhed, never to permit a gun to be fired but at an enemy, while on a ſcout. He was now obliged himſelf to ſhoot a buck, which had jumped into the Creek, in order to eke out their ſcanty ſubſiſtance until the fourth day after the completion of the works. About ten o'clock that evening, one of the men on duty at the margin of the Bay informed him, that a fleet of bark canoes, filled with men, was ſteering towards the mouth of the creek. He immediately called in all his centinels and ordered every man to his poſt. A profound ſtillneſs reigned in the atmoſphere, and the full moon ſhone with uncommon brightneſs. The creek, which the enemy entered, is about ſix rods wide, and the bank oppoſite to the parapet above twenty feet high. It was intended to permit the canoes in front to paſs—they had accordingly juſt paſſed, when a ſoldier accidentally ſtruck his firelock againſt a ſtone. The commanding officer in the van canoe heard the noiſe and repeated ſeveral times the Savage watch-word OWISH! Inſtantly the canoes huddled together, with their centre preciſely in front of the works, covering the creek, for a conſiderable diſtance, above and below. The officers appeared to be in deep conſultation and the fleet on the point of returning; when Major Putnam, who

who had ordered his men in the moſt peremptory manner, not to fire until he ſhould ſet the example, gave the ſignal by diſcharging his piece. They fired. Nothing could exceed the inextricable confuſion and apparent conſternation occaſioned by this well concerted attack. But, at laſt, the enemy finding, from the unfrequency, (though there was no abſolute intermiſſion) in the firing, that the number of our men muſt be ſmall, reſolved to land below and ſurround them. Putnam, apprehenſive of this from the movement, ſent Lieutenant Robert Durkee*, with twelve men, about thirty rods down the creek, who arrived in time to repulſe the party which attempted to land. Another ſmall detachment, under Lieutenant Parſons, was ordered up the creek to prevent any ſimilar attempt. In the mean time, Major Putnam, kept up (through the whole night) an inceſſant and deadly fire on the main body of the enemy, without receiving any thing in return but ſhot void of effect, accompanied with dolorous groans, miſerable ſhrieks and diſmal ſavage yells. After day-break, he was adviſed that one part of the enemy had effected a landing conſiderably below, and were rapidly advancing to cut off his retreat. Appriſed of the great ſuperiority ſtill oppoſed to him, as well as of the ſituation of his own ſoldiers, ſome of whom were entirely deſtitute of ammunition,

* As the name of the brave Durkee will occur no more in theſe ſheets, I may be indulged in mentioning his melancholy fate. He ſurvived this war, and was appointed a Captain in that war which terminated in the acknowledgment of our Independence. In 1778 he was wounded and taken priſoner by the Savages, at the battle of Wioming on the Suſquehannah. Having been condemned to be burnt, the Indians kept him in the flames with pitchforks, until he expired in the moſt excruciating torments.

ammunition, and the reſt reduced to one or two rounds per man, he commanded them to ſwing their packs. By haſtening the retreat, in good order, they had juſt time to retire far enough up the creek to prevent being encloſed. During this long continued action, in which the Americans had ſlain at leaſt five times their own number, only one Provincial and one Indian were wounded on their ſide. Theſe unfortunate men had been ſent off for camp in the night, with two men to aſſiſt them, and directions to proceed by Wood-Creek as the ſafeſt, though not the ſhorteſt, route. But having taken a nearer way, they were purſued and overtaken by the Indians, who, from the blood on the leaves and buſhes, believed that they were on the trail of our whole party. The wounded, deſpairing of mercy, and unable to fly, inſiſted that the well ſoldiers ſhould make their eſcape, which, on a moment's deliberation, they effected. The Provincial, whoſe thigh was broken by a ball, upon the approach of the Savages fired his piece and killed three of them; after which he was quickly hacked in pieces. The Indian, however, was ſaved alive. This man, Major Putnam ſaw, afterwards, in Canada; where he likewiſe learned that his enemy in the rencounter at Wood-Creek, conſiſted of five hundred French and Indians, under the command of the celebrated partizan Molang, and that no party, ſince the war, had ſuffered ſo ſeverely, as more than one half of thoſe who went out never returned.

Our brave little company, reduced to forty in number, had proceeded along the bank of the creek about an hour's march, when, Major Putnam, being in front,

was

was fired upon by a party juſt at hand. He, rightly appreciating the advantage often obtained by aſſuming a bold countenance on a critical occaſion, in a ſtentorophonic tone, ordered his men to ruſh on the enemy, and promiſed that they ſhould ſoon give a good account of them. It proved to be a ſcout of Provincials, who conceived they were firing upon the French; but the Commanding Officer, knowing Putnam's voice, cried out, "that they "were all friends."—Upon this the Major told him abruptly, "that friends or enemies, they all deſerved to "be hanged for not killing more when they had ſo fair "a ſhot." In fact, but one man was mortally wounded. While theſe things were tranſacted, a faithful ſoldier, whoſe ammunition had been early exhauſted, made his way to the Fort, and gave ſuch information, that General Lyman was detached with five hundred men to cover the retreat. Major Putnam met them at only twelve miles diſtance from the fort, to which they returned the next day.

IN the winter of 1757, when Colonel Haviland was Commandant of Fort Edward, the barracks adjoining to the north-weſt baſtion took fire. They extended within twelve feet of the Magazine, which contained three hundred barrels of powder. On its firſt diſcovery, the fire raged with great violence. The Commandant endeavoured, in vain, by diſcharging ſome pieces of heavy artillery againſt the ſupporters of this flight of barracks, to level them with the ground. Putnam arrived from the Iſland where he was ſtationed, at the moment when the blaze approached that end which was contiguous to the Magazine. Inſtantly a vigorous attempt was made

made to extinguiſh the conflagration. A way was opened by a poſtern gate to the river, and the ſoldiers were employed in bringing water; which he, having mounted on a ladder to the eves of the building, received and threw upon the flame. It continued, notwithſtanding their utmoſt efforts, to gain upon them. He ſtood, enveloped in ſmoke, ſo near the ſheet of fire, that a pair of thick blanket mittens were burnt entirely from his hands—he was ſupplied with another pair dipt in water. Colonel Haviland fearing that he would periſh in the flames, called to him to come down. But he entreated that he might be ſuffered to remain, ſince deſtruction muſt inevitably enſue if their exertions ſhould be remitted. The gallant Commandant not leſs aſtoniſhed than charmed at the boldneſs of his conduct, forbade any more effects to be carried out of the fort, animated the men to redoubled diligence, and exclaimed "if we muſt "be blown up, we will go all together." At laſt, when the barracks were ſeen to be tumbling, Putnam deſcended, placed himſelf at the interval, and continued from an inceſſant rotation of repleniſhed buckets to pour water upon the Magazine. The outſide planks were already conſumed by the proximity of the fire, and as only one thickneſs of timber intervened, the trepidation now became general and extreme. Putnam, ſtill undaunted, covered with a cloud of cinders, and ſcorched with the intenſity of the heat, maintained his poſition until the fire ſubſided, and the danger was wholly over. He had contended for one hour and an half with that terrible element. His legs, his thighs, his arms, and his face were bliſtered; and when he pulled off his ſecond pair of mittens, the ſkin from his hands and fingers followed

them. It was a month before he recovered. The Commandant, to whom his merits had before endeared him, could not ſtifle the emotions of gratitude, due to the man who had been ſo inſtrumental in preſerving the Magazine, the Fort, and the Garriſon.

THE repulſe before Ticonderoga, took place in 1758. General Abercrombie, the Britiſh Commander in Chief in America, conducted the expedition. His army, which amounted to nearly ſixteen thouſand Regulars and Provincials, was amply ſupplied with artillery and military ſtores. This well-appointed corps paſſed over Lake George, and landed, without oppoſition, at the point of deſtination. The troops advanced in columns. Lord Howe having Major Putnam with him, was in front of the center. A body of about five hundred men (the advance o pickets of the French army) which had fled at firſt, began to ſkirmiſh with our left. "Putnam," ſaid Lord Howe, "what means that firing?" "I know not, bu "with your Lordſhip's leave will ſee," replied the former. "I will accompany you," rejoined the gallan young Nobleman. In vain did Major Putnam attemp to diſſuade him, by ſaying—"My Lord, if I am killed "the loſs of my life will be of little conſequence, bu "the preſervation of yours is of infinite importance t "this army." The only anſwer was, Putnam, you "life is as dear to you as mine is to me; I am deter "mined to go." One hundred of the van, under Majo Putnam, filed off with Lord Howe. They ſoon m the left flank of the enemy's advance, by whoſe firſt fi his Lordſhip fell —It was a loſs indeed; and particula ly felt in the operations which occurred three days afte

ward

wards. His manners and his virtues, had made him the idol of the army. From his firſt arrival in America, he had accommodated * himſelf and his regiment to the peculiar nature of the ſervice. Examplary to the officer, a friend of the ſoldier, the model of diſcipline, he had not failed to encounter every hardſhip and hazard. Nothing could be more calculated to inſpire men with the raſh animation of rage, or to temper it with the cool perſeverance of revenge, than the ſight of ſuch a hero, ſo beloved, fallen in his country's cauſe. It had the effect. Putnam's party, having cut their way obliquely through the enemy's ranks, and having been joined by Captain D'Ell with twenty men, together with ſome other ſmall parties, charged them ſo furiouſly in rear, that nearly three hundred were killed on the ſpot, and one hundred and forty-eight made priſoners. In the mean time, from the unſkilfulneſs of the guides, ſome of our columns were bewildered. The left wing, ſeeing Putnam's party in their front, advancing over the dead bodies towards them, commenced a briſk and heavy fire, which killed a ſerjeant and ſeveral privates. Nor could they, by ſounds or ſighs, be convinced of their miſtake, until Major Putnam, preferring (if Heaven had thus ordained it) the loſs of his own life to the loſs of the lives of his brave aſſociates, ran through the midſt of the flying balls, and prevented the impending cataſtrophe.

THE tender feelings, which Major Putnam poſſeſſed, taught him to reſpect an unfortunate foe, and to ſtrive, by

* He cut his hair ſhort, and induced the Regiment to follow the example. He faſhioned their cloathing for the activity of ſervice, and diveſted himſelf and them of every article of ſuperfluous baggage.

by every lenient art in his power to alleviate the miſeries of war. For this purpoſe, he remained on the field, until it began to grow dark, employed in collecting ſuch of the enemy as were left wounded, to one place; he gave them all the liquor and little refreſhments which he could procure; he furniſhed to each of them a blanket; he put three blankets under a French ſerjeant who was badly wounded through the body, and placed him in an eaſy poſture by the ſide of a tree—the poor fellow could only ſqueeze his hand with an expreſſive graſp. "Ah," ſaid Major Putnam, "depend upon it, my brave ſoldier, "you ſhall be brought to the camp as ſoon as poſſible, "and the ſame care ſhall be taken of you as if you were "my brother."—The next morning Major Rogers was ſent to reconnoitre the field, and to bring off the wounded priſoners—but finding the wounded unable to help themſelves, in order to ſave trouble, he diſpatched every one of them to the world of ſpirits. Putnam's was not the only heart that bled. The Provincial and Britiſh Officers who became acquainted with the fact, were ſtruck with inexpreſſible horror.

TICONDEROGA is ſurrounded on three ſides by water, on the fourth, for ſome diſtance, extends a dangerous moraſs, the remainder was then fortified with a line eight feet high, and planted with artillery. For one hundred yards in front, the plain was covered with great trees, cut for the purpoſe of defence; whoſe interwoven and ſharpened branches projected outwards. Notwithſtanding theſe impediments, the engineer, who had been employed to reconnoitre, reported, as his opinion, that the works might be carried with muſquetry. The difficulty

difficulty and delay of dragging the battering cannon, over grounds almoſt impracticable, induced the adoption of this fatal advice—to which, however, a rumour that the garriſon, already conſiſting of four or five thouſand men, was on the point of being augmented with three thouſand more, probably contributed. The attack was as ſpirited in execution as ill-judged in deſign. The aſſailants, after having been for more than four hours expoſed to a moſt fatal fire, without making any impreſſion by their reiterated and obſtinate proofs of valor, were ordered to retreat. Major Putnam, who had acted as an aid in bringing the Provincial regiments ſucceſſively to action, aſſiſted in preſerving order. It was ſaid, that a great number of the enemy were ſhot in the head, every other part having been concealed behind their works. The loſs on our ſide was upwards of two thouſand killed and wounded. Twenty-five hundred ſtands of arms were taken by the French. Our army, after ſuſtaining this havoc, retreated with ſuch extraordinary precipitation, that they regained their camp at the ſouthward of Lake George, the evening after the action.

The ſucceſſes, in other parts of America, made amends for this defeat. Louiſbourg, after a vigoros ſiege, was reduced by the Generals Amherſt and Wolfe; Frontenac, a poſt of importance on the communication between Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, ſurrendered to Colonel Bradſtreet: and Fort Du Queſne, ſituated at the confluence of Monongahela with the Ohio, (the poſſeſſion of which had kindled the flame of war, that

that now ſpread through the four quarters of the globe) was captured by General Forbes.

A FEW adventures, in which the public intereſts were little concerned, but which, from their peculiarity, appear worthy of being preſerved, happened before the concluſion of the year. As one day, Major Putnam chanced to lie, with a batteau and five men, on the eaſtern ſhore of the Hudſon, near the Rapids, contiguous to which Fort-Miller ſtood; his men on the oppoſite bank had given him to underſtand, that a large body of Savages were in his rear, and would be upon him in a moment.—To ſtay and be ſacrificed—to attempt croſſing and be ſhot—or to go down to the falls, with an almoſt abſolute certainty of being drowned, were the ſole alternatives, that preſented themſelves to his choice. So inſtantaneouſly was the latter adopted, that one man who had rambled a little from the party, was, of neceſſity, left, and fell a miſerable victim to ſavage barbarity. The Indians arrived on the ſhore ſoon enough to fire many balls on the batteau before it could be got under way. No ſooner had our batteau-men eſcaped, by favor of the rapidity of the current, beyond the reach of muſquet-ſhot, than death ſeemed only to have been avoided in one form, to be encountered in another, not leſs terrible. Prominent rocks, latent ſhelves, abſorbing eddies, and abrupt deſcents, for a quarter of a mile, afforded ſcarcely the ſmalleſt chance of eſcaping without a miracle. Putnam, truſting himſelf to a good Providence, whoſe kindneſs he had often experienced, rather than to men, whoſe tendereſt mercies are cruelty, was now ſeen to place himſelf ſedately at the helm, and afford

ford an aſtoniſhing ſpectacle of ſerenity : his companions, with a mixture of terror, admiration and wonder, ſaw him, inceſſantly changing the courſe, to avoid the jaws of ruin, that ſeemed expanded to ſwallow the whirling boat. Twice he turned it fairly round to ſhun the rifts of rocks. Amidſt theſe eddies in which there was the greateſt danger of its foundering, at one moment the ſides were expoſed to the fury of the waves ; then the ſtern, and next the bow glanced obliquely onward, with inconceivable velocity.—With not leſs amazement the Savages beheld him ſometimes mounting the billows, then plunging abruptly down, at other times ſkilfully veering from the rocks, and ſhooting through the only narrow paſſage ; until, at laſt, they viewed the boat ſafely gliding on the ſmooth ſurface of the ſtream below. At this ſight, it is aſſerted, that theſe rude ſons of nature were affected with the ſame kind of ſuperſtitious veneration, which the Europeans in the dark ages entertained for ſome of their moſt valorous champions. They deemed the man invulnerable, whom their balls (on his puſhing from ſhore) would not touch ; and whom they had ſeen ſteering in ſafety down the rapids that had never before been paſſed. They conceived it would be an affront againſt the *Great Spirit*, to attempt to kill this favoured mortal with powder and ball, if they ſhould ever ſee and know him again.

In the month of Auguſt, five hundred men were employed, under the orders of Majors Rogers and Putnam, to watch the motions of the enemy near Ticonderoga. At South-Bay they ſeparated the party into two equal diviſions,

diviſions, and Rogers took a poſition on Wood-Creek, twelve miles diſtant from Putnam.

UPON being, ſome time afterwards, diſcovered, they formed a re-union, and concerted meaſures for returning to Fort-Edward. Their march through the woods, was *in three diviſions by* FILES, the right commanded by Rogers, the left by Putnam, and the centre by Captain D'Ell. The firſt night they encamped on the banks of *Clear River*, about a mile from old Fort-Ann, which had been formerly built by General Nicholſon. Next morning, Major Rogers and a Britiſh officer, named Irwin, incautiouſly ſuffered themſelves, from a ſpirit of falſe emulation, to be engaged in firing at a mark. Nothing could have been more repugnant to the military principles of Putnam than ſuch conduct; or reprobated by him in more pointed terms. As ſoon as the heavy dew which had fallen the preceding night would permit, the detachment moved in one body, Putnam being in front, D'Ell in center, and Rogers in the rear. The impervious growth of ſhrubs, and under-bruſh that had ſprung up, where the land had been partially cleared ſome years before, occaſioned this change in the order of march. At the moment of moving, the famous French partizan Molang, who had been ſent with five hundred men to intercept our party, was not more than one mile and an half diſtant from them. Having heard the firing, he haſted to lay an ambuſcade preciſely in that part of the wood moſt favorable to his project. Major Putnam was juſt emerging from the thicket, into the common foreſt, when the enemy roſe, and with diſcordant yells and whoops, commenced an attack upon the right of his diviſion. Surpriſed, but undiſmayed,

Putnam

Putnam halted, returned the fire, and paſſed the word for the other diviſions to advance for his ſupport. D'Ell came. The action, though widely ſcattered, and principally fought between man and man, ſoon grew general and intenſely warm. It would be as difficult as uſeleſs to deſcribe this irregular and ferocious mode of fighting. Rogers came not up: but, as he declared afterwards, formed a circular file between our party and Wood-Creek, to prevent their being taken in rear or enfiladed. Succeſsful as he commonly was, his conduct did not always paſs without unfavorable imputation. Notwithſtanding, it was a current ſaying in the camp, "that Rogers always *ſent*, but Putnam *led* his men to action," yet, in juſtice, it ought to be remarked here, that the latter has never been known, in relating the ſtory of this day's diſaſter, to affix any ſtigma upon the conduct of the former.

MAJOR Putnam, perceiving it would be impracticable to croſs the creek, determined to maintain his ground. Inſpired by his example, the officers and men behaved with great bravery: ſometimes they fought aggregately in open view, and ſometimes individually under cover; taking aim from behind the bodies of trees, and acting in a manner independent of each other. For himſelf, having diſcharged his fuzee ſeveral times, at length it miſſed fire, while the muzzle was preſſed againſt the breaſt of a large and well proportioned Savage. This *warrior*, availing himſelf of the indefenſible attitude of his adverſary, with a tremendous war-hoop ſprang forward, with his lifted hatchet, and compelled

 him

him to ſurrender; and having diſarmed and bound him faſt to a tree, returned to the battle.

THE intrepid Captains D'Ell and Harman, who now commanded, were forced to give ground for a little diſtance: the Savages, conceiving this to be the certain harbinger of victory, ruſhed impetuouſly on, with dreadful and redoubled cries. But our two partizans, collecting a handful of brave men, gave the purſuers ſo warm a reception as to oblige them, in turn to retreat a little beyond the ſpot at which the action had commenced. Here they made a ſtand. This change of ground occaſioned the tree to which Putnam was tied to be directly between the fire of the two parties. Human imagination can hardly figure to itſelf a more deplorable ſituation. The balls flew inceſſantly from either ſide, many ſtruck the tree, while ſome paſſed through the ſleeves and ſkirts of his coat. In this ſtate of jeopardy, unable to move his body, to ſtir his limbs, or even to incline his head, he remained more than an hour. So equally balanced, and ſo obſtinate was the fight! At one moment, while the battle ſwerved in favor of the enemy, a young Savage, choſe an odd way of diſcovering his humor. He found Putnam bound. He might have diſpatched him at a blow. But he loved better to excite the terrors of the priſoner, by hurling a tomahawk at his head, or rather it ſhould ſeem his object was to ſee how near he could throw it without touching him—the weapon ſtruck in the tree a number of times at a hair's breath diſtance from the mark. When the Indian had finiſhed his amuſement, a French Baſ-Officer (a much more inveterate ſavage by nature, though deſcended from ſo humane and poliſhed a nation) perceiving

ceiving Putnam, came up to him, and, levelling a fuzee within a foot of his breaſt, attempted to diſcharge it; it miſſed fire—ineffectually did the intended victim, ſolicit the treatment due to his ſituation, by repeating, that he was a priſoner of war. The degenerate Frenchman did not underſtand the language of honor or of nature: deaf to their voice, and dead to ſenſibility, he violently, and repeatedly, puſhed the muzzle of his gun againſt Putnam's ribs, and finally, gave him a cruel blow on the jaw with the butt of his piece. After this daſtardly deed he left him.

At length the active intrepidity of D'Ell and * Harman, ſeconded by the perſevering valor of their followers, prevailed. They drove from the field the enemy, who left about ninety dead behind them. As they were retiring Putnam was untied by the Indian who had made him priſoner and whom he afterwards called maſter. Having been conducted for ſome diſtance from the place of action, he was ſtripped of his coat, veſt, ſtockings and ſhoes; loaded with as many of the packs of the wounded as could be piled upon him; ſtrongly pinioned, and his wriſts tied as cloſely together as they could be pulled with a cord. After he had marched, through no pleaſant paths, in this painful manner, for many a tedious mile, the party (who were exceſſively fatigued) halted to breathe. His hands were now immoderately ſwelled from the tightneſs of the ligature: and the pain had become intolerable. His feet were ſo much ſcratched that the blood dropped faſt from them. Exhauſted with bearing a burden above his ſtrength, and frantic

* This worthy officer is ſtill living at Marlborough, in the State of Maſſachuſetts.

frantic with torments exquiſite beyond endurance; he entreated the Iriſh Interpreter to implore as the laſt and only grace he deſired of the Savages, that they would knock him on the head and take his ſcalp at once, or looſe his hands. A French officer, inſtantly interpoſing, ordered his hands to be unbound, and ſome of the packs to be taken off. By this time the Indian who captured him and had been abſent with the wounded, coming up, gave him a pair of mocaſons, and expreſſed great indignation at the unworthy treatment his priſoner had ſuffered.

THAT Savage Chief again returned to the care of the wounded, and the Indians, about two hundred in number, went before the reſt of the party to the place where the whole were, that night, to encamp. They took with them Major Putnam, on whom (beſides innumerable other outrages) they had the barbarity to inflict a deep wound with a tomahawk, in the left cheek. His ſufferings were in this place to be conſummated. A ſcene of horror, infinitely greater than had ever met his eyes before, was now preparing. It was determined to roaſt him alive.—For this purpoſe they led him into a dark foreſt, ſtripped him naked, bound him to a tree, and piled dry bruſh with other fuel, at a ſmall diſtance, in a circle round him. They accompanied their labors, as if for his funeral dirge, with ſcreams and ſounds inimitable but by ſavage voices. Then they ſet the piles on fire. A ſudden ſhower damped the riſing flame. Still they ſtrove to kindle it, until, at laſt, the blaze ran fiercely round the circle. Major Putnam ſoon began to feel the ſcorching heat. His hands were ſo tied that he could move his body. He often ſhifted ſides as the fire approached.

approached. This ſight, at the very idea of which all but Savages muſt ſhudder, afforded the higheſt diverſion to his inhuman tormentors, who demonſtrated the delirium of their joy by correſpondent yells, dances and geſticulations. He ſaw clearly that his final hour was inevitably come. He ſummoned all his reſolution and compoſed his mind, as far as the circumſtances could admit, to bid an eternal farewel to all he held moſt dear. To quit the world would ſcarcely have coſt a ſingle pang, but for the idea of home, but for the remembrance of domeſtic endearments, of the affectionate partner of his ſoul, and of their beloved offſpring. His thought was ultimately fixed on a happier ſtate of exiſtence, beyond the tortures he was beginning to endure. The bitterneſs of death, even of that death which is accompanied with the keeneſt agonies, was, in a manner, paſt—nature, with a feeble ſtruggle, was quitting its laſt hold on ſublunary things—when a French officer ruſhed through the crowd, opened a way by ſcattering the burning brands, and unbound the victim. It was Molang himſelf—to whom a Savage, unwilling to ſee another human ſacrifice immolated, had run and communicated the tidings. That Commandant ſpurned and ſeverely reprimanded the barbarians, whoſe nocturnal Powwas and helliſh Orgies he ſuddenly ended. Putnam did not want for feeling or gratitude. The French Commander, fearing to truſt him alone with them, remained until he could deliver him in ſafety into the hands of his maſter.

The Savage approached his priſoner kindly, and ſeemed to treat him with particular affection. He offered

fered him ſome hard biſcuit, but finding that he could not chew them, on account of the blow he had received from the Frenchman, this more humane Savage ſoaked ſome of the buiſcuit in water and made him ſuck the pulp-like part. Determined, however, not to loſe his captive (the refreſhment being finiſhed) he took the mocaſons from his feet and tied them to one of his wriſts: then directing him to lie down on his back upon the bare ground, he ſtretched one arm to its full length, and bound it faſt to a young tree; the other arm was extended and bound in the ſame manner—his legs were ſtretched apart and faſtened to two ſaplings. Then a number of tall, but ſlender poles were cut down; which, with ſome long buſhes, were laid acroſs his body from head to foot: on each ſide lay as many Indians as could conveniently find lodging, in order to prevent the poſſibility of his eſcape. In this diſagreeable and painful poſture he remained until morning. During this night, the longeſt and moſt dreary conceivable, our hero uſed to relate that he felt a ray of cheerfulneſs come caſually acroſs his mind, and could not even refrain from ſmiling, when he reflected on this ludicrous groupe for a painter, of which he himſelf was the principal figure.

THE next day he was allowed his blanket and mocaſons, and permitted to march without carrying any pack, or receiving any inſult. To allay his extreme hunger, a little bear's meat was given, which he ſucked through his teeth. At night, the party arrived at Ticonderoga, and the priſoner was placed under the care of a French guard. The Savages, who had been prevented from glutting their diabolical thirſt for blood, took

took other opportunity of manifeſting their malevolence for the diſappointment, by horrid grimaces and angry geſtures; but they were ſuffered no more to offer violence or perſonal indignity to him.

After having been examined by the Marquis de Montcalm, Major Putnam was conducted to Montreal, by a French officer, who treated him with the greateſt indulgence and humanity.

At this place were ſeveral priſoners. Colonel Peter Schuyler, remarkable for his philanthropy, generoſity, and friendſhip, was of the number. No ſooner had he heard of Major Putnam's arrival, than he went to the Interpreter's quarters, and enquired, whether he had a Provincial Major in his cuſtody? He found Major Putnam in a comfortleſs condition—without coat, waiſtcoat, or hoſe—the remnant of his cloathing miſerably dirty and ragged—his beard long and ſqualid—his legs torn by thorns and briars—his face gaſhed with wounds, and ſwollen with bruiſes. Colonel Schuyler, irritated beyond all ſufferance at ſuch a ſight, could ſcarcely reſtrain his ſpeech within limits, conſiſtent with the prudence of a priſoner and the meekneſs of a Chriſtian. Major Putnam was immediately treated according to his rank, cloathed in a decent manner, and ſupplied with money by that liberal and ſympathetic patron of the diſtreſſed.

The capture of Frontenac by General Bradſtreet afforded occaſion for an exchange of priſoners. Colonel Schuyler was comprehended in the cartel. A generous

ſpirit

ſpirit can never be ſatisfied with impoſing taſks for its generoſity to accompliſh. Apprehenſive, if it ſhould be known that Putnam was a diſtinguiſhed partizan, his liberation might be retarded, and knowing that there were officers, who, from the length of their captivity, had a claim of priority to exchange; he had, by his happy addreſs, induced the Governor to offer, that whatever officer he might think proper to nominate, ſhould be included in the preſent cartel. With great politeneſs in manner, but ſeeming indifference as to object, he expreſſed his warmeſt acknowledgements to the Governor, and ſaid: "There is an old man here, who is a Provin-"cial Major, and wiſhes to be at home with his wife and "children. He can do no good here, or any where elſe: "I believe your Excellency had better keep ſome of the "young men, who have no wife or children to care for; "and let the old fellow go home with me." This juſtifiable fineſſe had the deſired effect.

AT the houſe of Colonel Schuyler, Major Putnam became acquainted with Mrs. Howe, a fair captive, whoſe hiſtory would not be read without emotion, if it could be written in the ſame affecting manner, in which I have often heard it told. She was ſtill young and handſome herſelf, though ſhe had two daughters of marriageable age. Diſtreſs, which had taken ſomewhat from the original redundancy of her bloom, and added a ſoftening paleneſs to her cheeks, rendered her appearance the more engaging. Her face, that ſeemed to have been formed for the aſſemblage of dimples and ſmiles, was clouded with care. The natural ſweetneſs was not, however, ſoured by deſpondency and petulance; but chaſtened by humility

humility and reſignation. This mild daughter of ſorrow looked as if ſhe had known the day of proſperity, when ſerenity and gladneſs of ſoul were the inmates of her boſom. That day was paſt, and the once lively features, now aſſumed a tender melancholy, which witneſſed her irreparable loſs. She needed not the cuſtomary weeds of mourning, or the fallacious pageantry of woe to prove her widowed ſtate. She was in that ſtage of affliction, when the exceſs is ſo far abated as to permit the ſubject to be drawn into converſation, without opening the wound afreſh. It is then rather a ſource of pleaſure than pain to dwell upon the circumſtances in narration. Every thing conſpired to make her ſtory intereſting. Her firſt huſband had been killed and ſcalped by the Indians ſome years before. By an unexpected aſſault in 1756 upon Fort Dummer, where ſhe then happened to be preſent with Mr. Howe, her ſecond huſband, the Savages carried the Fort, murdered the greater part of the garriſon, mangled in death her huſband, and led her away with ſeven children into captivity. She was for ſome months kept with them: and during their rambles ſhe was frequently on the point of periſhing with hunger, and as often ſubjected to hardſhips ſeemingly intolerable to one of ſo delicate a frame. Some time after the career of her miſeries began, the Indians ſelected a couple of their young men to marry her daughters. The fright and diſguſt which the intelligence of this intention occaſioned to theſe poor young creatures, added infinitely to the ſorrows and perplexities of their frantic mother. To prevent the hated connection, all the activity of female reſource was called into exertion. She found an opportunity of conveying to the Governor a petition, that her

daughters might be received into a convent for the ſake of ſecuring the ſalvation of their ſouls. Happily the pious fraud ſucceeded.

ABOUT the ſame time the Savages ſeparated, and carried off her other five children into different tribes. She was ranſomed by an elderly French officer, for four hundred livres. Of no avail were the cries of this tender mother—a mother deſolated by the loſs of her children, who were thus torn from her fond embraces, and removed many hundred miles from each other, into the utmoſt receſſes of Canada. With them (could they have been kept together) ſhe would moſt willingly have wandered to the extremities of the world, and accepted as a deſirable portion the cruel lot of ſlavery for life. But ſhe was precluded from the ſweet hope of ever beholding them again. The inſufferable pang of parting, and the idea of eternal ſeparation planted the arrows of deſpair deep in her ſoul. Though all the world was no better than a deſert, and all its inhabitants were then indifferent to her —yet the lovelineſs of her appearance in ſorrow had awakened affections, which, in the aggravation of her troubles, were to become a new ſource of afflictions.

THE officer, who bought her of the Indians, had a ſon, who alſo held a commiſſion, and reſided with his father. During her continuance in the ſame houſe, at St. John's, the double attachment of the father and the ſon, rendered her ſituation extremely diſtreſſing. It is true, the calmneſs of age delighted to gaze reſpectfully on her beauty, but the impetuoſity of youth was fired to madneſs by the ſight of her charms. One day, the ſon, whoſe attentions

attentions had been long laviſhed upon her in vain, finding her alone, in a chamber, forcibly ſeized her hand, and ſolemnly declared, that he would now ſatiate the paſſion which ſhe had ſo long refuſed to indulge. She recurred to intreaties, ſtruggles, and tears, thoſe prevalent female weapons, which the diſtraction of danger, not leſs than the promptneſs of genius is wont to ſupply: while he, in the delirium of vexation and deſire, ſnatched a dagger, and ſwore he would put an end to her life, if ſhe perſiſted to ſtruggle. Mrs. Howe, aſſuming the dignity of conſcious virtue, told him, it was what ſhe moſt ardently wiſhed, and begged him to plunge the poignard through her heart, ſince the mutual importunities and jealouſies of ſuch rivals, had rendered her life, though innocent, more irkſome and inſupportable, than death itſelf. Struck with a momentary compunction, he ſeemed to relent, and relax his hold—and ſhe, availing herſelf of his irreſolution, or abſence of mind, eſcaped down the ſtairs. In her diſordered ſtate, ſhe told the whole tranſaction to his father, who directed her, in future, to ſleep in a ſmall bed at the foot of that in which his wife lodged. The affair ſoon reached the Governor's ears, and the young officer was, ſhortly afterwards, ſent on a tour of duty to *Detroit*.

This gave her a ſhort reſpite; but ſhe dreaded his return, and the humiliating inſults for which ſhe might be reſerved. Her children, too, were ever preſent to her melancholy mind. A ſtranger, a widow, a captive, ſhe knew not where to apply for relief. She had heard of the name of Schuyler—ſhe was yet to learn, that it was only another appellation for the friend of ſuffering humanity.

manity. As that excellent man was on his way from Quebec to the Jerſeys, under a parole for a limited time, ſhe came with feeble and trembling ſteps to him. The ſame maternal paſſion, which, ſometimes, overcomes the timidity of nature in the birds, when plundered of their callow neſtlings, emboldened her, notwithſtanding her native diffidence, to diſcloſe thoſe griefs which were ready to devour her in ſilence. While her delicate aſpect was heightened to a glowing bluſh, for fear of offending by an inexcuſable importunity, or of tranſgreſſing the rules of propriety, by repreſenting herſelf as being an object of admiration; ſhe told, with artleſs ſimplicity, all the ſtory of her woes. Colonel Schuyler, from that moment became her protector, and endeavored to procure her liberty. The perſon who purchaſed her from the Savages, unwilling to part with ſo fair a purchaſe, demanded a thouſand livres as her ranſom. But Colonel Schuyler, on his return to Quebec, obtained from the Governor an order, in conſequence of which, Mrs. Howe was given up to him for four hundred livres—Nor did his active goodneſs reſt, until every one of her five ſons was reſtored to her.

BUSINESS having made it neceſſary that Colonel Schuyler ſhould precede the priſoners who were exchanged, he recommended the fair captive to the protection of his friend Putnam. She had juſt recovered from the meazles when the party was preparing to ſet off for New-England. By this time the young French officer had returned, with his paſſion rather increaſed than abated by abſence. He purſued her wherefoever ſhe went, and, although he could make no advances in her affection, he

ſeemed

ſeemed reſolved by perſeverance to carry his point. Mrs. Howe, terrified by his treatment, was obliged to keep conſtantly near Major Putnam, who informed the young officer, that he ſhould protect that lady at the riſque of his life. However, this amorous and raſh lover, in whoſe boiling veins ſuch an agitation was excited, that while he was ſpeaking of her the * blood would frequently guſh from his noſtrils, followed the priſoners to Lake Champlain; and, when the boat in which the fair captive was embarked, had puſhed from the ſhore, he jumped into the Lake, and ſwam after her until it rowed out of ſight. Whether he periſhed in this diſtracted ſtate of mind, or returned to the ſhore, is not known.

In the long march from captivity, through an inhoſpitable wilderneſs, encumbered with five ſmall children, ſhe ſuffered incredible hardſhips. Though endowed with maſculine fortitude, ſhe was truly feminine in ſtrength, and muſt have fainted by the way, had it not been for the aſſiſtance of Major Putnam. There were a thouſand good offices which the helpleſſneſs of her condition demanded, and which the gentleneſs of his nature delighted to perform. He aſſiſted in leading her little ones, and in carrying them over the ſwampy grounds and runs of water, with which their courſe was frequently interſected. He mingled his own meſs with that of the widow and the fatherleſs, and aſſiſted them in ſupplying and preparing their proviſions. Upon arriving

* This phyſical effect, wonderful as it may appear, is ſo far from being a fictitious embelliſhment, that it can be proved by the moſt ſolemn teſtimony of more than one perſon ſtill living.

riving within the ſettlements they experienced a reciprocal regret at ſeparation, and were only conſoled by the expectation of ſoon mingling in the embraces of their former acquaintances and deareſt connections.

AFTER the conqueſt of Canada in 1760, ſhe made a journey to Quebec, in order to bring back her two daughters whom ſhe had left in a convent. She found one of them married to a French officer. The other, having contracted a great fondneſs for the religious ſiſterhood, with reluctance, conſented to leave them and return.

A FEW years previous to the war between Great Britain and America, a queſtion of ſome conſequence aroſe reſpecting the title of the lands in Hinſdale (the town in which Mrs. Howe reſided) inſomuch that it was deemed expedient, that an Agent ſhould be ſent to England to advocate the claim of the town. It may be mentioned as a proof of the acknowledged ſuperiority of the underſtanding and addreſs of this gentlewoman, that ſhe was univerſally deſignated for the miſſion. But the diſpute was fortunately accommodated to the ſatisfaction of the people, without their being obliged to make uſe of her talents.

WE now arrive at the period, when the proweſs of Britain, victorious, alike by ſea and by land, in the new and in the old world, had elevated that name to the zenith of national glory. The conqueſt of Quebec, opened the way for the total reduction of Canada. On the ſide of the Lakes, Amherſt having captured the poſts of

of Ticonderoga and Crown-Point, applied himſelf to ſtrengthen the latter. Putnam, who had been raiſed to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and preſent at theſe operations, was employed the remainder of this and ſome part of the ſucceeding ſeaſon in ſuperintending the parties, which were detached to procure timber and other materials for the fortification.

In 1760 General Amherſt, a ſagacious, humane, and experienced commander, planned the termination of the war in Canada, by a bloodleſs conqueſt. For this purpoſe, three armies were deſtined to co-operate by different routes againſt Montreal, the only remaining place of ſtrength the enemy held in that country. The corps formerly commanded by General Wolfe, now by General Murray, was ordered to aſcend the river St. Lawrence; another (under Col. Haviland) to penetrate by the Iſle Aux Noix; and the third, conſiſting of about ten thouſand men, commanded by the General himſelf, after paſſing up the Mohawk-river, and taking its courſe by the Lake-Ontario, was to form a junction by falling down the St. Lawrence. In this progreſs, more than one occaſion preſented itſelf to manifeſt the intrepidity and ſoldierſhip of Lieutenant Colonel Putnam. Two armed veſſels obſtructed the paſſage and prevented the attack on Oſwegatchie. Putnam, with 1000 men, in 50 batteaux, undertook to board them. This dauntleſs officer, ever ſparing of the blood of others, as prodigal of his own, to accompliſh it with the leſs loſs, put himſelf (with a choſen crew, a beetle and wedges) in the van, with a deſign to wedge the rudders, ſo that the veſſels ſhould not be able to turn their broadſides or perform

perform any other manœuvre. All the men in his little fleet were ordered to ſtrip to their waiſtcoats, and advance at the ſame time. He promiſed, if he lived, to join and ſhew them the way up the ſides. Animated by ſo daring an example, they moved ſwiftly, in profound ſtillneſs, as to certain victory or death. The people on board the ſhips, beholding the good countenance with which they approached, ran one of the veſſels on ſhore, and ſtruck the colors of the other. Had it not been for the daſtardly conduct of the ſhip's company, in the latter, who compelled the Captain to haul down his enſign, he would have given the aſſailants a bloody reception. For the veſſels were well provided with ſpears, nettings, and every cuſtomary inſtrument of annoyance as well as defence.

IT now remained to attack the fortreſs, which ſtood on an Iſland, and ſeemed to have been rendered inacceſſible by an high abattis of black-aſh, that every where projected over the water. Lieutenant Colonel Putnam propoſed a mode of attack, and offered his ſervices to carry it into effect. The General approved the propoſal. Our partizan, accordingly, cauſed a ſufficient number of boats to be fitted for the enterprize. The ſides of each boat were ſurrounded with faſcines (muſquet proof) which covered the men compleatly. A wide plank, twenty feet in length, was then fitted to every boat in ſuch manner, by having an angular piece ſawed from one extremity, that, when faſtened by ropes on both ſides of the bow, it might be raiſed or lowered at pleaſure. The deſign was, that the plank ſhould be held erect, while the oarſmen forced the bow with the utmoſt exertion againſt the abattis;

tis; and that, afterwards, being dropped on the pointed bruſh, it ſhould ſerve as a kind of bridge to aſſiſt the men in paſſing over them. Lieutenant Colonel Putnam, having made his diſpoſitions to attempt the eſcalade in many places at the ſame moment, advanced with his boats in admirable order. The garriſon, perceiving theſe extraordinary and unexpected machines, waited not the aſſault, but capitulated. Lieutenant Colonel Putnam, was particularly honored by General Amherſt, for his ingenuity in this invention, and promptitude in its execution. The three armies arrived at Montreal, within two days of each other; and the conqueſt of Canada became compleat without the loſs of a ſingle drop of blood.

At no great diſtance from Montreal, ſtands the Savage village, called Cochnawaga. Here our partizan found the Indian Chief, who had formerly made him priſoner. That Indian was highly delighted to ſee his old acquaintance, whom he entertained in his own well-built ſtone houſe, with great friendſhip and hoſpitality; while his gueſt did not diſcover leſs ſatisfaction in an opportunity of ſhaking the brave Savage by the hand, and proffering him protection in this reverſe of his military fortunes.

When the belligerent powers were conſiderably exhauſted, a rupture took place between Great Britain and Spain, in the month of January, 1762, and an expedition was formed that campaign, under Lord Albemarle, againſt the Havannah. A body of Provincials, compoſed of five hundred men from the Jerſeys, eight hundred from New-York, and one thouſand from Con-

 necticut,

necticut, joined his Lordſhip. General Lyman, who raiſed the regiment of one thouſand men in Connecticut, being the ſenior officer, commanded the whole: of courſe, the immediate command of his regiment devolved upon Lieutenant Colonel Putnam. The fleet, that carried theſe troops, ſailed from New-York, and arrived ſafely on the coaſt of Cuba. There a terrible ſtorm aroſe, and the tranſport, in which Lieutenant Colonel Putnam had embarked with five hundred men, was wrecked on a rift of craggy rocks. The weather was ſo tempeſtuous, and the ſurf, which ran mountain-high, daſhed with ſuch violence againſt the ſhip, that the moſt experienced ſeamen expected it would ſoon part aſunder. The reſt of the fleet, ſo far from being able to afford aſſiſtance, with difficulty rode out the gale. In this deplorable ſituation, as the only expedient by which they could be ſaved, ſtrict order was maintained, and all thoſe people, who beſt underſtood the uſe of tools, inſtantly employed in conſtructing rafts from ſpars, plank, and whatever other materials could be procured. There happened to be on board, a large quantity of ſtrong cords, (the ſame that are uſed in the whale fiſhery) which, being faſtened to the rafts, after the firſt had with inconceivable hazard reached the ſhore, were of infinite ſervice, in preventing the others from driving out to ſea as alſo in dragging them athwart the billows, to the beach: by which means, every man was finally ſaved. With the ſame preſence of mind, to take advantage of circumſtances, and the ſame precaution to prevent confuſion, on ſimilar occaſions, how many valuable lives prematurely loſt, might have been preſerved as bleſſing to their families, their friends, and their country. A

ſoon as all were landed, Lieutenant Colonel Putnam fortified his camp, that he might not be expoſed to inſult, from the inhabitants of the neighboring diſtricts, or from thoſe of Carthagena, who were but twenty-four miles diſtant. Here the party remained unmoleſted ſeveral days, until the ſtorm had ſo much abated, as to permit the convoy to take them off. They ſoon joined the troops before the Havannah, who, having been ſeveral weeks in that unhealthy climate, already began to grow extremely * ſickly. The opportune arrival of the Provincial reinforcement, in perfect health, contributed not a little to forward the works, and haſten the reduction of that important place. But the Provincials ſuffered ſo miſerably by ſickneſs, afterwards, that very few ever returned to their native land again.

ALTHOUGH a general peace among the European powers was ratified in 1763, yet the Savages, on our weſtern frontiers, ſtill continued their hoſtilities. After they had taken ſeveral poſts, General Bradſtreet was ſent in 1764, with an army againſt them. Colonel Putnam, then, for the firſt time, appointed to the command of a regiment, was on the expidition; as was the Indian

* Col. Haviland (an accompliſhed officer ſeveral times mentioned in theſe memoirs) who brought to America a regiment of one thouſand Iriſh veterans, had but ſeventy men remaining alive when he left the Havannah. Col. Haviland, during this ſiege, having once with his regiment engaged and routed five hundred Spaniards, met Col. Putnam on his return and ſaid—"Putnam, give me a pinch of ſnuff." "I never carry any," returned Putnam.—"I have always juſt ſuch luck" cried Haviland, "the raſcally Spaniards have ſhot away my pocket, ſnuff-box and all."

dian Chief, (whom I have ſeveral times had occaſion to mention as his capturer) at the head of one hundred Cochnawaga-warriors. Before General Bradſtreet reached Detroit, which the Savages inveſted, Captain D'Ell, the faithful friend, and intrepid fellow-ſoldier of Colonel Putnam, had been ſlain in a deſperate ſally. He, having been detached with five hundred men, in 1763, by General Amherſt, to raiſe the ſiege, found means of throwing the ſuccour into the Fort. But the garriſon, (commanded by Major Gladwine, a brave and ſenſible officer) had been ſo much weakened, by the lurking and inſidious mode of war, practiſed by the Savages, that not a man could be ſpared to co-operate in an attack upon them. The Commandant would even have diſſuaded Captain D'Ell from the attempt, on account of the great diſparity in numbers; but the latter, relying on the diſcipline and courage of his men, replied, "God for-" bid, that I ſhould ever diſobey the orders of my Ge-" neral," and immediately diſpoſed them for action. It was obſtinate and bloody. But the vaſtly ſuperior number of the Savages, enabled them to encloſe Captain D'Ell's party on every ſide, and compelled him, finally, to fight his way, in retreat from one ſtone-houſe to another. Having halted to breathe a moment, he ſaw one of his braveſt ſerjeants, lying at a ſmall diſtance, wounded through the thigh, and wallowing in his blood. Whereupon he deſired ſome of the men, to run, and bring the ſerjeant to the houſe, but they declined it. Then declaring, "that he never would leave ſo brave a " ſoldier in the field, to be tortured by the Savages," he ran and endeavoured to help him up—at the inſtant, a volley of ſhot dropped them both dead together. The

party

party continued retreating, from houſe to houſe, until they regained the Fort; where it was found, the conflict had been ſo ſharp, and laſted ſo long, that only fifty men remained alive, of the five hundred, who had ſallied.

Upon the arrival of General Bradſtreet, the Savages ſaw, that all further efforts, in arms, would be vain, and, accordingly, after many fallacious propoſals for a peace, and frequent tergiverſations in the negociation, they concluded a treaty, which ended the war in America.

Colonel Putnam, at the expiration of ten years from his firſt receiving a Commiſſion, after having ſeen as much ſervice, endured as many hardſhips, encountered as many dangers, and acquired as many laurels as any officer of his rank, with great ſatisfaction, laid aſide his uniform and returned to his plough. The various and uncommon ſcenes of war in which he had acted a reſpectable part, his intercourſe with the world and intimacy with ſome of the firſt characters in the army, joined with occaſional reading, had not only brought into view whatever talents he poſſeſſed from nature, but, at the ſame time, had extended his knowledge and poliſhed his manners to a conſiderable degree. Not having become inflated with pride or forgetful of his old connections, he had the good fortune to poſſeſs entirely the good will of his fellow citizens. No character ſtood fairer in the public eye for integrity, bravery and patriotiſm. He was employed in ſeveral offices in his own town, and not unfrequently elected to repreſent it in the General Aſſembly. The year after his return to private life, the minds of men were ſtrangely agitated, by an attempt of the

the Britiſh Parliament, to introduce the memorable Stamp Act in America. This germe policy, whoſe growth was repreſſed by the moderate temperature in which it was kept by ſome adminiſtrations, did not fully diſcloſe its fruit until nearly eleven years afterwards. All the world knows how it then ripened into a civil war.

On the twenty-ſecond day of March 1765, the Stamp Act received the royal aſſent. It was to take place in America on the firſt day of November following. This innovation ſpread a ſudden and univerſal alarm. The political pulſe in the Provinces, from *Main* to *Georgia* throbbed in ſympathy. The Aſſemblies, in moſt of theſe colonies, that they might oppoſe it legally and in concert, appointed Delegates to confer together on the ſubject. This firſt Congreſs met, early in October, at New-York. They agreed upon a Declaration of Rights and Grievances of the Coloniſts; together with ſeparate Addreſſes to the King, Lords, and Commons of Great Britain. In the mean time, the people had determined, in order to prevent the ſtamped paper from being diſtributed, that the Stamp Maſters ſhould not enter on the execution of their office. That appointment, in Connecticut, had been conferred upon Mr. Ingerſol, a very dignified, ſenſible and learned native of the colony, who, upon being ſolicited to reſign, did not, in the firſt inſtance, give a ſatisfactory anſwer. In conſequence of which, a great number of the ſubſtantial yeomanry, on horſeback, furniſhed with proviſions for themſelves, and provender for their horſes, aſſembled in the eaſtern counties, and began their march for New-Haven to receive the reſig-

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nation of Mr. Ingerſol. A junction with another body was to have been formed in Branford. But having learned at Hartford, that Mr. Ingerſol would be in town the next day to claim protection from the Aſſembly, they took quarters there and kept out patroles during the whole night, to prevent his arrival without their knowledge. The ſucceeding morning they reſumed their march and met Mr. Ingerſol in Wethersfield. They told him their buſineſs, and he, after ſome little heſitation, mounted on a round table, read his reſignation*. That finiſhed, the multitude deſired him to cry out "liberty and property" three times; which he did, and was anſwered by three loud huzzas. He then dined with ſome of the principal men at a tavern, by whom he was treated with great politeneſs, and afterwards was eſcorted

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* The curious may be pleaſed to know that the Reſignation was expreſſed in theſe explicit terms:

Wethersfield, September 9th, 1765.

"I do hereby promiſe, that I never will receive any ſtamped papers which may arrive from Europe, in conſequence of "an Act lately paſſed in the Parliament of Great Britain; "nor officiate as Stamp Maſter or Diſtributor of Stamps, "within the colony of Connecticut, either directly or indirectly. And I do hereby notify to all the Inhabitants of "his Majeſty's Colony of Connecticut (notwithſtanding the "ſaid office or truſt has been committed to me) not to apply "to me, ever after, for any ſtamped paper; *hereby declaring "that I do reſign the ſaid office*, and execute *theſe* PRESENTS of "my own FREE WILL AND ACCORD, without any equivocation "or mental reſervation.

"In witneſs whereof I have hereunto ſet my hand,

J. INGERSOL.

ed by about five hundred horſe to Hartford: where he again read his reſignation amidſt the unbounded acclamations of the people. I have choſen to ſtyle this collection the *yeomanry*, the *multitude*, or the *people*, becauſe I could not make uſe of the Engliſh word *mob* (which generally ſignifies a diſorderly concurrence of the rabble) without conveying an erroneous idea. It is ſcarcely neceſſary to add, that the people, their objects being effected, without offering diſturbance, diſperſed to their homes*.

COLONEL Putnam, who inſtigated the people to theſe meaſures, was prevented from attending by accident. But he was deputed ſoon after, with two other Gentlemen, to wait on Governor Fitch, on the ſame ſubject. The queſtions of the Governor, and anſwers of Putnam, will ſerve to indicate the ſpirit of the times. After ſome converſation, the Governor aſked, "What he "ſhould do, if the ſtamped paper ſhould be ſent to him "by the King's authority?"—Putnam replied, "lock "it up, until we ſhall viſit you again."—"And what "will you do then?" "We ſhall expect you to give us "the key of the room, in which it is depoſited; and, if

* To give a trait of the urbanity that prevailed, it may not be amiſs to mention a jeſt that paſſed in the cavalcade to Hartford, and was received with the moſt perfect good humor. Mr. Ingerſol, who, by chance rode a white horſe, being aſked "what he thought, to find himſelf attended by ſuch a reti-"nue?"—replied, "that he had now a clearer idea than ever "he had before conceived, of that paſſage in the Revelations, "which deſcribes, *Death on a pale horſe, and hell following him.*"

"if you think fit, in order to ſcreen yourſelf from blame, "you may forewarn us upon our peril not to enter the "room."—"And what will you do afterwards?"—"Send it ſafely back again."—"But if I ſhould refuſe "admiſſion?"—"In ſuch a caſe, your houſe will be "levelled with the duſt in five minutes."—It was ſuppoſed that a report of this converſation, was one reaſon, why the ſtamped paper was never ſent from New-York to Connecticut.

Such unanimity in the Provincial Aſſemblies, and deciſion in the yeomanry, carried beyond the Atlantic, a conviction of the inexpediency of attempting to enforce the new Revenue Syſtem. The Stamp Act being repealed, and the meaſures in a manner quieted, Colonel Putnam continued to labor with his own hands, at farming, without interruption, except (for a little time) by the loſs of the firſt joint of his right thumb from one accident, and the compound fracture of his right thigh from another—that thigh, being rendered nearly an inch ſhorter than the left, occaſioned him ever to limp in his walk.

The Provincial Officers and Soldiers from Connecticut, who ſurvived the conqueſt of the Havannah, appointed General Lyman to receive the remainder of their prize-money, in England. A company, compoſed partly of military, and partly of other gentlemen, whoſe object was to obtain from the Crown, a grant of Land on the Miſſiſippi, alſo committed to him the negociation of their affairs. When ſeveral years had elapſed in applications, a Grant of Land was obtained. In 1770, Ge-

neral Lyman, with Colonel Putnam, and two or three others went to explore the ſituation. After a tedious voyage, and a laborious paſſage up the Miſſiſippi, they accompliſhed their buſineſs.

GENERAL Lyman came back to Connecticut with the Explorers, but ſoon returned to the Natchez: theer formed an Eſtabliſhment and laid his bones. Colonel Putnam placed ſome laborers with proviſions and farming utenſils upon his location, but the encreaſing troubles ſhortly after ruined the proſpect of deriving any advantage from that quarter.

IN ſpeaking of the troubles that enſued, I not only omit to ſay any thing, on the obnoxious claim aſſerted in the Britiſh declaratory act, the continuation of the duty on tea, the attempt to obtrude that article upon the Americans, the abortion of this project, the Boſton Port Bill, the alteration of the charter of Maſſachuſetts, and other topics of univerſal notoriety; but even wave all diſcuſſion of irritations on the one part, and ſupplications on the other, which preceded the war between Great-Britain and her colonies on this continent. It will ever be acknowledged by thoſe who were beſt acquainted with facts, and it ſhould be made known to poſterity, that the king of England had not, in his extenſive dominions, ſubjects more loyal, more dutiful, or more zealous for his glory than the Americans; and that nothing ſhort of a melancholy perſuaſion, that the "meaſures which for many years had been ſyſtematically purſued, by his miniſters, were calculated to ſubvert, their conſtitutions," could have diſſolved their powerful

powerful attachment to that kingdom, which they fondly called their *parent country*. Here, without digreſſion to develope the cauſe, or deſcribe the progreſs, it may ſuffice to obſerve, the diſpute now verged precipitately to an awful criſis. Moſt conſiderate men foreſaw it would terminate in blood. But, rather than ſuffer the chains (which they believed in preparation) to be rivetted, they nobly determined to ſacrifice their lives. In vain did they deprecate the infatuation of thoſe tranſatlantic counſels which drove them to deeds of deſperation. Convinced of the rectitude of their cauſe, and doubtful of the iſſue, they felt the moſt painful ſolicitude for the fate of their country, on contemplating the ſuperior ſtrength of the nation with which it was to contend. America, thinly inhabited, under thirteen diſtinct colonial governments, could have little hope of ſucceſs, but from the protection of Providence and the unconquerable ſpirit of freedom which pervaded the maſs of the people: it is true, ſince the peace, ſhe had ſurpriſingly encreaſed in wealth and population—but the reſources of Britain almoſt exceeded credibility or conception. It is not wonderful then, that ſome good citizens, of weaker nerves, recoiled at the proſpect: while others, who had been officers in the late war, or who had witneſſed by travelling, the force of Britain, ſtood aloof. All eyes were now turned to find the men, who, poſſeſſed of military experience, would dare, in the approaching hour of ſevereſt trial, to lead their undiſciplined fellow-citizens to battle. For none were ſo ſtupid as not to comprehend, that want of ſucceſs would involve the leaders in the puniſhment of rebellion. Putnam was among the firſt and moſt conſpicuous who ſtepped forth. Although

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the Americans had been, by many who wiſhed their ſubjugation, indiſcreetly as indiſcriminately ſtigmatized with the imputation of cowardice—he felt—he knew for himſelf, he was no coward; and from what he had ſeen and known, he believed that his countrymen, driven to the extremity of defending their rights by arms, would find no difficulty in wiping away the ungenerous aſperſion. As he happened to be often at Boſton, he held many converſations on theſe ſubjects with General Gage, the Britiſh Commander in Chief, Lord Piercy, Colonel Sheriff, Colonel Small, and many officers with whom he had formerly ſerved, who were now at the Head Quarters. Being often queſtioned, "in caſe the "diſpute ſhould proceed to hoſtilities, what part he "would really take?" He always anſwered, "with his "country, and that, let whatever might happen, he "was prepared to abide the conſequence." Being interrogated "whether *he*, who had been a witneſs to "the proweſs and victories of the Britiſh fleets and armies, did not think them equal to the conqueſt of a "country which was not the owner of a ſingle Ship, "Regiment or Magazine?" He rejoined, that "he "could only ſay, juſtice would be on our ſide, and the event with Providence: but that he had calculated, "if it required ſix years for the combined forces of England and her Colonies to conquer ſuch a feeble country as Canada; it would at leaſt, take a very long "time for England alone to overcome her own widely "extended Colonies, which were much ſtronger than "Canada: That when men fought for every thing dear, "in what they believed to be the moſt ſacred of all "cauſes, and in their own native land; they would have

"great

" great advantages over their enemies, who were not in " the ſame ſituation; and that, having taken into view " all circumſtances, for his own part, he fully believed " that America would not be ſo eaſily conquered by " England as thoſe gentlemen ſeemed to expect." Being once, in particular, aſked, " whether he did not " ſeriouſly believe that a well appointed Britiſh army " of five thouſand veterans could march through the " whole continent of America?" He replied briſkly,— " no doubt, if they behaved civilly and paid well for " every thing they wanted"—" but"—after a moment's pauſe added—" if they ſhould attempt it in a hoſtile " manner (though the American men were out of the " queſtion) the women, with their laddles and broom- " ſticks, would knock them all on the head before they " had got half way through." This was the tenor, our hero hath often told me of theſe amicable interviews. And thus, (as it commonly happens in diſputes about future events, which depend on opinion) they parted without conviction: no more to meet in a friendly manner, until after the appeal ſhould have been made to Heaven, and the iſſue confirmed by the ſword. In the mean time, to provide againſt the worſt contingency, the militia in the ſeveral Colonies was ſedulouſly trained; and thoſe ſelect companies, the flower of our youth, which were denominated minutemen, agreeably to the indication of their name, held themſelves in readineſs to march at a moment's warning.

At length the fatal day arrived, when hoſtilities commenced. General Gage, in the evening of the 18th of April, 1775, detached from Boſton the Grenadiers and Light

Light Infantry of the Army, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Smith, to deſtroy ſome military and other ſtores depoſited by the Province at Concord. About ſunriſe the next morning, the Detachment, on marching into Lexington, fired upon a company of militia who had juſt re-aſſembled: for having been alarmed late at night, with reports that the Regulars were advancing to demoliſh the ſtores, they collected on their parade, and were diſmiſſed with orders to re-aſſemble at beat of drum. It is eſtabliſhed by the affidavits of more than thirty perſons who were preſent, that the firſt fire, which killed eight of the militia, then beginning to diſperſe, was given by the Britiſh, without provocation. The ſpark of war, thus kindled, ran with unexampled rapidity, and raged with unwonted violence. To repel the aggreſſion, the people of the bordering towns ſpontaneouſly ruſhed to arms, and poured their ſcattering ſhot from every convenient ſtation upon the Regulars; who, after marching to Concord, and deſtroying the Magazine, would have found their retreat intercepted, had they not been reinforced by Lord Piercy with the battalion companies of three regiments, and a body of marines. Notwithſtanding the junction, they were hard puſhed, and purſued until they could find protection from their ſhips. Of the Britiſh, two hundred and eighty-three were killed, wounded and taken. The Americans had thirty-nine killed, nineteen wounded, and two made priſoners.

NOTHING could exceed the celerity with which the intelligence flew every where, that blood had been ſhed by the Britiſh troops. The country, in motion, exhibited but one ſcene of hurry, preparation, and revenge.

Putnam

Putnam, who was plowing when he heard the news, left his plough in the middle of the field, unyoked his team, and without waiting to change his clothes, ſet off for the theatre of action. But finding the Britiſh retreated to Boſton, and inveſted by a ſufficient force to watch their movements, he came back to Connecticut, levied a regiment (under authority of the Legiſlature) and ſpeedily returned to Cambridge*. He was now promoted to be a Major General on the Provincial Staff, by his Colony: and in a little time confirmed by Congreſs, in the ſame rank on the Continental eſtabliſhment. General Ward of Maſſachuſetts, by common conſent, commanded the whole: And the celebrated Doctor Warren, was made a Major General.

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* An article, void of foundation, mentioning an interview between General Gage and General Putnam appeared in the Engliſh Gazettes, in theſe words: 'General Gage, viewing the 'American army with his teleſcope, ſaw General Putnam in 'it, which ſurpriſed him; and he contrived to get a meſſage 'delivered to him, that he wanted to ſpeak to him. Putnam, 'without any heſitation, waited upon him. General Gage 'ſhewed him his fortifications, and adviſed him to lay down 'his arms. General Putnam replied, he could force his for-'tifications in half an hour, and adviſed General Gage to go 'on board the ſhips with his troops."

The apprehenſion of an attack, is adduced with much more veriſimilitude, in M'Fingal, as the reaſon why General Gage would not ſuffer the inhabitants to go from the town of Boſton, after he had promiſed to grant permiſſion:

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NOT long after this period, the Britiſh Commander in Chief, found the means to convey a propoſal, privately to General Putnam, that, if he would relinquiſh the Rebel party, he might rely upon being made a Major General on the Britiſh eſtabliſhment, nad receiving a great pecuniary compenſation for his ſervices. General Putnam ſpurned at the offer: which, however, he thought prudent at that time to conceal from public notice.

IT could ſcarcely have been expected, but by thoſe credulous patriots, who were prone to believe whatever they ardently deſired, that officers aſſembled from Colonies diſtinct in their manners, and prejudices, ſelected from laborious occupations, to command a heterogeneous crowd of their equals, compelled to be ſoldiers only by the ſpur of occaſion, ſhould long be able to preſerve harmony among themſelves, and ſubordination among their followers. As the fact would be a phænomenon, the idea was treated with mirth and mockery by the friends to the Britiſh government. Yet this unſhaken embryo of a military corps, compoſed of militia, minutemen, volunteers, and levies; with a burleſque appearance

'So Gage of late agreed, you know,
'To let the Boſton people go:
'Yet when he ſaw, 'gainſt troops that brav'd him,
'They were the only gaurds that ſav'd him,
'Kept off that Satan of a *Putnam*,
'From breaking in to maul and mutt'n him,
'He'd too much wit ſuch leagues t' obſerve,
'And ſhut them in again to ſtarve.'

M'FINGAL. Canto 1ſt.

ance of multiformity in arms, accoutrements, cloathing and conduct, at last grew into a regular Army—an Army, which, having vindicated the rights of human nature, and established the independence of a new Empire, merited and obtained the glorious distinction of the Patriot Army--the Patriot Army, whose praises for their fortitude in adversity, bravery in battle, moderation in conquest, perseverance in supporting the cruel extremities of hunger and nakedness without a murmur or sigh, as well as for their magnanimity in retiring to civil life, at the moment of victory, with arms in their hands, and without any just compensation for their services, will only cease to be celebrated, when time shall exist no more.

ENTHUSIASM for the cause of liberty, substituted in the place of discipline, not only kept these troops together, but enabled them at once to perform the duties of a disciplined army. Though the Commanding Officers from the four colonies of New-England, were in a manner independent, they acted harmoniously in concert. The first attention had been prudently directed towards forming some little redoubts and intrenchments; for it was well known, that lines, however slight or untenable, were calculated to inspire raw soldiers with a confidence in themselves. The next care was to bring the live stock from the Islands in Boston bay, in order to prevent the enemy (already surrounded by land) from making use of them for fresh provisions. In the latter end of May, between two and three hundred men were sent to drive off the stock from Hog and Noddle Islands, which are situated on the north-east side of Boston harbor. Advantage having been taken of the ebb-tide,

when the water is fordable between the main and Hog-Iſland, as it is between that and Noddle-Iſland, the deſign was effected. But a ſkirmiſh enſued, in which ſome of the marines, who had been ſtationed to guard them, were killed: and as the firing continued between the Britiſh water-craft and our party, a reinforcement of three hundred men, with two pieces of artillery, was ordered to join the latter. General Putnam took the command, and having himſelf gone down on the beach, within converſing diſtance, and *ineffectually* ordered the people on board an armed ſchooner to ſtrike, he plied her with ſhot ſo furiouſly that the crew made their eſcape, and the veſſel was burnt. An armed ſloop was likewiſe ſo much diſabled as to be towed off by the boats of the fleet. Thus ended this affair, in which ſeveral hundred ſheep, and ſome cattle were removed from under the muzzles of the enemy's cannon, and our men, accuſtomed to ſtand fire, by being for many hours expoſed to it, without meeting with any loſs.

THE Provincial Generals, having received advice, that the Britiſh Commander in Chief, deſigned to take poſſeſſion of the heights on the peninſula of Charles Town, detached a thouſand men in the night of the 16th of June, under the orders of General Warren, to entrench themſelves upon one of theſe eminences, named Bunker Hill. Though retarded by accidents, from beginning the work until nearly midnight, yet, by dawn of day, they had conſtructed a redoubt about eight rods ſquare, and commenced a breaſt-work from the left to the low grounds: which an inſufferable fire from the ſhipping, floating batteries, and cannon on Cop's Hill, in Boſton, prevented them from compleating. At mid-day

four

four battalions of foot, ten companies of Grenadiers, ten companies of Light Infantry, with a proportion of Artillery, commanded by Major General Howe, landed under a heavy cannonade from the ſhips, and advanced in three lines to the attack. The Light Infantry, being formed on their right, was directed to turn the left flank of the Americans: and the Grenadiers, ſupported by two battalions, to ſtorm the redoubt in front. Meanwhile, on application, theſe troops were augmented by the 47th Regiment, the 1ſt Battalion of Marines, together with ſome companies of Light Infantry, and Grenadiers, which formed an aggregate force of between two and three thouſand men. But ſo difficult was it to reinforce the Americans, by ſending detachments acroſs the Neck, which was raked by the cannon of the ſhipping, that not more than fifteen hundred men were brought into action. Few inſtances can be produced in the annals of mankind, where ſoldiers, who never had before faced an enemy, or heard the whiſtling of a ball, behaved with ſuch deliberate and perſevering valor. It was not until after the Grenadiers had been twice repulſed to their boats, General Warren ſlain, his troops exhauſted of their ammunition, their lines in a manner enfiladed by Artillery, and the redoubt half filled with Britiſh Regulars, that the word was given to retire. In that forlorn condition, the ſpectacle was aſtoniſhing as new, to behold theſe undiſciplined men, moſt of them without bayonets, diſputing with the butt end of their muſquets againſt the Britiſh bayonet, and receding in ſullen deſpair. Still the Light Infantry, on their left, would certainly have gained their rear, and exterminated this gallant corps, had not a body of four hundred

Connecticut

Connecticut men, with the Captains, Knoulton and Cheſter, after forming a temporary breaſt-work, by pulling up one poſt and rail fence, and putting it upon another, performed prodigies of bravery. They held the enemy at bay, until the main body had relinquiſhed the heights, and then retreated acroſs the Neck, with more regularity, and leſs loſs than could have been expected. The Britiſh, who effected nothing but the deſtruction of Charles Town, by a wanton conflagration, had more than one half of their whole number killed and wounded: the Americans, only three hundred and fifty-five killed, wounded, and miſſing. In this battle, the preſence and example of General Putnam, who arrived with the reinforcement, were not leſs conſpicuous than uſeful. He did every thing that an intrepid and experienced officer could accompliſh. The enemy purſued to Winter Hill—Putnam made a ſtand, and drove them back under cover of their ſhips.

THE premature death of Warren, one of the moſt illuſtrious patriots that ever bled in the cauſe of Freedom; the veteran appearance of Putnam, collected, yet ardent in action; together with the aſtoniſhing ſcenery and intereſting groupe around Bunker Hill, rendered this a magnificent ſubject for the hiſtoric pencil. Accordingly Trumbull, formerly an Aid-de-Camp to General Waſhington, afterwards Deputy Adjutant General of the northern Army, now an artiſt of great celebrity in Europe, hath finiſhed this picture with that boldneſs of conception, and thoſe touches of art which demonſtrates the maſter. Heightened in horror by the flames of a burning town, and the ſmoke of conflicting armies, the

the principal ſcene, taken the moment when Warren fell, repreſents that hero in the agonies of death, a Grenadier on the point of bayoneting him, and Colonel Small (to whom he was familiarly known) arreſting the ſoldier's arm: at the head of the Britiſh line Major Pitcairne is ſeen falling dead into the arms of his ſon: and not far diſtant General Putnam is placed at the rear of our retreating troops, in the light blue and ſcarlet uniform he wore that day, with his head uncovered, and his ſword waving towards the enemy, as it were to ſtop their impetuous purſuit. In nearly the ſame attitude he is exhibited by Barlow in that excellent Poem, the Viſion of Columbus.

" There ſtrides bold Putnam and from all the plains,
" Calls the third hoſt, the tardy rear ſuſtains,
" And, mid the whizzing deaths that fill the air,
" Waves back his ſword, and dares the foll'wing war." *

AFTER this action, the Britiſh ſtrongly fortified themſelves on the Peninſulas of Boſton and Charles Town: while

* The writer of this Eſſay had occaſion of remarking to the Poet and the painter, while they were three thouſand miles diſtant from each other (at which diſtance they had formed and executed the plans of their reſpective productions) the ſimilarity obſervable in their deſcriptions of General Putnam. Theſe *Chiefs d'œuvres* are mentioned, not with a vain preſumption of adding eclat of duration to works which have received the ſeal of immortality, but becauſe they preſerve in the fiſter arts the fame illuſtrious action of our hero. I perſuade myſelf I need not apologize for annexing the beautiful lines from the poem in queſtion, on the death of General Warren.

" There,

while the Provincials remained poſted in the circumjacent country in ſuch manner as to form a blockade. In the beginning of July, General Waſhington, who had been, conſtituted by Congreſs, Commander in Chief of the American forces, arrived at Cambridge to take the command. Having formed the army into three grand diviſions, conſiſting of about twelve Regiments each, he appointed Major General Ward to command the right Wing, Major General Lee the left Wing and Major General Putnam the reſerve. General Putnam's alertneſs, in accelerating the conſtruction of the neceſſary defences, was particularly noticed and highly approved by the Commander in Chief.

About the 20th of July, the declaration of Congreſs, ſetting forth the reaſons of their taking up arms, was proclaimed at the head of the ſeveral diviſions. It concluded with theſe patriotic and noble ſentiments, "In "our own native land, in defence of the freedom that "is our birth-right, and which we ever enjoyed until "the late violation of it; for the protection of our pro-"perty, acquired ſolely by the honeſt induſtry of our "forefathers and ourſelves; againſt violence actually "offered,

"There, hapleſs Warren, thy cold earth was ſeen:
"There ſpring thy laurels in immortal green;
"Deareſt of Chiefs that ever preſs'd the plain,
"In freedom's cauſe, with early honors, ſlain,
"Still dear in death, as when in fight you mov'd,
"By hoſts applauded and by Heav'n approv'd;
"The faithful muſe ſhall tell the world thy fame,
"And unborn realms refound th' immortal name."

" offered, we have taken up arms. We ſhall lay them " down when hoſtilities ſhall ceaſe on the part of the ag- " greſſors, and all danger of their being renewed ſhall " be removed, and not before.

" With an humble confidence in the mercies of the " ſupreme and impartial Judge and Ruler of the Uni- " verſe, we moſt devoutly implore his divine goodneſs " to conduct us happily through this great conflict, to " diſpoſe our adverſaries to reconciliation on reaſonable " terms, and, thereby, to relieve the empire from the " calamities of civil war."—As ſoon as theſe memorable words were pronounced to General Putnam's Diviſion, which he had ordered to be paraded on Proſpect Hill, they ſhouted in three huzzas aloud, amen! Whereat (a cannon from the Fort being fired as a ſignal) the new *Standard*, lately ſent from Connecticut, was ſuddenly ſeen to riſe and unrol itſelf to the wind. On one ſide was inſcribed in large letters of gold, " AN APPEAL TO HEAVEN," and on the other, were delineated the armorial bearings of Connecticut, which, without ſupporters or creſt, conſiſt, unoſtentatiouſly, of *Three Vines*: with this motto, " * *Qui tranſtulit, ſuſtinet;*" alluding to the pious confidence our forefathers placed in the protection of Heaven, on thoſe three allegorical Scions—KNOWLEDGE—LIBERTY—RELIGION—which they had been inſtrumental in tranſplanting to America.

THE ſtrength of poſition on the enemy's part, and want of ammunition on ours, prevented operations of magnitude from being attempted. Such diligence was uſed in fortifying

* Literally, " *He who tranſplanted them will ſupport them.*"

fortifying our camps, and ſuch precaution adopted to prevent ſurprize, as to enſure tranquillity to the troops during the winter. In the ſpring, a poſition was taken ſo menacing to the enemy, as to cauſe them, on the 17th of March 1776, to abandon Boſton: not without conſiderable precipitation and dereliction of royal ſtores.

As a part of the hoſtile fleet lingered for ſome time in Nantaſket road (about nine miles below Boſton) General Waſhington continued himſelf in Boſton, not only to ſee the coaſt entirely clear, but alſo to make many indiſpenſable arrangements. His Excellency, propoſing to leave Major General Ward with a few regiments, to finiſh the fortifications intended as a ſecurity againſt an attack by water, in the mean time diſpatched the greater part of the army to New-York, where it was moſt probable the enemy would make a deſcent. Upon the ſailing of a fleet with troops in the month of January, Major General Lee had been ſent to the defence of that city; who, after having cauſed ſome works to be laid out, proceeded to follow that fleet to South-Carolina. The Commander in Chief was now exceedingly ſolicitous that theſe works ſhould be completed as ſoon as poſſible, and accordingly gave the following

"Orders and Inſtructions for Major General Putnam.

"As there are the beſt reaſons to believe that the e-
"nemy's fleet and army, which left Nantaſket road laſt
"Wedneſday evening, are bound to New-York, to en-
"deavor to poſſeſs that important poſt, and, if poſſible,
"to ſecure the communication by Hudſon's River to
"Canada; it muſt be our care to prevent them from
"accompliſhing

" accomplishing their designs. To that end, I have de-
" tached Brigadier General Heath with the whole body
" of Rifle-men and five Battalions of the Continental
" Army, by the way of Norwich in Connecticut, to
" New-York. These by an express arrived yesterday
" from General Heath, I have reason to believe, are in
" New-York. Six more Battalions, under General Sul-
" livan, march this morning by the same route, and
" will, I hope, arrive there in eight or ten days at far-
" thest. The rest of the army will immediately follow
" in Divisions, leaving only a convenient space between
" each Division, to prevent confusion, and want of ac-
" commodation upon their march. You will no doubt
" make the best dispatch in getting to New-York. Up-
" on your arrival there, you will assume the command,
" and immediately proceed in continuing to execute
" the *plan* proposed by Major General Lee, for fortify-
" ing that city, and securing the passes of the East and
" North Rivers. If, upon consultation with the Briga-
" diers General and Engineers, any alteration in that
" *plan* is thought necessary, you are at liberty to make
" it: cautiously avoiding to break in too much upon his
" main design, unless where it may be apparently ne-
" cessary so to do, and that by the general voice and opi-
" nion of the gentlemen above-mentioned.

" You will meet the Quarter Master General, Col.
" Mifflin, and * Commissary General at New-York. As
" these are both men of excellent talents in their differ-

* Colonel Joseph Trumbull, eldest son to the Governor of that name.

" ent Departments, you will do well to give them all " the authority and aſſiſtance they require: And ſhould " a Council of War be neceſſary, it is my direction " they aſſiſt at it.

" Your *long Service and Experience* will, better than " my particular directions at this diſtance, point out to " you the works moſt proper to be firſt raiſed, and " your perſeverance, activity and zeal will lead you " (without my recommending it) to exert every *nerve* " to diſappoint the enemy's deſigns.

" Devoutly praying that the POWER which has hi- " therto ſuſtained the American Arms, may continue to " bleſs them with the divine protection, I bid you— " FAREWELL.

" Given at Head Quarters, in Cambridge,
" this 29th of March, 1776.
" GEO. WASHINGTON."

INVESTED with theſe commands, General Putnam travelled by long and expeditious ſtages to New-York. His firſt precaution, upon his arrival, was to prevent diſturbance, or ſurpriſe in the night ſeaſon. With theſe objects in view, after poſting the neceſſary guards, he iſſued his * Orders. He inſtituted, likewiſe, other wholeſome

* General orders.

" Head Quarters, New-York, April 5, 1776.

" The Soldiers are ſtrictly enjoined to retire to their barracks " and Quarters, at tattoo-beating, and to remain there until the " reveille is beat.

" Neceſſity

ſome regulations to meliorate the police of the troops, and to preſerve the good agreement that ſubſiſted between them and the citizens.

NOTWITHSTANDING the war had now raged, in other parts, with unaccuſtomed ſeverity for nearly a year, yet the Britiſh ſhips at New-York (one of which had once fired upon the town to intimidate the inhabitants) found the means of being ſupplied with freſh water and proviſions. General Putnam reſolved to adopt effectual meaſures for putting a period to this intercourſe, and accordingly expreſſed his prohibition * in the moſt pointed terms. NEARLY

" Neceſſity obliges the General to deſire the inhabitants of
" the city to obſerve the ſame rule, as no perſon will be per-
" mitted to paſs any centry, after this night, without the coun-
" ter-ſign.

" The Inhabitants, whoſe buſineſs requires it, may know
" the counter-ſign by applying to any of the Brigade-Majors."

* PROHIBITION.

" Head Quarters, New-York, April 8, 1776.

" The General informs the inhabitants, that it is become
" abſolutely neceſſary, that all communication between the
" miniſterial fleet and ſhore ſhould be immediately ſtopped;
" for that purpoſe, he has given poſitive orders, the ſhips ſhould
" no longer be furniſhed with proviſions. Any inhabitants,
" or others, who ſhall be taken, that have been on board (af-
" ter the publiſhing this order) or near any of the ſhips or go-
" ing on board, will be conſidered as enemies, and treated ac-
" cordingly.

" All

NEARLY at the ſame moment, a detachment of a thouand Continentals was ſent to occupy Governor's-Iſland, a Regiment to fortify Red Hook, and ſome companies of Riflemen to the Jerſey ſhore. Of two boats, (belonging to two armed veſſels) which attempted to take on board freſh water from the watering place on Staten-Iſland, one was driven off (by the Riflemen) with two or three ſeamen killed in it; and the other captured with thirteen. A few days afterwards Captain Vandeput, of the Aſia man of war, the ſenior officer of the ſhips on this ſtation, finding the intercourſe with the ſhore interdicted, their limits contracted, and that no good purpoſes could be anſwered by remaining there, ſailed, with all the armed veſſels, out of the harbor. Theſe arrangements and tranſactions, joined to an unremitting attention to the completion of the defences, gave full ſcope to the activity of General Putnam, until the arrival of General Waſhington, which happened about the middle of April.

THE Commander in Chief, in his firſt public orders, "*complimented the officers who had ſucceſſively commanded at New-York*, and returned his thanks to them as "well as to the Officers and ſoldiers, under their command, for the many works of defence which had been "ſo expeditiouſly erected: at the ſame time he expreſſed

"ed

"All boats are to ſail from Beekman's ſlip. Captain James Alner is appointed inſpector and will give permits to Oyſtermen. It is ordered and expected that none attempt going without a paſs."

ISRAEL PUTNAM, Major General in the Continental Army and Commander in Chief of the forces in New-York.

" ed an expectation that the ſame ſpirit of zeal for the " ſervice, would continue to animate their future con- " duct."—Putnam, who was then the only Major General with the main army, had ſtill a chief agency in forwarding the fortifications; and, with the aſſiſtance of the Brigadiers Spencer and Lord Sterling, in aſſigning to the different Corps their alarm Poſts.

CONGRESS having intimated a deſire of conſulting with the Commander in Chief, on the critical poſture of affairs, his Excellency repaired to Philadelphia accordingly, and was abſent from the twenty-firſt of May, until the ſixth of June. General Putnam, who commanded in that interval, had it in charge, to open all letters directed to General Waſhington, *on public ſervice*, and, if important, after regulating his conduct by their contents, to forward them by expreſs; to expedite the works then erecting; to begin others which were ſpecified; to eſtabliſh ſignals for communicating an alarm; to guard againſt the poſſibility of ſurprize; to ſecure well the Powder-Magazine; to augment by every means in his power the quantity of Cartridges; and to ſend Brigadier General Lord Sterling to put the Poſts in the *Highlands* into a proper condition of defence. He had alſo *a private and confidential inſtruction*, to afford whatever aid might be required by the Provincial Congreſs of New-York, for apprehending certain of their diſaffected citizens: and as it would be moſt convenient to take the detachment for this ſervice, from the troops on Long-Iſland, under the command of Brigadier General Greene, it was recommended that this officer ſhould be adviſed of the plan, and that the execution ſhould be conducted with

ſecrecy

ſecrecy and celerity, as well as with decency and good order. In the records of the army, are preſerved, the daily orders which were iſſued in the abſence of the Commander in Chief, who, on his return, was not only ſatisfied, that the works had been proſecuted with all poſſible diſpatch, but alſo that the other duties had been properly diſcharged.

IT was the latter end of June, when the Britiſh fleet, which had been at Halifax, waiting for reinforcements from Europe, began to arrive at New-York. To obſtruct its paſſage, ſome marine preparations had been made. General Putnam, to whom the directions of the whale boats, fire rafts, flat-bottomed boats, and armed veſſels was committed, afforded his patronage to a project for deſtroying the enemies ſhipping, by exploſion. A *machine*, altogether different from any thing, hitherto deviſed by the art of man, had been invented by Mr. David Buſhnell,* for *ſubmarine navigation*, which was found

* David Buſhnell, A. M. of Saybrook, in Connecticut, invented, ſeveral other machines for the annoyance of ſhipping; theſe from accidents, not militating againſt the philoſophical principles, on which their ſucceſs depended, only partially ſucceeded. He deſtroyed a veſſel in the charge of Commodore Symmonds, whoſe report to the Admiral was publiſhed. One of his kegs alſo demoliſhed a veſſel near the Long-Iſland ſhore. About Chriſtmas, 1777, he committed to the Delaware a number of kegs, deſtined to fall among the Britiſh fleet at Philadelphia: but his ſquadron of kegs, having been ſeparated and retarded by the ice, demoliſhed but a ſingle boat. This cataſtrophe, however, produced an alarm, unprecedented in its nature

found to anſwer the purpoſe perfectly, of rowing horizontally at any given depth under water, and of riſing or ſinking at pleaſure. To *this machine*, (called the American Turtle) was attached, *a magazine of powder*, which it was intended to be faſtened under the bottom of

ture and degree; which has been ſo happily deſcribed in the ſubſequent ſong, by the Hon. Francis Hopkinſon, that the event it celebrates will not be forgotten, ſo long as mankind ſhall continue to be delighted with works of humour and taſte.

The Battle of the Kegs:—a Song.—Tune, Moggy Lawder.

GALLANTS, attend, and hear a friend,
Thrill forth harmonious ditty:
Strange things I'll tell, which late befel,
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets ſay,
Juſt when the ſun was riſing,
A ſoldier ſtood on log of wood,
And ſaw a ſight ſurpriſing.

As in a maze he ſtood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, Sir,
He ſpied a ſcore of kegs or more,
Come floating down the tide, Sir.

A ſailor, too, in jerkin blue,
The ſtrange appearance viewing,
Firſt damn'd his eyes, in great ſurprize,
Then ſaid—"Some miſchief's brewing."

"Theſe

of a ſhip, with a driving ſcrew; in ſuch ſort, that the ſame ſtroke which diſengaged it from the machine, ſhould put the internal clock-work in motion. This being done, the ordinary operation of a gun-lock (at the diſtance of half an hour, an hour, or any determinate time) would cauſe the powder to explode, and leave the effects to the common laws of nature. The ſimplicity, yet combination

"Theſe Kegs now hold the rebels bold,
"Pack'd up like pickled herring:
"And they're come down, t'attack the town,
"In this new way of ferry'ng."

The ſoldier flew; the ſailor too:
And, ſcar'd almoſt to death, Sir,
Wore out their ſhoes, to ſpread the news;
And ran till out of breath, Sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Moſt frantic ſcenes were acted:
And ſome ran here, and ſome ran there,
Like men almoſt diſtracted.

Some fire cried, which ſome denied,
But ſaid the earth had quaked:
And girls and boys, with hideous noiſe,
Ran through the town half naked.

Sir William || he, ſnug as a flea,
Lay all this time a ſnoring;
Nor dreamt of harm, as he lay warm,
In bed with Mrs. L*r*ng.

Now

|| Sir William Howe.

tion diſcovered in the mechaniſm of this wonderful machine, were acknowledged by thoſe ſkilled in phyſics, and particularly Hydraulics, to be not leſs ingenious than novel. The Inventor, whoſe conſtitution was too fee-

 ble

Now in a fright, he ſtarts upright,
Awak'd by ſuch a clatter:
He rubs both eyes; and boldly cries,
"For God's ſake, what's the matter?"

At his bed-ſide, he then eſpied
Sir Erſkine † at command, Sir,
Upon one foot, he had one boot,
And t' other in his hand, Sir.

"Ariſe! ariſe!" Sir Erſkine cries:
"The rebels—more's the pity—
"Without a boat, are all on float,
"And rang'd before the city.

"The motley crew, in veſſels new,
"With Satan for their guide, Sir,
"Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
"Come driving down the tide, Sir;

"Therefore prepare for bloody war:
"Theſe kegs muſt all be routed:
"Or ſurely we deſpis'd ſhall be,
"And Britiſh courage doubted."

The Royal band now ready ſtand,
All rang'd in dread array, Sir,
With ſtomach's ſtout, to ſee it out,
And make a bloody day, Sir.

The

† Sir William Erſkine.

ble to permit him to perform the labor of rowing the Turtle, had taught his brother to manage it with perfect dexterity; but unfortunately his brother fell ſick of a fever, juſt before the arrival of the fleet. Recourſe was therefore had to a ſerjeant in the Connecticut troops; who,

The cannons roar from ſhore to ſhore,
The ſmall arms make a rattle:
Since wars began, I'm ſure no man,
E'er ſaw ſo ſtrange a battle.

The rebel * vales, the rebel dales,
With rebel trees ſurrounded,
The diſtant woods, the hills, and floods,
With rebel echoes ſounded.

The fiſh below, ſwam to and fro,
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter:
"Why ſure," thought they, "the Devil's to pay,
"'Mong'ſt folks above the water."

The kegs, 'tis ſaid, though ſtrongly made
Of rebel ſtaves and hoops, Sir,
Could not oppoſe their pow'rful foes,
The conq'ring Britiſh troops, Sir.

From morn to night, thoſe men of might,
Diſplay'd amazing courage;
And when the ſun was fairly down,
Retir'd to ſup their porridge.

An

* The Britiſh officers were ſo fond of the word, *rebel*, that they often applied it moſt abſurdly.

who, having received whatever inſtructions could be communicated to him in a ſhort time, (went too late in the night) with all the apparatus under the bottom of the Eagle, a ſixty-four gun ſhip, on board of which the Britiſh Admiral, Lord Howe, commanded. In coming up, the ſcrew, that had been calculated to perforate the copper ſheathing, unluckily ſtruck againſt ſome iron plates, where the rudder is connected with the ſtern. This accident, added to the ſtrength of tide, which prevailed, and the want of adequate ſkill in the ſerjeant, occaſioned ſuch delay, that the dawn began to appear, whereupon he abandoned the Magazine to chance, and (after gaining a proper diſtance) for the ſake of expedition, rowed on the ſurface towards the town. General Putnam, who had been on the wharf, anxiouſly expecting the reſult, from the firſt glimmering of light, beheld the machine near Governor's Iſland, and ſent a whale-boat

An hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, Sir,
It is moſt true, would be too few,
Their valor to record, Sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Upon thoſe wicked kegs, Sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boaſts and brags, Sir.

Mr. Buſhnell, having been highly recommended for his talents, by Preſident Stiles, General Parſons, and ſome other gentleman of ſcience, was appointed a Captain in the corps of ſappers and miners: in which capacity he continued to ſerve with that corps, until the concluſion of the war.

boat to bring it on ſhore. In about twenty minutes afterwards, the magazine exploded, and blew a vaſt column of water, to an amazing height, in the air. As the whole buſineſs had been kept an inviolable ſecret, he was not a little diverted with the various conjectures, whether this ſtupendous noiſe was produced by a bomb, a meteor, a water-ſpout, or an earthquake. Other operations of a moſt ſerious nature, rapidly ſucceeded, and prevented a repetition of the experiment.

ON the twenty-ſecond day of Auguſt the van of the Britiſh landed on Long-Iſland, and was ſoon followed by the whole army, except one Brigade of Heſſians, a ſmall body of Britiſh, and ſome convaleſcents, left on Staten-Iſland. Our troops on Long-Iſland had been commanded during the ſummer by General Greene, who was now ſick; and General Putnam took the command, but two days before the battle of Flatbuſh. The inſtructions to him (pointing in the firſt place to deciſive expedients for ſuppreſſing the ſcattering, unmeaning and waſteful fire of our men) contained regulations for the ſervice of the guards, the Brigadiers and the Field officers of the day; for the appointment and encouragement of proper ſcouts; as well as for keeping the men conſtantly at their poſts; for preventing the burning of buildings (except it ſhould be neceſſary for military purpoſes) and for preſerving private property from pillage and deſtruction. To theſe regulations were added, in a more diffuſe though not leſs ſpirited and profeſſional ſtyle, reflections on the diſtinction of an army from a mob; with exhortations for the ſoldiers to conduct themſelves manfully in ſuch a cauſe, and for their Commander to oppoſe

poſe the enemy's approach with detatchments of his beſt troops: while he ſhould endeavor to render their advance more difficult by conſtructing abbattis, and to entrap their parties by forming ambuſcades. General Putnam was within the lines, when an engagement took place on the 27th, between the Britiſh army and our advanced Corps, in which we loſt about a thouſand men in killed and miſſing, with the General Sullivan and Lord Sterling made priſoners. But our men (though attacked on all ſides) fought with great bravery; and the enemy's loſs was not light.

THE unfortunate battle of Long-Iſland, the maſterly retreat from thence, and the actual paſſage of part of the hoſtile fleet in the Eaſt River above the town, precluded the evacuation of New-York. A promotion of four Majors General, and ſix Brigadiers, had previouſly been made by Congreſs. After the retreat from Long-Iſland, the main army, conſiſting for the moment, of ſixty Battalions (of which twenty were Continental, the reſidue Levies and Militia) was, conformably to the exigencies of the ſervice, rather than to the rules of war, formed into fourteen Brigades. Major General Putnam commanded the right grand Diviſion of five Brigades, the Majors General Spencer and Greene the center of ſix Brigades, and Major General Heath the left, which was poſted near Kingſbridge, and compoſed of two Brigades. The whole never amounted to twenty thouſand effective men; while the Britiſh and German forces under Sir William Howe, exceeded twenty-two thouſand: indeed the Miniſter had aſſerted in Parliament, that they would conſiſt of more than thirty thouſand. Our two center diviſions,

diviſions, both commanded by General Spencer in the ſickneſs of General Greene, moved towards Mount Waſhington, Harlem Heights and Horn's Hook, as ſoon as the final reſolution was taken, in a Council of War, on the twelfth of September, to abandon the city. That event, thus circumſtanced, took effect a few days after.

ON Sunday the fifteenth the Britiſh, after ſending three ſhips of war up the North River to Bloomingdale, and keeping up, for ſome hours, a ſevere cannonade on our lines, from thoſe already in the Eaſt River, landed in force at Turtle Bay—our new Levies commanded by a ſtate Brigadier General, fled without making reſiſtance. Two Brigades of General Putnam's Diviſion, ordered to their ſupport, notwithſtanding the exertion of their Brigadiers, and of the Commander in Chief himſelf, who came up at the inſtant, conducted themſelves in the ſame ſhameful manner. His Excellency then ordered the Heights of Harlem, a ſtrong poſition, to be occupied. Thither the forces in the vicinity, as well as the fugitives, repaired. In the mean time General Putnam, with the remainder of his command and the ordinary out-poſts, was in the city. After having cauſed the Brigades to begin their retreat by the rout of Bloomingdale, in order to avoid the enemy, who were then in the poſſeſſion of the main road leading to Kingſbridge, he galloped to call off the pickets and guards. Having myſelf been a Volunteer in his Diviſion, and acting Adjutant to the laſt Regiment that left the city, I had frequent opportunities that day of beholding him, for the purpoſe of iſſuing orders and encouraging

couraging the troops, flying, on his horſe covered with foam, wherever his preſence was moſt neceſſary. Without his extraordinary exertions the guards muſt have been inevitably loſt, and it is probable the entire Corps would have been cut in pieces. When we were not far from Bloomingdale, an Aid-de-Camp came from him at full ſpeed, to inform, that a column of Britiſh Infantry was deſcending upon our right. Our rear was ſoon fired upon, and the Colonel of our regiment (whoſe order was juſt communicated for the front to file off to the left) was killed on the ſpot. With no other loſs, we joined the army, after dark, on the Heights of Harlem.

BEFORE our Brigades came in, we were given up for loſt by all our friends. So critical indeed was our ſituation, and ſo narrow the gap by which we eſcaped, that the inſtant we had paſſed, the enemy cloſed it by extending their line from river to river. Our men, who had been fifteen hours under arms, harraſſed by marching and countermarching, in conſequence of inceſſant alarms, exhauſted as they were by heat, and thirſt (for the day proved inſupportably hot, and few or none had canteens, inſomuch that ſome died at the brooks where they drank) if attacked, could have made but feeble reſiſtance.

IF we take into conſideration the debilitating ſickneſs which weakened almoſt all our troops, the hard duty by which they were worn down in conſtructing numberleſs defences, the continual want of reſt they had ſuffered (ſince the enemy landed) in guarding from nocturnal ſurprize, the deſpondency infuſed into their minds

minds by an inſular ſituation, and a conſciouſneſs of inferiority to the enemy in diſcipline, together with the diſadvantageous term upon which, in their ſtate of ſeparation, they might have been forced to engage; it appears highly probable that day would have preſented an eaſy victory to the Britiſh. On the other ſide, the American Commander in Chief had wiſely countenanced an opinion, then univerſally credited, that our army was three times more numerous than it was in reality. It is not a ſubject for aſtoniſhment, that the Britiſh, ignorant of the exiſting circumſtances, impoſed upon as to the numbers by reports, and recollecting what a few brave men, ſlightly entrenched, had performed at Bunker Hill, ſhould proceed with great circumſpection. For their reproaches, that the Rebels (as they affected to ſtyle us) loved digging better than fighting, and that they earthed themſelves in holes like foxes, but ill concealed at the bottom of their own hearts the profound impreſſion that action had made. Cheap and contemptible as we had once ſeemed in their eyes, it had taught them to hold us in ſome reſpect. This reſpect, in conjunction with a fixed belief that the enthuſiaſtic ſpirit of our oppoſition muſt ſoon ſubſide, and that the inexhauſtible reſources of Britain would ultimately triumph without leaving any thing to chance (not the avarice or treachery of the Britiſh General, as the factious of his own nation wiſhed to inſinuate) retarded their operation, and afforded us leiſure to reſcue from annihilation the miſerable relics of an army, haſtening to diſſolution, by the expiration of enliſtments, and the country itſelf from irretrievable ſubjugtaion. IN TRUTH WE ARE NOT LESS INDEBTED TO THE MATTOCK AT ONE PERIOD, THAN TO

THE

THE MUSQUET AT ANOTHER, FOR OUR POLITICAL SALVATION. It required great talents to determine when one or the other was moſt profitably to be employed. I am aware how faſhionable it has become to compare the American Commander in Chief, for the prudence diſplayed in thoſe dilatory and defenſive operations, ſo happily proſecuted in the early ſtages of the war, to the illuſtrious Roman, who acquired immortality in reſtoring the Commonwealth, *by delay*. Advantageous and flattering as the compariſon at firſt appears, it will be found on examination to ſtint the American Fabius, to the ſmaller moiety of his merited fame. Did HE not in ſcenes of almoſt unparalelled activity diſcover ſpecimens of tranſcendent abilities, and might it not be proved to profeſſional men, that boldneſs in council, and rapidity in execution were, at leaſt, equally with prudent procraſtination, and the quality of not being compelled to action, attributes of his military genius? *This*, however, was an occaſion, as apparent as preſſing, for attaining his object *by delay*. From that he had every thing to gain, nothing to loſe. Yet there were not wanting *Politicians*, AT THIS VERY TIME, who querulouſly blamed theſe *Fabian* meaſures, and loudly clamored, that the immenſe labor and expence beſtowed on the fortification of New-York, had been thrown away; that, if we could not face the enemy *there* after ſo many preparations, we might as well relinquiſh the conteſt at once, for we could no where make a ſtand; and that, if General Waſhington, with an army of ſixty thouſand men, ſtrongly entrenched, declined fighting with Sir William Howe, who had little more than one third of that number, it was not to be expected he would find any other occaſion that might in-

duce him to engage.—But General Washington, content to suffer a temporary sacrifice of personal reputation, for the sake of securing a permanent advantage to his country, and regardless of those idle clamors for which he had furnished materials, by making his countrymen, in order the more effectually to make his enemy believe his force much greater than it actually was; inflexibly pursued his system, and gloriously demonstrated how poor and pitiful in the estimation of A GREAT MIND, are the censorious strictures of those Novices in war and politics, who, with equal rashness and impudence, presume to decide dogmatically on the merit of plans they could neither originate or comprehend!—

THAT night our soldiers, excessively fatigued by the sultry march of the day, their cloaths wet by a severe shower of rain that succeeded towards the evening, their blood chilled by the cold wind that produced a sudden change in the temperature of the air, and their hearts sunk within them by the loss of baggage, artillery, and works in which they had been taught to put great confidence, lay upon their arms, covered only by the clouds of an uncomfortable sky. To retrieve our disordered affairs, and prevent the enemy from profiting by them, no exertion was relaxed, no vigilance remitted on the part of our higher officers. The Regiments which had been least exposed to fatigue that day, furnished the necessary piquets to secure the army from surprize. Those, whose military lives had been short and unpractised, felt enough besides lassitude of body to disquiet the tranquillity of their repose. Nor had those, who were older in service and of more experience, any subject for consolation.

ſolation. The warmth of enthuſiaſm ſeemed to be extinguiſhed. The force of diſcipline had not ſufficiently occupied its place to give men a dependence upon each other. We were apparently about to reap the bitter fruits of that jealous policy, which ſome leading men (with the beſt motives) had ſown in our fœderal councils, when they cauſed the mode to be adopted, for carrying on the war by detachments of militia; from apprehenſion that an eſtabliſhed Continental army, after defending the country againſt foreign invaſion, might ſubvert its liberties themſelves. Paradoxical as it will appear, it may be profitable to be known to poſterity, that, while our very exiſtence as an independent people was in queſtion, the patriotic jealouſy for the ſafety of our future *freedom* had been carried to ſuch a virtuous, but dangerous exceſs, as well nigh to preclude the attainment of our Independence. Happily that limited and hazardous ſyſtem ſoon gave room to one more enlightened and ſalutary. This may be attributed to the reiterated arguments, the open remonſtrances and the confidential communications of the Commander in Chief; who, though not apt to deſpair of the Republic, on this occaſion, expreſſed himſelf in terms of unuſual deſpondency. He declared in his letters, that he found, to his utter aſtoniſhment and mortification, that no reliance could be placed on a great proportion of his preſent troops, and that, unleſs efficient meaſures for eſtabliſhing a permanent force ſhould be ſpeedily purſued, we had every reaſon to fear the final ruin of our cauſe.

Next morning ſeveral parties of the enemy appeared upon the plains in our front. On receiving this intelligence,

gence, General Washington rode quickly to the outposts, for the purpose of preparing against an attack, if the enemy should advance with that design. Lieutenant Colonel Knowlton's Rangers (a fine selection from the eastern Regiments), who had been skirmishing with an advanced party, came in and informed the General that a body of British were under cover of a small eminence at no considerable distance. His Excellency, willing to raise our men from their dejection by the splendor of some little success, ordered Lieutenant Colonel Knowlton with his Rangers, and Major Leitch with three Companies of Weedon's Regiment of Virginians, to gain their rear; while appearances should be made of an attack in front. As soon as the enemy saw the party sent to decoy them, they ran precipitately down the hill, took possession of some fences and bushes, and commenced a brisk firing at long shot. Unfortunately Knowlton and Leitch made their onset rather in flank than in rear. The enemy changed their front, and the skirmish at once became close and warm. Major * Leitch having received three balls through his side was soon borne from the field, and Colonel Knowlton (who had distinguished himself so gallantly at the battle of Bunker-Hill) was mortally wounded immediately after. Their men, however, undaunted by these disasters, stimulated with the thirst of revenge for the loss of their leaders, and conscious of acting under the eye of the Commander in Chief, maintained the conflict with uncommon spirit and perseverance. But the General, seeing them in need of support, advanced

* Major Leitch, after languishing some days, died of a locked jaw.

advanced part of the Maryland Regiments of Griffith and Richardſon, together with ſome detachments from ſuch eaſtern Corps, as chanced to be moſt contiguous to the place of action. Our troops this day, without exception, behaved with the greateſt intrepidity. So bravely did they repulſe the Britiſh, that Sir William Howe moved his *Reſerve* with two field pieces, a battalion of Heſſian Grenadiers, and a company of Chaſſeurs to ſuccor his retreating troops. General Waſhington, not willing to draw on a general action, declined preſſing the purſuit. In this engagement were the ſecond and third Battalions of Light Infantry, the forty-ſecond Britiſh Regiment, and the German Chaſſeurs, of whom eight officers and upwards of ſeventy privates were wounded, and our people buried nearly twenty, who were left dead on the field. We had about forty wounded: our loſs in killed, except of two valuable Officers, was very inconſiderable.

An * advantage, ſo trivial in itſelf, produced, in event, a ſurpriſing and almoſt incredible effect upon the whole army.

* A tranſcript from General Waſhington's Public Orders of the ſeventeenth, will better than any other document that could be adduced, ſhew his ſentiment on the conduct of the two preceding days, and how fervently he wiſhed to foſter the good diſpoſitions diſcovered on the laſt.

"ORDERS.

"Head Quarters, Harlem Heights, Sept. 17, 1776.

"Parole, Leitch. Counterſign, Virginia.

"The General moſt heartily thanks the troops commanded yeſterday

army. Among the troops not engaged, who during the action were throwing earth from the new trenches, with an alacrity that indicated a determination to defend them, every viſage was ſeen to brighten, and to aſſume, inſtead of the gloom of deſpair, the glow of animation. This change, no leſs ſudden than happy, left little room to doubt that the men, who ran the day before at the ſight of an enemy, would now (to wipe away the ſtain of that diſgrace, and to recover the confidence of their General) have conducted themſelves in a very different manner. Some alteration was made in the diſtribution of Corps to prevent the Britiſh from gaining either flank in the ſucceeding night. General Putnam, who commanded on the right, was directed in orders, in caſe the enemy ſhould attempt to force the paſs, to apply for a reinforcement to General Spencer, who commanded on the left.

GENERAL

yeſterday by Major Leitch, who firſt advanced upon the enemy, and the others who ſo reſolutely ſupported them. The behavior yeſterday was ſuch a contraſt to that of ſome of the troops the day before, as muſt ſhew what may be done where Officers and Soldiers will exert themſelves. Once more, therefore, the General calls upon Officers and Men, to act up to the noble cauſe in which they are engaged, and to ſupport the *honor* and *liberties* of their Country."

"The gallant and brave Colonel Knowlton, who would have been an honor to any Country, having fallen yeſterday, while glorioufly fighting; Captain Brown is to take the Command of the party lately led by Colonel Knowlton. Officers and men are to obey him accordingly."

GENERAL PUTNAM, who was too good a husbandman himself, not to have a respect for the labors and improvements of others, strenuously seconded the views of the Commander in Chief in preventing the devastation of Farms, and the violation of private property. For under pretext that the property in this quarter belonged to friends to the British government (as indeed it mostly did) a spirit of rapine and licentiousness began to prevail, which, unless repressed in the beginning, foreboded, besides the subversion of discipline, the disgrace and defeat of our arms.

OUR new defences now becoming so strong as not to admit insult with impunity, and Sir William Howe, not choosing to place too much at risque in attacking us in front, on the 12th day of October, leaving Lord Piercy with one Hessian and two British Brigades in his lines at Harlem to cover New-York, embarked with the main body of his army with an intention of landing at *Frog's Neck*, situated near the town of West Chester, and little more than a league above the communication called Kingsbridge, which connects New-York Island with the main. There was nothing to oppose him; and he effected his debarkation by nine o'clock in the morning. The same policy of keeping our army as compact as possible; the same system of avoiding being forced to action; and the same precaution to prevent the interruption of supplies, reinforcements or retreat, that lately dictated the evacuation of New-York, now induced General Washington to move towards the strong grounds in the upper part of West Chester County.

ABOUT

ABOUT the ſame time, General Putnam was ſent to the weſtern ſide of the Hudſon, to provide againſt an irruption into the Jerſeys, and ſoon after to Philadelphia, to put that town into a poſture of defence. Thither I attend him, without ſtooping to dilate on the ſubſequent incidents, that might ſwell a folio, though here compreſſed to a ſingle paragraph: without attempting to give in detail, the ſkilful retrograde movements of our Commander in Chief, who after detaching a Garriſon for Fort Waſhington, by pre-occupying with extemporaneous redoubts and entrenchments, the ridges form *Mile-Square* to *White Plains*, and by folding one Brigade behind another, in rear of thoſe ridges that run parallel with the *Sound*, brought off all his Artillery, Stores, and Sick, in the face of a ſuperior foe: without commenting on the partial and equivocal battle fought near the laſt mentioned village, or the cauſe why the Britiſh, then in full force (for the laſt of the Heſſian Infantry, and Britiſh Light-Horſe, had juſt arrived) did not more ſeriouſly endeavor to induce a general engagement: without journalizing their military manœuvres in falling back to Kingſbridge, capturing Fort Waſhington, Fort Lee, and marching through the Jerſeys: without enumerating the inſtances of rapine, murder, luſt, and devaſtation, that marked their progreſs, and filled our boſoms with horror and indignation: without deſcribing how a diviſion of our diſſolving army, with General Waſhington, was driven before them beyond the Delaware: without painting the naked and forlorn condition of theſe much injured men, amidſt the rigors of an inclement ſeaſon, and without even ſketching the conſternation that ſeized the States, at this perilous period, when General Lee

(in

(in leading from the North a ſmall reinforcement to our troops) was himſelf taken priſoner by ſurprize; when every thing ſeemed decidedly declining to the laſt extremity, and when every proſpect but ſerved to augment the depreſſion of deſpair—until the genius of one man, in one day, at a ſingle ſtroke, wreſted from the veteran Battalions of Britain and Germany the fruits acquired by the total operations of a ſucceſsful campaign, and re-animated the expiring hope of a whole Nation, by the glorious enterprize at Trenton.

WHILE the hoſtile forces, raſhly inflated with pride by a ſeries of uninterrupted ſucceſſes, and fondly dreaming that a period would ſoon be put to their labors by the completion of their conqueſts, had been purſuing the wretched remnants of a diſbanded army to the banks of the Delaware: General Putnam was diligently employed in fortifying Philadelphia, the capture of which appeared indubitably to be their principle object. Here, by authority and example, he ſtrove to conciliate contending factions, and to excite the citizens to uncommon efforts in defence of every thing intereſting to Freemen. His perſonal induſtry was unparalleled. His * Orders with reſpect to extinguiſh-

* As a ſpecimen, the following is preſerved:

"GENERAL ORDERS.

"Head Quarters, Philadelphia, Dec. 14, 1776.

"Colonel Griffin is appointed Adjutant General to the troops in and about this city. All Orders from the General through him, either written or verbal, are to be ſtrictly attended to and punctually obeyed. "In

ing accidental fires, advancing the public works, as well as in regard to other important objects were perfectly military and proper. But his health was, for a while, impaired by his unrelaxed exertions.

THE Commander in Chief, having in ſpite of all obſtacles made good his retreat over the Delaware, wrote to General Putnam (from his Camp above the Falls of Trenton, on the very day he recroſſed the river to ſurpriſe the Heſſians) expreſſing his ſatisfaction at the reeſtabliſhment of that General's health, and informing, that, if he had not himſelf been well convinced before of the enemy's intention to poſſeſs themſelves of Philadelphia, as ſoon as the froſt ſhould form ice ſtrong enough to tranſport them and their artillery acroſs the Delaware, he had now obtained an intercepted letter which placed the matter beyond a doubt. He added, that, if the citizens of Philadelphia had any regard for the town, not a moment's time was to be loſt until it ſhould be put in the beſt poſſible poſture of defence; but leaſt that ſhould not be done, he directed the removal of

" In caſe of an alarm of fire, the city guards and patroles are to ſuffer the inhabitants to paſs unmoleſted at any hour of the night; and the good people of Philadelphia are earneſtly requeſted and deſired to give every aſſiſtance in their power, with engines and buckets, to extinguiſh the fire. And, as the Congreſs have ordered the City to be defended to the laſt extremity, the General hopes that no perſon will refuſe to give every aſſiſtance poſſible to complete the Fortifications that are to be erected in and about the City.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.'

of all public ſtores, except proviſions neceſſary for immediate uſe, to places of greater ſecurity. He queried whether, if a party of Militia could be ſent from Philadelphia to ſupport thoſe in the Jerſeys about Mount Holly, it would not ſerve to ſave them from ſubmiſſion? At the ſame time, he ſignified (as his opinion) the expediency of ſending an active and influential Officer to inſpirit the people, to encourage them to aſſemble in arms, as well as to keep thoſe already in arms from diſbanding; and concluded by manifeſting a wiſh that Colonel Forman, whom he deſired to ſee for this purpoſe, might be employed on the ſervice.

THE enemy had vainly, as incautiouſly imagined that to over-run was to conquer. They had even carried their preſumption on our extreme weakneſs and expected ſubmiſſion, ſo far as to attempt covering the country, through which they had marched, with an extenſive chain of Cantonments. That link, which the poſt at Trenton ſupplied, conſiſted of a Heſſian brigade of Infantry, a Company of Chaſſeurs, a Squadron of Light Dragoons and ſix Field Pieces. At eight o'clock in the morning of the twenty-ſixth of December, General Waſhington, with twenty-four hundred men, came upon them (after they had paraded) took one thouſand priſoners, and repaſſed the ſame day without loſs to his encampment. As ſoon as the troops were recovered from their exceſſive fatigue, General Waſhington recroſſed a ſecond time to Trenton. On the ſecond of January, Lord Cornwallis with the bulk of the Britiſh army advanced upon him, cannonaded his poſt, and offered him battle: but, the two armies being ſeparated by

by the interpoſition of Trenton Creek, General Waſhington had it in his option to decline an engagement; which he did for the ſake of ſtriking the maſterly ſtroke that he then meditated. Having kindled frequent fires around his camp, poſted faithful men to keep them burning, and advanced centinels whoſe fidelity might be relied upon, he decamped ſilently after dark, and, by a circuitous route, reached Princeton at nine o'clockthe next morning. The noiſe of the firing, by which he killed and captured between five and ſix hundred of the Britiſh Brigade in that town, was the firſt notice Lord Cornwallis had of this ſtolen march. General Waſhington, the project ſucceſsfully accompliſhed, inſtantly filed off for the mountainous grounds of Morris Town. Meanwhile his Lordſhip, who arrived by a forced march at Princeton, juſt as he had left it, finding the Americans could not be overtaken, proceeded without halting to Brunſwick.

ON the fifth of January 1777, from Pluckemin, General Waſhington diſpatched an account of this ſecond ſucceſs to General Putnam, and ordered him to move immediately with all his troops to Croſſwicks, for the purpoſe of co-operating in recovering the Jerſeys: an event which the preſent fortunate juncture (while the enemy were yet panic-ſtruck) appeared to promiſe. The General cautioned him, however, if the enemy ſhould ſtill continue at Brunſwick, to guard with great circumſpection againſt a ſurpriſe: eſpecially, as they, having recently ſuffered by two attacks, could ſcarely avoid being edged with reſentment to attempt retaliation. His Excellency farther adviſed him to give out his ſtrength

ſtrength to be twice as great as it was; to forward on all the baggage and ſcattering men belonging to the Diviſion deſtined for Morris Town; to employ as many ſpies as he ſhould think proper; to keep a number of horſemen, in the dreſs of the country, going conſtantly backwards and forwards on the ſame ſecret ſervice; and laſtly, if he ſhould diſcover any intention or motion of the enemy that could be depended upon and might be of conſequence, not to fail in conveying the intelligence as rapidly as poſſible by expreſs to Head Quarters. Major General Putnam was directed ſoon after to take poſt at Princeton; where he continued until the ſpring. He had never with him more than a few hundred troops, though he was only at fifteen miles diſtance from the enemy's ſtrong garriſon of Brunſwick. At one period, from a ſudden diminution, occaſioned by the tardineſs of the militia, turning out to replace thoſe whoſe time of ſervice was expired, he had fewer men for duty than he had miles of frontier to guard. Nor was the Commander in Chief in a more eligible ſituation. It is true, that, while he had ſcarcely the ſemblance of an army, under the ſpecious parade of a park of artillery, and the impoſing appearance of his Head Quarters, eſtabliſhed at Morris Town, he kept up in the eyes of his countrymen, as well as in the opinion of his enemy, the appearance of no contemptible force. Future generations will find difficulty in conceiving how a handful of new-levied Men and Militia, who were neceſſitated to be inoculated for the Small-Pox in the courſe of the winter, could be ſubdivided and poſted ſo advantageouſly, as, effectually to protect the inhabitants, confine the enemy,

my, curtail their forage, and beat up their quarters, without ſuſtaining a ſingle diſaſter.

IN the battle of Princeton, Capt. M'Pherſon, of the 17th Britiſh Regiment, a very worthy Scotchman, was deſperately wounded in the lungs and left with the dead. Upon General Putnam's arrival there, he found him languiſhing in extreme diſtreſs, without a ſurgeon, without a ſingle accommodation, and without a friend to ſolace the ſinking ſpirit in the gloomy hour of death. He viſited and immediately cauſed every poſſible comfort to be adminiſtered to him. Captain M'Pherſon, who contrary to all appearances recovered, after having demonſtrated to General Putnam the dignified ſenſe of obligations which a generous mind wiſhes not to conceal, one day in familiar converſation demanded—"pray, "Sir, what countryman are you?"—"An American," "anſwered the latter.—"Not a Yankee?"—ſaid the "other. "A full-blooded one," replied the General. "By G—d, I am ſorry for that," rejoined M'Pherſon, "I did not think there could be ſo much goodneſs and "generoſity in an American, or, indeed in any body "but a Scotchman."

WHILE the recovery of Captain M'Pherſon was doubtful, he deſired that General Putnam would permit a friend in the Britiſh army at Brunſwick to come and aſſiſt him in making HIS WILL. General Putnam, who had then only fifty men in his whole command, was ſadly embarraſſed by the propoſition. On the one hand, he was not content that a Britiſh Officer ſhould have an opportunity to ſpy out the weakneſs of his poſt,

—on

—on the other, it was ſcarcely in his nature to refuſe complying with a dictate of humanity. He luckily bethought himſelf of an expedient, which he haſtened to put in practice. A Flag of Truce was diſpatched with Captain M'Pherſon's requeſt, but under an injunction not to return with his friend until after dark. In the evening, lights were placed in all the rooms of the College, and in every apartment of the vacant houſes throughout the town. During the whole night, the fifty men, ſometimes all together and ſometimes in ſmall detachments, were marched from different quarters by the houſe in which M'Pherſon lay. Afterwards it was known, that the Officer who came on the viſit at his return reported, that General Putnam's Army upon the moſt moderate calculation could not conſiſt of leſs than four or five thouſand men.

This winter's campaign (for our troops conſtantly kept the field after regaining a footing in the Jerſeys) has never yet been faithfully and feelingly deſcribed. The ſudden reſtoration of our cauſe from the very verge of ruin, was interwoven with ſuch a tiſſue of inſcrutable cauſes and extraordinary events, that, fearful of doing the ſubject greater injuſtice by a paſſing diſquiſition than a purpoſed ſilence, I leave it to the leiſure of abler pens. The ill policy of the Britiſh doubtleſs contributed to accelerate this event. For the manner, impolitic as inhuman, in which they managed their temporary conqueſts, tended evidently to alienate the affections of their adherents, to confirm the wavering in an oppoſite intereſt, to rouſe the ſupine into activity, to aſſemble the diſperſed to the Standard of America, and

to

to infuſe a ſpirit of revolt into the minds of thoſe men, who had from neceſſity ſubmitted to their power. Their conduct in warring with fire and ſword againſt the imbecility of youth and the decrepitude of age; againſt the Arts, the Sciences, the curious Inventions and the elegant improvements in civilized life; againſt the melancholy Widow, the miſerable Orphan, the peaceable profeſſor of humane Literature, and the ſacred Miniſter of the Goſpel, ſeemed to operate as powerfully, as if purpoſely intended to kindle the dormant ſpark of reſiſtance into an inextinguiſhable flame. If we add, to the black catalogue of provocations already enumerated, their inſatiable rapacity in plundering friends and foes indiſcriminately; their libidinous brutality in violating the chaſtity of the female ſex, their more than Gothic rage in defacing private Writings, public Records, Libraries of learning, Dwellings of individuals, Edifices for education and Temples of the Deity; together with their inſufferable ferocity (unprecedented indeed among civilized nations) in murdering on the field of battle the wounded while begging for mercy, in cauſing their priſoners to famiſh with hunger and cold in Priſons and Priſon-Ships, and in carrying their malice beyond death itſelf by denying the decent rites of ſepulture to the dead,—we ſhall not be aſtoniſhed that the Yeomanry in the two Jerſeys, when the firſt glimmering of hope began to break in upon them, roſe as one man, with the unalterable reſolution to periſh in the generous cauſe or expel their mercileſs invaders.

THE principal Officers, ſtationed at a variety of well-choſen, and at ſome, almoſt inacceſſible poſitions, ſeemed

ed all to be actuated by the ſame ſoul, and only to vie with each other, in giving proofs of vigilance, enterprize and valor. From what has been ſaid reſpecting the ſcantineſs of our aggregate force, it will be concluded, that the number of men, under the orders of each, was indeed very ſmall. But the uncommon alertneſs of the troops, who were inceſſantly hovering round the enemy in ſcouts, and the conſtant communication, they kept between the ſeveral ſtations moſt contiguous to each other (agreeably to the * Inſtructions of the General in Chief) together with their readineſs in giving, and confidence of receiving ſuch reciprocal aid, as the exigencies might require, ſerved to ſupply the defect of force.

* The annexed private Orders to Lord Stirling will ſhew, in a laconic and military manner, the ſyſtem of ſervice then purſued.

" To Brigadier General Lord STIRLING.

" MY LORD,

" You are to repair to Baſkenridge and take upon you the command of the troops now there, and ſuch as may be ſent to your care.

" You are to endeavour, as much as poſſible, to harraſs and annoy the enemy, by keeping ſcouting parties conſtantly (or as frequently as poſſible) around their quarters.

" As you will be in the neighbourhood of Generals Dickenſon and Warner, I recommend it to you, to keep up a correſpondence with them, and endeavour to regulate your parties by theirs, ſo as to have ſome conſtantly out.

" Uſe every means in your power to obtain intelligence from the enemy; which may poſſibly be better effected by engaging ſome

THIS manner of doing duty not only put our own poſts beyond the reach of ſudden inſult, and ſurprize; but ſo exceedingly harraſſed and intimidated the enemy, that foragers were ſeldom ſent out by them, and never except in very large parties. General Dickenſon, who commanded on General Putnam's left, diſcovered about the 20th of January, a foraging party conſiſting of about four hundred men, on the oppoſite ſide of the *Mill-Stone*, two miles from Somerſet court-houſe. As the bridge was poſſeſſed and defended by three field pieces, ſo that it could not be paſſed; General Dickenſon, at the head of four hundred militia, broke the ice, croſſed the river (where the water was about three feet deep) reſolutely attacked and totally defeated the foragers. Upon their abandoning the convoy, a few priſoners, forty waggons, and more than a hundred draft horſes, with a conſiderable booty of cattle and ſheep, fell into his hands.

NOR were our operations on General Putnam's right flank leſs fortunate. To give countenance to the numerous friends of the Britiſh Government in the county of Monmouth, appears to have been a principal motive

ſome of thoſe people who have obtained *Protections* to go in, under pretence of aſking advice, than by any other means.

"You will alſo uſe every means in your power to obtain and communicate the earlieſt accounts of the enemy's movements; and to aſſemble, in the ſpeedieſt manner poſſible, your troops either for offence or defence.

GIVEN *at Head Quarters*,
the fourth day of February, 1777.
GEO. WASHINGTON.

tive with Sir William Howe, for ſtretching the chain of his cantonments (by his own * confeſſion previouſly to his diſaſter) rather too far. After that chain became broken, as I have already related, by the blows at Trenton and Princeton, he was obliged to collect during the reſt of the winter, the uſeleſs remains in his barracks at Brunſwick. In the meantime General Putnam was much more ſucceſsful in his attempt to protect our diſperſed and diſpirited friends in the ſame diſtrict; who, environed on every ſide by envenomed adverſaries remained inſeparably rivetted in affection to American Independence. He firſt detached Colonel Gurney

* Extract of a letter from General Sir William Howe, to Lord George Germaine, dated New-York, December 20, 1776.

Having mentioned the fruitleſs attempt of Lord Cornwallis to find boats at Corryel's ferry to paſs the Delaware—he proceeds thus:

"The paſſage of the Delaware being thus rendered impracticable, his Lordſhip took poſt at Pennington, in which place and Trenton the two diviſions remained until the fourteenth, when the weather having become too ſevere to keep the field, and the winter cantonments being arranged, the troops marched from both places to their reſpective ſtations. *The chain, I own, is rather too extenſive*, but I was induced to occupy Burlington to cover the County of Monmouth, in which there are many loyal inhabitants; and truſting to the almoſt general ſubmiſſion of the Country to the ſouthward of this chain, and to the ſtrength of the Corps placed in the advanced poſts, I conclude the troops will be in perfect ſecurity."

Gurney, and afterwards Major * Davis, with ſuch parties of militia as could be ſpared, for their ſupport. Several ſkirmiſhes enſued, in which our people had always the advantage. They took, at different times, many priſoners, horſes and waggons from foraging parties. In effect ſo well did they cover the country, as to induce ſome of the moſt reſpectable inhabitants to declare, that the ſecurity of the perſons, as well as the ſalvation of the property of many friends to freedom, was owing to the ſpirited exertions of theſe two detachments: who at the ſame time that they reſcued the country from the tyranny of Tories, afforded an opportunity for the militia to recover from their conſternation, to embody themſelves in warlike array and to ſtand on their defence.

DURING

* As there happened to be in my poſſeſſion a copy of one of his letters to thoſe Officers, it was thought worthy of inſertion here, in order to demonſtrate his ſatisfaction with their conduct.

"To Major John Davis, of the third Battalion of Cumberland County Militia.

"SIR,

"I am much obliged to you for your activity, vigor and diligence ſince you have been under my command: you will, therefore, march your men to Philadelphia, and there diſcharge them; returning into the ſtore all the ammunition, arms and accoutrements, you received at that place.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

Princeton February 5th, 1777.

DURING this period General Putnam having received unqueſtionable intelligence, that a party of Refugees in Britiſh pay had taken poſt, and were erecting a kind of Redoubt at Lawrence's Neck, ſent Colonel Nelſon with one hundred and fifty militia to ſurprize them. That officer conducted with ſo much ſecrecy and deciſion as to take the whole priſoners. Theſe * Refugees commanded by Major Stockton, belonging to Skinner's Brigade and amounted to ſixty in number.

A SHORT time after this event, Lord Cornwallis ſent out another foraging party towards Bound-Brook. General Putnam, having received notice from his emiſſaries, detached Major Smith with a few Riflemen to annoy the party and followed himſelf with the reſt of his force. Before he could come up, Major Smith, who had formed an ambuſh, attacked the enemy, killed ſeveral horſes, took a few priſoners and ſixteen baggage-waggons, without ſuſtaining any injury. By ſuch operations, our hero, in the courſe of the winter, captured nearly a thouſand priſoners.

IN

* Extract of a Letter from General Putnam to the Council of Safety of Pennſylvania, dated at Princeton, February 18th, 1777.

" Yeſterday evening Colonel Nelſon, with a hundred and " fifty men, at Lawrence's Neck, attacked ſixty men of Cort- " land Skinner's Brigade, commanded by the enemy's RE- " NOWNED LAND PILOT *Major Richard Stockton*, routed them " and took the whole priſoners—among them the Major, a " Captain and three Subalterns, with ſeventy ſtand of Arms. " *Fifty of the Bedford Pennſylvania Riflemen behaved like veterans.*"

In the latter part of February General Washington advised General Putnam, that, in consequence of a large accession of strength from New-York to the British army at Brunswick, it was to be apprehended they would soon make a forward movement towards the Delaware: in which case the latter was directed to cross the river with his actual force, to assume the command of the Militia who might assemble, to secure the boats on the west side of the Delaware and to facilitate the passage of the rest of the army. But the enemy did not remove from their winter-quarters until the season arrived when green forage could be supplied. In the intermediate period, the correspondence on the part of General Putnam with the Commander in Chief consisted principally of reports and enquiries concerning the treatment of some of the following descriptions of persons: either of those who came within our lines with flags and pretended flags, or who had taken protection from the enemy, or who had been reputed disaffected to our cause, or who were designed to be comprehended in the American Proclamation, which required that those who had taken protections should give them to the nearest American Officer, or go within the British lines. The letters of his Excellency in return, generally advisory, were indicative of confidence and approbation.

When the Spring had now so far advanced that it was obvious the enemy would soon take the field; the Commander in Chief, after desiring General Putnam to give the officers who was to relieve him at Princeton all the information necessary for the conduct of that post, appointed

appointed that General to the command of a ſeparate Army in the Highlands of New-York.

It is ſcarcely decided, from any documents yet publiſhed, whether the prepoſterous plans proſecuted by the Britiſh Generals in the Campaign of 1777, were altogether the reſult of their Orders from home, or whether they partially originated from the contingences of the moment. The ſyſtem, which, at the time, tended to puzzle all human conjecture, when developed ſerved, alſo, to contradict all reaſonable calculation. Certain it is, the American Commander in Chief, was for a conſiderable time ſo perplexed with contradictory appearances, that he knew not how to diſtribute his troops, with his uſual diſcernment, ſo as to oppoſe the enemy with equal proſpect of ſucceſs in different parts. The gathering tempeſts menaced the northern Frontiers, the poſts in the Highlands and the City of Philadelphia: but it was ſtill doubtful where the fury of the ſtorm would fall. At one time Sir William Howe was forcing his way by land to Philadelphia, at another relinquiſhing the Jerſeys, at a third facing round to make a ſudden inroad, then embarking with all the forces that could be ſpared from New-York, and then putting out to ſea—at the very moment when General Burgoyne had reduced Ticonderoga, and ſeemed to require a cooperation in another quarter.

On our ſide, we have ſeen that the old Continental Army expired with the year 1776: ſince which, invention had been tortured with expedients and zeal with efforts to levy another. For on the ſucceſs of the recruiting

cruiting ſervice depended the ſalvation of the country. The ſucceſs was ſuch as not to puff us up to preſumption, or depreſs us to deſpair. The army in the Jerſeys, under the orders of the General in Chief, conſiſted of all the troops raiſed ſouth of the Hudſon: that in the northern department, of the New-Hampſhire Brigade two Brigades, of Maſſachuſetts, and the Brigade of New-York, together with ſome irregular Corps: and that in the Highlands of the remaining two Brigades of Maſſachuſetts, the Connecticut Line conſiſting of two Brigades, the Brigade of Rhode-Iſland and one Regiment of New-York. Upon hearing of the loſs of Ticonderoga, and the progreſs of the Britiſh towards Albany, General Waſhington ordered the northern army to be reinforced with the two Brigades of Maſſachuſetts then in the Highlands—and, upon finding the army under his immediate command out-numbered by that of Sir William Howe, which had by the circuitous route of the Cheſapeak invaded Pennſylvania, he alſo called from the Highlands one of the Connecticut Brigades and that of Rhode-Iſland to his own aſſiſtance.

In the neighbourhood of General Putnam there was no enemy capable of exciting alarms. The army left at New-York ſeemed only deſigned for its defence. In it were ſeveral entire Corps, compoſed of Tories who had flocked to the Britiſh ſtandard. There was, beſides, a band of lurking miſcreants, not properly enrolled, who ſtaid chiefly at Weſt Cheſter: from whence they infeſted the Country between the two armies, pillaged the cattle and carried off the peaceable inhabitants. It was an unworthy policy in Britiſh Generals to patronize

Banditti.

Banditti. The Whig inhabitants on the edge of our lines, and ſtill lower down, who had been plundered in a mercileſs manner, delayed not to ſtrip the Tories in return. People, moſt nearly connected and allied, frequently became moſt exaſperated and inveterate in malice. Then the ties of fellowſhip were broken—then, friendſhip itſelf being foured to enmity, the mind readily gave way to private revenge, uncontroled retaliation and all the deforming paſſions that diſgrace humanity. Enormities, almoſt without a name, were perpetrated—at the deſcription of which, the boſom, not frozen to apathy, muſt glow with a mixture of pity and indignation. To prevent the predatory incurſions from below and to cover the County of Weſt-Cheſter, General Putnam detached from his Head-Quarters, at Peek's-Kill, Meigs's Regiment, which in the courſe of the Campaign ſtruck ſeveral partizan ſtrokes and atchieved the objects for which it was ſent. He likewiſe took meaſures, without noiſe or oſtentation, to ſecure himſelf from being ſurpriſed and carried within the Britiſh lines by the Tories, who had formed a plan for the purpoſe. The information of this intended enterprize, conveyed to him through ſeveral channels, was corroborated by that obtained and tranſmitted by the Commander in Chief.

It was not wonderful that many of theſe Tories were able, undiſcovered, to penetrate far into the country and even to go with letters or meſſages from one Britiſh Army to another. The inhabitants, who were well affected to the royal cauſe, afforded them every poſſible ſupport, and their own knowledge of the different routes gave them a farther facility in performing their peregrinations.

tions. Sometimes the moſt active Loyaliſts (as the Tories wiſhed to denominate themſelves) who had gone into the Britiſh Poſts and received promiſes of Commiſſions upon enliſting a certain number of Soldiers, came back again ſecretly with Recruiting Inſtructions. Sometimes theſe and others who came from the enemy within the verge of our Camps, were detected and condemned to death in conformity to the uſages of war. But the Britiſh Generals, who had an unlimited ſupply of money at their command, were able to pay with ſo much liberality, that emiſſaries could always be found. Still, it is thought that the intelligence of the American Commanders, was, at leaſt, equally accurate; notwithſtanding the poverty of their military cheſt, and the inability of rewarding mercenary agents, for ſecret ſervices, in proportion to their riſque and merit.

A PERSON by the name of Palmer, who was a Lieutenant in the Tory new Levies, was detected in the Camp at Peek's-Kill. Governor Tryon, who commanded the new Levies, reclaimed him as a Britiſh Officer, repreſented the heinous crime of condemning a man commiſſioned by his Majeſty, and threatened vengeance in caſe he ſhould be executed. General Putnam wrote the following pithy reply.

"SIR,

"NATHAN PALMER, a Lieutenant in your King's "ſervice, was taken in my Camp as a *Spy*—he was "tried

" tried as a *Spy*—he was condemned as a *Spy*—and you
" may reſt aſſured, Sir, he ſhall be hanged as a *Spy*.

I have the honor to be, &c.

ISRAEL PUTNAM."

" *His Excellency Governor Tryon.*"

" P. S. Afternoon.

" He is hanged."

IMPORTANT tranſactions ſoon occurred. Not long after the two Brigades had marched from Peek's-Kill to Pennſylvania, a reinforcement arrived at New-York from Europe. Appearances indicated that offenſive operations would follow. General Putnam, having been reduced in force to a ſingle Brigade in the field, and a ſingle Regiment in garriſon at Fort Montgomery, repeatedly informed the Commander in Chief that the poſts committed to his charge muſt in all probability be loſt, in caſe an attempt ſhould be made upon them; and that, circumſtanced as he was, he could not be reſponſible for the conſequences. His ſituation was certainly to be lamented, but it was not in the power of the Commander in Chief to alter it, except by authoriſing him to call upon the Militia for aid—an aid always precarious; and often ſo tardy, as when obtained to be of no utility.

ON the fifth of October, Sir Henry Clinton came up the North River with three thouſand men. After making many feints to miſlead the attention, he landed, the next morning, at Stony Point, and commenced his march

over

over the mountains to Fort Montgomery. Governor Clinton, an active, resolute and intelligent officer, who commanded the Garrison, upon being apprised of the movement, dispatched a letter by express to General Putnam for succor. By the treachery of the messenger the letter miscarried. General Putnam, astonished at hearing nothing respecting the enemy, rode, with General Parsons and Colonel Root his Adjutant General, to reconnoitre them at King's Ferry. In the mean time, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Sir Henry Clinton's columns, having surmounted the obstacles and barriers of nature, descended from the Thunder-Hill, through thickets impassable but for light troops and *attacked the different

ent

* The Author of these Memoirs, then Major of Brigade to the first Connecticut Brigade, was alone at Head-Quarters when the firing began. He hastened to Colonel Wyllys, the senior officer in camp, and advised him to dispatch all the men not on duty to Fort Montgomery, without waiting for orders. About five hundred men marched instantly under Colonel Meigs; and the author, with Doctor Beardsley, a Surgeon in the Brigade, rode at full speed through a bye-path, to let the garrison know, that a reinforcement was on its march. Notwithstanding all the haste these officers made to and over the river, the Fort was so completely invested, on their arrival, that it was impossible to enter. They went on board the new Frigate, which lay near the fortress, and had the misfortune to be idle, though not unconcerned, spectators of the storm. They saw the minutest actions distinctly when the works were carried. The Frigate, after receiving several platoons, slipped her cable and proceeded a little way up the river: but the wind and tide becoming

ent redoubts. The garriſon, inſpired by the conduct of their leaders, defended the works with diſtinguiſhed valor. But, as the poſt had been deſigned principally to prevent the paſſing of ſhips, and as an aſſault in rear had not been expected, the works on the land ſide were incomplete and untenable. In the duſk of twilight the Britiſh entered with their bayonets fixed. Their loſs was inconſiderable. Nor was that of the garriſon great. Governor Clinton, his brother General James Clinton, Colonel Dubois, and moſt of the officers and men effected their eſcape under cover of the thick ſmoke and darkneſs that ſuddenly prevailed. The capture of this fort by Sir Henry Clinton, together with the conſequent removal of the chains and booms that obſtructed the navigation, opened a paſſage to Albany, and ſeemed to favor a junction of his force with that of General Burgoyne. But the latter having been compelled to capitulate a few days after this event, and great numbers of Militia having arrived from New-England, the ſucceſsful army returned to New-York—yet not before a detachment from it, under the Orders of General Vaughan,

becoming adverſe, the crew ſet her on fire, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy, whoſe ſhips were approaching.---The louring darkneſs of the night, the profound ſtillneſs that reigned, the interrupted flaſhes of the flames that illuminated the waters, the long ſhadows of the cliffs that now and then were ſeen, the exploſion of the cannon which were left loaded in the ſhip, and the reverberating echo which reſounded, at intervals, between the ſtupendous mountains on both ſides of the river, compoſed an awful night-piece, for perſons prepared (by the preceding ſcene) to contemplate ſubjects of horrid ſublimity.

Vaughan, had burnt the defenceleſs town of Eſopus, and ſeveral ſcattering buildings on the banks of the river.

NOTWITHSTANDING the army in the Highlands had been ſo much weakened (for the ſake of ſtrengthening the armies in other quarters) as to have occaſioned the loſs of Fort Montgomery, yet that loſs was productive of no conſequences. Our main army in Pennſylvania, after having contended with ſuperior force in two indeciſive battles, ſtill held the enemy in check. While the ſplendid ſucceſs, which attended our arms at the Northward, gave a more favorable aſpect to the American affairs, at the cloſe of this campaign, than they had ever before aſſumed.

WHEN the enemy fell back to New-York by water, we followed them a part of the way by land. Colonel Meigs, with a detachment from the ſeveral Regiments in General Parſons's Brigade, having made a forced march from Crompond to Weſt-Cheſter, ſurpriſed and broke up for a time the band of freebooters, of whom he brought off fifty, together with many Cattle and Horſes which they had recently ſtolen.

SOON after this enterprize, General Putnam advanced towards the Britiſh lines. As he had received intelligence that ſmall bodies of the enemy were out with orders from Governor Tryon to burn Wright's Mills, he prevented it by detaching three parties of one hundred men in each. One of theſe parties fell in with and captured thirty-five, and another forty of the New Levies. But as he could not prevent a third hoſtile party from

from burning the houſe of Mr. Van Taſſel, a noted Whig and a Committee man, who was forced to go along with them, naked and barefoot, on the icy ground, in a freezing night: he, for the profeſſed purpoſe of retaliation, ſent Captain Buchanan, in a Whale-boat, to burn the houſe of General Oliver Delancey on York Iſland. Buchanan effected his object, and by this expedition put a period for the preſent to that unmeaning and wanton ſpecies of deſtruction.

WHILE General Putnam quartered at New-Rochel, a ſcouting party which had been ſent to Weſt Farms, below Weſt-Cheſter, ſurrounded the houſe in which Colonel James Delancey lodged, and, notwithſtanding he crept under the bed the better to be concealed, brought him to Head-Quarters before morning. This Officer was exchanged by the Britiſh General without delay, and placed at the head of the Cow-Boys, a licentious Corps of irregulars, who, in the ſequel, committed unheard-of depredations and exceſſes.

IT was diſtreſſing to ſee ſo beautiful a part of the country ſo barbarouſly waſted; and, often to witneſs ſome peculiar ſcene of female miſery. For moſt of the female inhabitants had been obliged to fly within the lines poſſeſſed by one army or the other. Near our quarters was an affecting inſtance of human viciſſitude. Mr. William Sutton of Maroneck, an inoffenſive man, a merchant by profeſſion, who lived in a decent faſhion, and whoſe family had as happy proſpects as almoſt any in the country, upon ſome imputation of Toryiſm went to the enemy. His wife, oppreſſed with grief in the diſagreeable

disagreeable state of dereliction, did not long survive. Betsey Sutton, their eldest daughter, was a modest and lovely young woman, of about fifteen years old, when at the death of her mother, the care of five or six younger children devolved upon her. She was discreet and provident beyond her years. But when we saw her, she looked to be feeble in health—broken in spirit—wan, melancholy, and dejected. She said "that their "last cow, which furnished milk for the children, had "lately been taken away—that they had frequently "been plundered of their wearing apparel and furni-"ture, she believed, by both parties—that they had "little more to lose—and that she knew not where to "procure bread for the dear little ones, who had no "father to provide for them"—*no mother*—she was going to have said—but a torrent of tears choaked articulation. In coming to that part of the country, again, after some campaigns had elapsed, I found the habitation desolate and the garden overgrown with weeds. Upon enquiry, I learnt, that, as soon as we left the place, some ruffians broke into the house, while she lay in bed, in the latter part of the night: and that, having been terrified by their rudeness, she ran half-naked into a neighbouring swamp, where she continued until the morning—there the poor girl caught a violent cold, which ended in a consumption. It finished a life without a spot—and a career of sufferings commenced and continued without a fault.

SIGHTS of wretchedness always touched with commiseration the feelings of General Putnam, and prompted his generous soul to succor the afflicted. But the indulgence,

indulgence, which he ſhewed (whenever it did not militate againſt his duty) towards the deſerted and ſuffering families of the Tories in the State of New-York, was the cauſe of his becoming unpopular with no inconſiderable claſs of people in that State. On the other ſide, he had conceived an unconquerable averſion to many of the perſons, who were entruſted with the diſpoſal of Tory-property, becauſe he believed them to have been guilty of peculations and other infamous practices. But, although the enmity between him and the Sequeſtrators was acrimonious as mutual; yet he lived in habits of amity with the moſt reſpectable characters in public departments, as well as in private life.

His character was alſo reſpected by the enemy. He had been acquainted with many of the principal Officers in a former war. As flags frequently paſſed between the out-poſts, during his continuance on the lines, it was a common practice to forward News-Papers by them; and as thoſe printed by Rivington, the Royal Printer in New-York, were infamous for the falſehoods with which they abounded, General Putnam once ſent a Packet to his old friend General Robertſon with this Billet: "Major General Putnam preſents his Compli-
"ments to Major General, Robertſon and ſends him ſome
"American News-Papers for his peruſal—when Gene-
"ral Robertſon ſhall have done with them, it is requeſt-
"ed they be given to Rivington, in order that he may
"print ſome truth."

Late in the year we left the lines and repaired to the Highlands. For upon the loſs of fort Montgomery,

the Commander in Chief determined to build another fortification for the defence of the river. His Excellency, accordingly, wrote to General Putnam to fix upon the ſpot. After reconnoitering all the different places propoſed, and revolving in his own mind their relative advantages for offence on the water and defence on the land, he fixed upon WEST POINT. It is no vulgar praiſe to ſay, that to him belongs the glory of having choſen this rock of our military ſalvation. The poſition for water batteries, which might ſweep the channel where the river formed a right angle, made it the moſt proper of any for commanding the navigation; while the rocky ridges, that roſe in awful ſublimity behind each other, rendered it impregnable, and even incapable of being inveſted by leſs than twenty thouſand men. The Britiſh, who conſidered this poſt as a fort of American Gibraltar, never attempted it but by the treachery of an American officer. All the world knows that this project failed, and that Weſt Point continues to be the receptacle of every thing valuable in military preparations to the preſent day.

IN the month of January, 1778, when a ſnow two feet deep lay on the earth, General Parſons's Brigade went to Weſt Point and broke ground. Want of covering for the troops, together with want of tools and materials for the works, made the proſpect truly gloomy and diſcouraging. It was neceſſary that means ſhould be found, though our currency was depreciated and our treaſury exhauſted. The eſtimates and requiſitions of Colonel la Radiere, the Engineer who laid out the works, altogether diſproportioned to our circumſtances,

ſtances, ſerved only to put us in mind of our poverty, and, as it were, to ſatirize our reſources. His petulant behavior and unaccommodating diſpoſition added further embarraſſments. It was then that the patriotiſm of Governor Clinton ſhone in full luſtre. His exertions to furniſh ſupplies can never be too much commended. His influence, ariſing from his popularity, was unlimited: yet he heſitated not to put all his popularity at riſque, whenever the federal intereſts demanded. Notwithſtanding the impediments that oppoſed our progreſs, with his aid, before the opening of the campaign, the works were in great forwardneſs.

ACCORDING to a reſolution of Congreſs, an enquiry was to be made into the cauſes of military diſaſters. Major General M'Dougall, Brigadier General Huntington and Colonel Wiggleſworth compoſed the Court of Enquiry on the loſs of Fort Montgomery. Upon full knowledge and mature deliberation of facts on the ſpot, they reported the loſs to have been occaſioned by want of men, and not by any fault in the Commanders.

GENERAL Putnam, who during the inveſtigation, was relieved from duty, as ſoon as Congreſs had approved the Report, took command of the right Wing of the Grand Army, under the Orders of the General in Chief. This was juſt after the Battle of Monmouth, when the three armies which had, laſt year, acted ſeparately, joined at the White Plains. Our effective force, in one camp, was at no other time ſo reſpectable as at this juncture. The army conſiſted of ſixty regular Regiments of foot formed into fifteen Brigades, four Battalions

talions of Artillery, four Regiments of Horſe and ſeveral Corps of State Troops. But as the enemy kept cloſe within their Lines on York-Iſland, nothing could be attempted. Towards the end of Autumn, we broke up the Camp, and went firſt to Frederickſburg, and thence to winter quarters.

IN order to cover the country adjoining to the *Sound*, and to ſupport the garriſon of *Weſt Point*, in caſe of an attack, Major General Putnam was ſtationed for the winter at Reading in Connecticut. He had under his Orders the Brigade of New-Hampſhire, the two Brigades of Connecticut, the Corps of Infantry commanded by Hazen, and that of Cavalry by Sheldon.

THE troops, who had been badly fed, badly cloathed, and worſe paid, by brooding over their grievances in the leiſure and inactivity of winter-quarters, began to think them intolerable. The Connecticut Brigades formed the deſign of marching to Hartford, where the General Aſſembly was then in Seſſion, and of demanding redreſs at the point of the bayonet. Word having been brought to General Putnam, that the ſecond Brigade was under arms for this purpoſe, he mounted his horſe, galloped to the Cantonment and thus addreſſed them: "My brave lads, whither are you going? Do you in-"tend to deſert your Officers, and to invite the enemy "to follow you into the country? Whoſe cauſe have "you been fighting and ſuffering ſo long in, is it not "your own? Have you no property, no parents, wives "or children? You have behaved like men ſo far— "all the world is full of your praiſes—and poſterity "will

" will ſtand aſtoniſhed at your deeds: but not if you " ſpoil all at laſt. Don't you conſider how much the " country is diſtreſſed by the war, and that your officers " have not been any better paid than yourſelves? But " we all expect better times, and that the Country will " do us ample juſtice. Let us all ſtand by one another " then, and fight it out like brave Soldiers. Think " what a ſhame it would be for Connecticut-men to " run away from their Officers."—After the ſeveral Regiments had received the General as he rode along the line *with drums beating and preſented arms;* the Sergeants, who had then the command, brought the men *to an Order*, in which poſition they continued while he was ſpeaking. When he had done, he directed the acting Major of Brigade to give the word for them to ſhoulder, march to their Regimental parades and lodge arms. All which they executed with promptitude and apparent good humor. One Soldier only, who had been the moſt active, was confined in the quarter-guard: from whence, at night, he attempted to make his eſcape. But the centinel, who had alſo been in the mutiny, ſhot him dead on the ſpot, and thus the affair ſubſided.

About the middle of winter, while General Putnam was on a viſit to his out-poſt at Horſe-Neck, he found Governor Tryon advancing upon that town with a corps of fifteen hundred men—to oppoſe theſe, General Putnam had only a Picquet of one hundred and fifty men, and two iron field pieces without horſes or drag-ropes. He, however, planted his cannon on the high ground by the meeting-houſe, and retarded their reproach by firing ſeveral times, until, perceiving the horſe (ſupported

ported by the infantry) about to charge, he ordered the picquet to provide for their ſafety by retiring to a ſwamp inacceſſible to horſe; and ſecured his own by plunging down the ſteep precipice at the church upon a full trot. This precipice is ſo ſteep, where he deſcended, as to have artificial ſtairs compoſed of nearly one hundred ſtone-ſteps for the accommodation of foot paſſengers. There the Dragoons, who were but a ſword's length from him, ſtopped ſhort. For the declivity was ſo abrupt that they ventured not to follow: and, before they could gain the valley by going round the brow of the hill in the ordinary road, he was far enough beyond their reach. He continued his route unmoleſted to Stanford, from whence, having ſtrengthened his picquet by the junction of ſome militia, he came back again, and in turn, purſued Governor Tryon in his retreat. As he rode down the precipice, one ball, of the many fired at him, went through his beaver. But Governor Tryon, by way of compenſation for ſpoiling his hat, ſent him ſoon afterwards, as a preſent, a complete ſuit of cloaths.

In the Campaign of 1779, which terminated the career of General Putnam's ſervices, he commanded the Maryland line poſted at Butter-milk falls, about two miles below Weſt Point. He was happy in poſſeſſing the friendſhip of the officers of that line, and in living on terms of hoſpitality with them. Indeed there was no family in the army that lived better than his own. The General, his ſecond ſon Major Daniel Putnam, and the writer of theſe Memoirs compoſed that family. This campaign, principally ſpent in ſtrengthening the works

of

of Weſt Point, was only ſignaliſed for the ſtorm of Stony Point by the Light Infantry under the conduct of General Wayne, and the ſurpriſe of the poſt of Powles Hook by the Corps under the command of Colonel Henry Lee. When the army quitted the field and marched to Morris Town into winter-quarters, General Putnam's family went into Connecticut for a few weeks. In December, the General began his journey to Morris Town. Upon the road between Pomfret and Hartford he felt an unuſual torpor ſlowly pervading his right hand and foot. This heavineſs crept gradually on, and until it had deprived him of the uſe of his limbs on that ſide, in a conſiderable degree, before he reached the houſe of his friend Colonel Wadſworth. Still he was unwilling to conſider his diſorder of the paralytic kind, and endeavoured to ſhake it off by exertion. Having found that impoſſible, a temporary dejection, diſguiſed however under a veil of aſſumed chearfulneſs, ſucceeded. But reaſon, philoſophy, and religion, ſoon reconciled him to his fate. In that ſituation he has conſtantly remained, favored with ſuch a portion of bodily activity as enables him to walk and to ride moderately; and retaining unimpaired his reliſh for enjoyment, his love of pleaſantry, his ſtrength of memory, and all the faculties of his mind. As a proof that the powers of memory are not weakened, it ought to be obſerved, that he has lately repeated from recollection all the adventures of his life, which are here recorded, and which had formerly been communicated to the compiler in detached converſations.

In patient yet fearleſs expectation of the approach of

THE

THE KING OF TERRORS, whom he hath full often faced in the field of blood, the Chriſtian hero now enjoys in domeſtic retirement the fruit of his early induſtry. Having in youth provided a competent ſubſiſtence for old age, he was ſecured from the danger of penury and diſtreſs, to which, ſo many Officers and Soldiers worn out in the public ſervice have been reduced. To illuſtrate his merits the more fully, this Eſſay will be concluded with a copy of the laſt letter written to him, by General Waſhington, in his military character,

Head-Quarters, 2d June, 1783.

" DEAR SIR,

" Your favor of the 20th of May I received with " much pleaſure. For I can aſſure you that among " the many worthy and meritorious Officers, with whom " I have had the happineſs to be connected in ſervice " through the courſe of this war, and from whoſe " cheerful aſſiſtance in the various and trying viciſſi- " tudes of a complicated conteſt, *the name of a* PUTNAM " *is not forgotten:* nor will be, but with that ſtroke of " time which ſhall obliterate from my mind the re- " membrance of all thoſe toils and fatigues, through " which we have ſtruggled for the preſervation and " eſtabliſhment of the *Rights*, *Liberties* and *Indepen-* " *dence* of our *Country*.

" YOUR congratulations on the happy proſpects of " Peace and Independent ſecurity, with their attendant " bleſſings to the UNITED STATES, I receive with great " ſatisfaction; and beg that you will accept a return " of my gratulations to you on this auſpicious event—

" an

" an event, in which, great as it is in itſelf and glorious
" as it will probably be in its conſequences, you have
" a right to participate largely, from the diſtinguiſhed
" part you have contributed towards its attainment.

" BUT while I contemplate the greatneſs of the ob-
" ject for which we have contended, and felicitate you
" on the happy iſſue of our toils and labors, which
" have terminated with ſuch general ſatisfaction; I la-
" ment that you ſhould feel the ungrateful returns of a
" Country, in whoſe ſervice you have exhauſted your
" bodily ſtrength, and expended the vigor of a youth-
" ful conſtitution. I wiſh however, that your expec-
" tations of returning liberality may be verified. I
" have a hope, they may :—but ſhould they not, your
" caſe will not be a ſingular one. *Ingratitude has been*
" *experienced in all ages*, and REPUBLICS *in particular*,
" *have ever been famed for the exerciſe of that unnatural*,
" *and* SORDID VICE.

" THE SECRETARY AT WAR, who is now here, in-
" forms me that you have ever been conſidered as en-
" titled to full pay, ſince your abſence from the field;
" and that you will ſtill be conſidered in that light un-
" til the cloſe of the war: at which period you will be
" equally entitled to the ſame emoluments of half-pay or
" commutation, as other officers of your rank. The
" ſame opinion is alſo given by the Pay Maſter Gene-
" ral, who is now with the army, impowered by Mr.
" Morris for the ſettlement of all their accounts, and
" who will attend to your's whenever you ſhall think

" proper to ſend on for the purpoſe; which it will pro-
" bably be beſt for you to do in a ſhort time.

" I ANTICIPATE, with pleaſure, the day (and that I
" truſt not far off) when I ſhall quit the buſy ſcenes of
" a military employment, and retire to the more tran-
" quil walks of domeſtic life. In that, or whatever
" other ſituation Providence may diſpoſe of my future
" days, THE REMEMBRANCE OF THE MANY FRIEND-
" SHIPS AND CONNECTIONS I HAVE HAD THE HAP-
" PINESS TO CONTRACT WITH THE GENTLEMEN OF
" THE ARMY, WILL BE ONE OF MY MOST GRATE-
" FUL REFLECTIONS. *Under this contemplation, and*
" *impreſſed with the ſentiments of benevolence and regard,*
" *I commend you, my dear Sir, my other friends, and,*
" *with them, the intereſts and happineſs of our dear Coun-*
" *try to the* KEEPING AND PROTECTION OF ALMIGHTY
" GOD."

I have the honor to be, &c.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

To the Honorable
Major General Putnam.

GENERAL PUTNAM died the 29th of May, 1790.

A N

O R A T I O N,

O N

The Political Situation of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA, in the Year 1789.

Pronounced before the State Society of the CINCINNATI of CONNECTICUT, at NEW-HAVEN, in Celebration of the Thirteenth Anniverſary of Independence.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE SOCIETY.

AN

ORATION.

SINCE the laſt Anniverſary of Independence, my dear fellow-citizens! we have been witneſſes to the complete eſtabliſhment of a new general government. On an event of ſuch magnitude, the voice of congratulation has already been heard from one extreme of our land to the other. But as our felicitations can never be more grateful than at the time, when we are convened to commemorate the birth of our nation; it may perhaps be expected, from the taſk I am called upon to perform this day, that I ſhould be the organ for expreſſing the part we bear in this univerſal joy. I feel a confidence, from the ſenſations of my own heart, that every boſom in this aſſembly beats high at the thought of our country's happineſs. Even the ardent eyes and the animated countenances of all who compoſe it, atteſt how ſincerely they rejoice in the proſpect before them. But, in the midſt of our rejoicings, we ought to remember, that no occaſion can be more ſuitable than the preſent, for employing our reflections on our political ſituation. I will therefore hope for your indulgence, while I make a few obſervations on the American Revolution: on the neceſſity which afterwards appeared for eſtabliſhing a general government of more energy than the original confederation: on the nature of the government which has lately been carried into effect: and on the national proſperity which we may reaſonably expect will reſult from the faithful adminiſtration of that government.

AT the commencement of the late war with Great Britain,

Britain, when we thought ourſelves juſtifiable in reſiſting to blood, it was known to thoſe beſt acquainted with the different conditions of the combatants, and the probable coſt of the prize in diſpute, that the expence, in compariſon with our circumſtances as coloniſts, muſt be enormous—the ſtruggle protracted, doubtful and ſevere. It was known that the reſources of Britain were almoſt inexhauſtible, that her fleets covered the ocean, and that her troops had harveſted laurels in every quarter of the globe. Not then organiſed as a nation, or known as a people on the earth, we had no preparations. Money, the nerve of war, was wanting. The ſword was to be forged on the anvil of neceſſity: the treaſury to be created from nothing. If we had a reſource, unknown to our enemy, it was in the unconquerable reſolution of our citizens, the conſcious rectitude of our cauſe, and a confident truſt that we ſhould not be forſaken by Heaven. The people willingly offered themſelves to the battle; but the means of arming, clothing and ſubſiſting them; as well as of providing the general implements of hoſtility were only to be found in anticipations of our future wealth. Bills of credit were emitted: monies borrowed for the moſt preſſing emergencies: and our men in the field unpaid for their ſervices. At this time the magnanimous monarch of France reached a foſtering hand to aſſiſt in reſcuing us from ruin. In this manner, peace, attended with every circumſtance that could gratify our reaſonable deſires, was at length obtained. But a load of debt was left upon us. The fluctuation of our paper currency, and the conſequent frequency of ſpeculation in it, had, in too many inſtances, occaſioned vague ideas of proper-

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ty, produced licentious appetites, and corrupted the morals of men. To theſe immediate conſequences of a fluctuating medium of commerce, may be joined a tide of circumſtances, that flowed together from ſources moſtly opened during and after the war. The ravage of farms, the conflagration of towns, the diminution of agriculture, the extinction of trade, the embarraſſment of ſome who were indebted to Britiſh merchants before the war, the privation in all (during its continuance) of many conveniences of life, the ſubſequent influx of merchandize, the tempting facility of procuring it without preſent payment, the growing taſte for extravagance, and the habit—too ſoon acquired!—of deferring or eluding ſatisfaction for juſt obligations, now began to overwhelm the continent with private diſtreſs, bankruptcy and breach of faith.

FROM this period alſo our public affairs were ſeen to decline. I will aſk your attention for a moment, while I ſpeak of the unſatisfactory part of our old confederation, and the neceſſity that became apparent for inſtituting a different form of government. It is not a ſubject of wonder that the firſt project of a federal government, formed on the defective models of ſome foreign confederacies, in the midſt of a war, before we had much experience in political affairs; and while, from the concurrence of external danger, and the patriotic impulſe of the moment, implicit obedience was yielded to the requiſitions of an Adviſory Council, ſhould have been imperfect. Our aſtoniſhment ought rather to be excited, that, feeble and inefficient as the government was, it not only carried us in ſafety through the war, but

but kept us from ſeverance until another could be ſubſtituted. By the original confederation, the right to make demands on the ſeveral ſtates for ſuch pecuniary ſupplies as might be neceſſary for defraying the expences of the war, and for ſupporting the government of the Union, together with ſome other ſpecific prerogatives of ſovereignty, were committed to Congreſs. But Congreſs, conſtituted in moſt reſpects as a diplomatic body, poſſeſſed no power of carrying into execution a ſingle reſolution, however urgently dictated by prudence, policy, or juſtice. The individual communities, knowing there exiſted no power of coercion, treated with neglect, whenever it ſuited their convenience or caprice, the moſt ſalutary meaſures and the moſt indiſpenſable requiſitions of Congreſs. Experience taught us, that the powers given by the members of the union to their federal head, were not ſufficient to enable it to accompliſh the purpoſes for which the body politic had been formed. We now touched on the hour of humiliation. The confederacy was found to be a government in name, rather than in reality. Hence the intereſt due on our public debts remained unpaid. Hence many a veteran was reduced to unmerited diſtreſs. Hence we were continually liable on our own part to have infractions made upon treaties, which were equally honorable, advantageous and ſacred. Hence we were in danger of having our faith become as proverbial as that of Carthage, and our name the ſcorn of the earth. Hence there was a nation, which, in ſome meaſure, excluded our veſſels from its ports, burdened our commerce with intolerable impoſitions, introduced its ſhips into our carrying trade, and, becauſe we were deſtitute of a retaliating

ating power, refuſed to enter into a commercial treaty with us. With a debt accumulating from the neceſſity of obtaining repeated loans; with a credit much impaired for the want of punctuality, and apprehenſion of national bankruptcy; with cries for juſtice from the widow, the fatherleſs, and the ſoldier worn out in his country's defence, aſcending to that Being who hath purer eyes than to behold iniquity with impunity, who is a God of vengeance as well as a God of juſtice—whither could we turn for ſuccor? where could we fly for refuge?

THE veil that concealed this melancholy and afflicting picture was at laſt withdrawn. The wiſe and the good ſtood aſtoniſhed at the ſight, none but the ignorant or the wicked reſted unconcerned. Even fearfulneſs ſeized, in many inſtances, upon thoſe well-meaning politicians, whoſe ſecurity had been produced by the ſcantineſs of their information, and the confinement of their views to the local advantages of the ſtates to which they belonged. Then it was that men, better informed and more converſant in civil affairs, began to dread that a free, yet efficient government, the object which animated in life, and ſoothed in death, thoſe heroes who had ſealed their principles with their blood, muſt ſtill be loſt: that the proſpect of national happineſs, which invigorated our arms and cheered our hearts through the perilous ſtruggle for Independence, muſt vaniſh for ever from our view: and that the hope of eſtabliſhing the empire of reaſon, juſtice, philoſophy and religion, throughout the extenſive regions of the new world, would be conſidered but the illuſion of a heated imagination. And what

could be more mortifying to every true patriot, than to perceive our countrymen ready to ruſh headlong on their ruin—ready to deſtroy the aſylum which was juſt offered for ſuffering humanity—ready to verify the predictions of our foes, that our Independence would prove a curſe to its votaries—and (by fruſtrating the faireſt opportunity ever afforded for a people to become great and happy in the enjoyment of freedom) to confirm the deteſtable doctrine that mankind, unequal to the taſk of governing themſelves, were made for a ſtate of ſlavery? —Thus our old confederation ſeemed paſſing away. Our day of political probation appeared expiring. The *Republic* was about to aſſume, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, a renovated body, prepared for a more permanent ſtate of exiſtence in bliſs or woe. Life and death were in our option. The firſt was involved in UNION under a good general government—the laſt in SEPERATION into a number of miſerable fragments of empire. So long as ſtrength muſt be deemed preferable to weakneſs, harmony to confuſion, peace to war, happineſs to miſery, and Independence to ſubjugation, the American People (who will always judge right when they ſhall have the means of information) could not heſitate to prefer the former. Nor is it unworthy of remark, that, amidſt the variety of opinions which prevailed reſpecting the ſyſtem of government proper to be adopted, no man was found ſo hardy as to outrage the feelings of his countrymen, by openly advocating counſels of diſunion. And may we not, uninfluenced by ſuperſtition, believe that Heaven infuſed the idea into our Legiſlatures, to convoke a national aſſembly, at this intereſting and awful criſis!—

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THE result is so well known, that I forbear to dilate upon it. Happily the spirit of accommodation, that influenced the Convention, has been diffused among their countrymen. The adoption of the government by so many communities, distinct in their views and interests, will be an immortal memorial, of victory gained by enlightened reason over brutal force. Can we contemplate a whole People, like a nation of Philosophers, discussing and agreeing on a form of government: can we contemplate a work so vast in its import, and so wonderfully effected—not by violence and bloodshed, but by deliberation and consent—without exclaiming in rapturous admiration, behold a new thing under the sun! and without uttering in grateful adoration, lo, this is indeed the LORD's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!—

WITHOUT presuming to trespass on your patience so far as to attempt to analise the Constitution, or to demonstrate its merits by logical deductions; I may perhaps be permitted just to observe, that it appears, to be, in its formation, a government of the people, that is to say, a government in which all power is derived from, and at stated periods, reverts to them—and that, in its operation, it is a government of laws made and executed by the fair substitutes of the people alone. The election of the different branches of Congress by the free men, either directly or indirectly, is the pivot on which turns the first wheel of government—a wheel which communicates motion to the whole machine: At the same time, the exercise of this right of election seems to be so regulated, as to afford less opportunity for corruption and influence; and more for stability and volition

lition than has uſually been incident to popular governments. Nor could the members of Congreſs exempt themſelves from the conſequences of any unjuſt or tyrannical acts, which they might impoſe upon others. For, in a ſhort time, they will mingle with the maſs of the people. Their intereſts muſt therefore be the ſame, and their feelings in ſympathy with thoſe of their Conſtituents. Beſides, their re-election muſt always depend upon the good reputation which they ſhall have maintained, in the judgment of their fellow citizens. Hence, we may be induced to conclude, that this government is leſs obnoxious to well-founded objections, than moſt which have exiſted in the world. And, in that opinion we may be confirmed on three accounts: *Firſt*, becauſe every government ought to be poſſeſſed of powers adequate to the purpoſes for which it was inſtituted: *Secondly*, becauſe no other, or greater powers, appear to be delegated to this government, than are eſſential to attain the objects for which it was inſtituted, to wit, the ſafety and happineſs of the governed: and, *Thirdly*, becauſe it is clear, that no government, before introduced among mankind, ever contained ſo many checks or ſuch efficacious reſtraints, to prevent it from degenerating into any ſpecies of oppreſſion. It is unneceſſary to be inſiſted upon, becauſe it is well underſtood, that the impotence of Congreſs under the former confederation, and the inexpediency of truſting ſufficiently ample prerogatives to a ſingle body, gave birth to the different branches which conſtitute the preſent general government. Convinced that the balances, ariſing from the diſtribution of the Legiſlative, Executive, and Judicial Powers in this government, are the beſt which have hitherto been inſtituted;

ted ; I presume not to assert that better may not still be devised. To avoid a wanton levity of innovation on the one hand, and an unalterable practice of error on the other, are points in policy equally desirable ; though, I believe, a constitutional power to effect them never before existed. Whether the mode which is pointed out in this Constitution, for procuring amendments, be not the wisest, and apparently the happiest expedient that ever has been suggested by human prudence, I leave every unprejudiced mind to determine. If, in the mean time, it was a given point, that the late federal government could not have existed much longer; if without some speedy remedy a dissolution of the Union must have ensued ; if without adhering to the Union we could have no security against falling a prey to foreign invasion or domestic usurpation; if upon our adherence to the Union depended the protection of our property at home, and the profits of our commerce abroad ; if the almost unanimous agreement of the federal Convention upon this plan of government (under the local prejudices and various expectations of the States) could be deemed little short of miraculous ; if there was an easy provision made for the correction of such errors as should be found, from the imbecillity of human nature, to have insinuated themselves into it ; and if, upon a rejection previous to amendments, there did not appear any probability that the same system could be soon enough amended, or any other substituted in its place by another Convention—surely no * state ought to have rejected it without

* At this time the States of North-Carolina and Rhode-Island had not acceded to the general Government.

without pondering well on the conſequences. Becauſe, anarchy and civil war, with an eventual government of chance or force, appeared but too probable conſequences of a general rejection.

UNDER ſuch circumſtances, it was doubtleſs the part of wiſdom to adopt the Conſtitution. I pretend to no unuſual foreſight into futurity, and therefore cannot undertake to decide what may be its ultimate fate. If a promiſed good ſhould terminate in an unexpected evil, it would not be a ſolitary example of diſappointment. If the bleſſings of Heaven ſhowered thick around us, ſhould be ſpilled on the ground, or converted to curſes, through the fault of thoſe for whoſe uſe they were proffered, it would not be the firſt inſtance of folly or perverſeneſs in ſhort-ſighted mortals. The bleſſed religion, revealed in the word of God, will remain an eternal and awful monument, to prove that the beſt inſtitutions may be abuſed by human depravity; and that they may even, in ſome inſtances, be made ſubſervient to the vileſt of purpoſes. Should, hereafter, thoſe who are intruſted with the management of this government, incited by the luſt of domination, and prompted by the ſupineneſs or venality of their conſtituents, break down the barriers of this Conſtitution, and trample on the proſtrated rights of humanity: it will only ſerve to ſhew, that no compact among men, however provident in its conſtruction, and ſacred in its ratification, can be pronounced everlaſting and inviolable—and, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf—that no wall of words—that no mound of parchment, can be ſo formed as to ſtand againſt the ſweeping torrent of boundleſs ambition on the one ſide, aided

aided by the ſapping current of corrupted morals on the other. But until the people of America ſhall have loſt all virtue; until they ſhall have become totally inſenſible to the differences between liberty and ſlavery, until they ſhall have been reduced to ſuch poverty of ſpirit as to be willing to ſell that pre-eminent bleſſing of rational beings, the *birth-right of freedom*; in ſhort, until they ſhall have been found incapable of governing themſelves, and ripe for a maſter—theſe conſequences, I ſhould fondly hope, can never arrive.—

I PROCEED now, in the order propoſed, to treat of the head that was reſerved for the concluſion of this diſcourſe: I mean, the national proſperity which we may reaſonably expect will reſult from the faithful adminiſtration of this government. My chief deſign, in mentioning a few circumſtances eminently calculated to promote our happineſs as a people, is, to increaſe a diſpoſition to make the beſt poſſible uſe of thoſe circumſtances. Can there be any purſuit more conſonant to the dictates of reaſon and nature, than that whoſe object is the promotion of the happineſs of our Country? To embrace this object in its utmoſt limit, our imaginations muſt expand with the dimenſions of a Continent, and extend with the revolutions of futurity.

THE preliminary obſervation, that a free government ought to be founded on the information and morals of the people, will here find its proper place. Happily our citizens are remarkably inſtructed by education, docile to duty, and ingenious for making improvements. More knowledge is, perhaps, at this moment diffuſed among them,

them, than among any other people under Heaven. The conduct and iſſue of the late war may be a criterion to decide, whether they are deſtitute of wiſdom in the cabinet, or fortitude in the field. For inveſtigation of the rights of man, for ingenuity in applying principles already diſcovered to works of mechaniſm, for inventions in uſeful arts, and for reſearches in ſeveral branches of philoſophy, few have gone before them. Even for efforts of genius, in ſome of the finer arts, they are thought, by the beſt judges, ſcarcely to have been excelled in the preſent age. The world has applauded their public writings, for the good ſenſe and manly diction by which they are diſtinguiſhed. Yet it is not for us, who claim no more than to be upon a level with our fellow-men, to encourage one another in entertaining too high an opinion of ourſelves. It is enough, that we do not feel a degrading conſciouſneſs of belonging to that inferior claſs of mortals, in which ſome of the Philoſophers of Europe have had the preſumption to place us. On the contrary, peculiar fields of nature and contemplation are peculiarly favorable to the expanſion of the human powers. If we poſſeſs any grandeur of ſoul, any penetration of thought, any combination for project; the great ſcenes of nature with which we are ſurrounded, and the great political drama in which we are required to take a part, will call them into action. When we reflect upon our relative ſituation, we cannot conſider ourſelves as members of a petty community, or as being acting for a fleeting moment. We are not, like many of the European States, limited to our preſent numbers. Though it ſhould be the primary object of our rulers to promote the immediate felicity of a nation, as ſingular in its origin

gin as new to political life; yet they cannot forget, that the happineſs of countleſs millions who are to draw their firſt breath in America may depend, in a great degree, on the diſcipline, inſtitutions and examples of this generation. For certain it is, the population of our country muſt encreaſe almoſt beyond the power of calculation. The ſtream of people, wave propelling wave, muſt, with the lapſe of years, roll back to the lake of the woods. From our geographical poſition, it is not for kings and parliaments, with their aſſumed omnipotence, to ſtop thoſe waves in their proper courſe. It is not for impolitic princes, vainly checking our commerce for momentary gain, to prevent us from becoming a commercial, a rich, and a powerful people. Had they really a deſign of accompliſhing this—it would be adviſable to begin with annihilating our natural advantages, with drying up our innumerable navigable rivers, and with ſteriliſing the uncommon fertility of our ſoil.—

THE benign effects, which, in all human probability, will be produced by the faithful adminiſtration of this government, muſt not be entirely paſſed in ſilence, though they can be but imperfectly noticed. Hitherto, for want of an efficient government, the felicities that were promiſed by our ſituation, and the advantages that were expected from our Independence, have not equalled our hopes. The harveſt of bleſſings, ſown in fields fattened with the blood of heroes, hath mocked our expectations. But under the preſent Conſtitution, being uncommonly protected in our perſons and our acquiſitions, we ſhall have uncommonly favorable opportunities for encreaſ-

ing and enjoying our natural resources. We have purchased wisdom by experience. Though mankind are believed to be averse to the coertions of government; yet no sooner had our countrymen felt the inconveniences arising from the feebleness of our former confederation, than they seemed willing to invest a new Congress with a farther portion of their original rights, for the purpose of being more fully protected in the enjoyment of the remainder. Thus the dispositions our Countrymen have been gradually matured to receive an energetic government. Heaven be thanked that we have lived to see its wonders, in our native land not less in darkness and tempest, than in sunshine and serenity! Now the clouds, that obscured our political horizon, are bursting away. The dawn of happiness begins to appear. We cannot refrain from experiencing the consolatory joys of futurity, in contemplating the immense deserts, yet untrodden by the foot of man, soon to become fair as the garden of God, soon to be animated by the activity of multitudes, and soon to be made vocal with the praises of the MOST HIGH. Can it be imagined that so many peculiar advantages, of soil and of climate; for agriculture, for navigation, and eventually for manufactures, were lavished in vain—or that this vast continent was not created and reserved so long undiscovered, as a Theatre for those glorious displays of Divine power and goodness, the salutary consequences of which will flow to another Hemisphere, and extend through the interminable series of ages! Should not our souls exult in the prospect?—Though we shall not survive to perceive, with these bodily senses, but a small portion of the blessed effects which our revolution will occasion in the rest of

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the world; yet we may enjoy the progreſs of human ſociety, and human happineſs, in anticipation.—We may rejoice in a belief, that intellectual light will yet illuminate the dark corners of the earth; that freedom of enquiry will produce liberality of conduct; that mankind will reverſe the abſurd poſition, that the *many* were made for the *few:* and that they will not continue ſlaves in one quarter of the globe, when they can become free men in another.

WITH ſuch animating proſpects before us; with a ſpirit of induſtry becoming every day more prevalent; with habits of œconomy, firſt prompted by neceſſity, now acquiring force from faſhion; with diſpoſitions that a reverence for public and private juſtice ſhould form the baſis of our national character—we only wanted a good government, well adminiſtered, to eſtabliſh our happineſs at home and our reſpectability abroad. This is the time for fixing our national character and national manners. For this purpoſe, the integrity, the talents and the examples of ſuch an aſſemblage of illuſtrious perſonages, as thoſe who are now employed in the general government were highly requiſite. Notwithſtanding the unanimous ſuffrage of our countrymen in favor of the Supreme Magiſtrate, ſuperſedes the propriety of my mentioning the circumſtances of his coming again into public life, the ſentiments entertained of his character, and the benefits expected from his adminiſtration; yet I may be allowed to ſay, that no ſelection of Sages, in this or any other country, ever merited the confidence of their fellow citizens more than the members of the preſent Congreſs. If then the body of worthy citizens will

will co-operate with the general and ſtate governments, in endeavors to promote the public felicity; if the miniſters of religion will exert themſelves in their holy functions to diſſeminate peace and good-will among men; if the executive officers of government will not bear the ſword of juſtice in vain, but be a terror to evil doers and a praiſe to ſuch as ſhall do well: we may congratulate ourſelves upon having lived at ſo important a period; and ſeen the eſtabliſhment of a government, calculated to promote the permanent proſperity and glory of our nation.

THE END.

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